POEMS

On ſeveral

OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Eſq;

LONDON,

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POEMS

POEMS

On ſeveral Occaſions.

To *Cœlia.*

O D E.

I.

GIve me my heart again (fair Treachery)
You raviſh'd from me with a ſmile,
Oh! let it in ſome nobler quarrel die
Than a poor Trophy of your guile.
And Faith (bright *Cœlia*) tell me, what ſhould you,
Who are all Falſhood, doe with one ſo true?

II.

Or lend me yours awhile inſtead of it,
That I in time my skill may try,
Though ill I know it will my boſom fit,
To teach it ſome Fidelity;
Or that it elſe may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

III.

Falſe and imperious *Cælia*, ceaſe to be
Proud of a Conqueſt is your ſhame,
You triumph o'er an humble Enemy,
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have ſubdu'd my heart,
Without the poor confed'racy of Art.

IV.

But to the pow'r of Beauty you muſt add
The Witchcraft of a ſigh and tear
I did admire before, but yet was made
By thoſe to love; they fix'd me there:
Elſe, as other tranſient Lovers doe,
Had twenty lov'd e'er this as well as you.

V. And

V.

And twenty more I did intend to love;
E'er twenty weeks are paſt and gone,
And at a rate ſo modiſh, as ſhall prove
My heart a very civil one:
But oh, (falſe fair!) I thus reſolve in vain,
Unleſs you give me back my heart again.

The Expoſtulation.

I.

HAve I lov'd my Fair ſo long,
Six Olympiads at leaſt,
And to Youth and Beauties wrong,
On Vertues ſingle Intereſt,
To be at laſt with ſcorn oppreſs'd?

II.

Have I lov'd that ſpace ſo true,
Without looking once awry,
Leſt I might prove falſe to you,
To whom I vow'd Fidelity,
To be repay'd with Cruelty?

III.

Was you not, oh ſweet! confeſs,
Willing to be ſo belov'd?
Favour gave my Flame encreaſe,
By which it ſtill aſpiring mov'd,
And had gone out, if diſapprov'd.

IV.

Whence then can this change proceed?
Say; or whither does it tend?
That falſe heart will one day bleed,
When it has brought ſo true a Friend
To cruel and untimely end.

Sonnet.

WHat have I left to doe but dye,
Since Hope, my old Companion,
That train'd me from my Infancy,
My Friend, my Comforter is gone?

Oh fawning, false, deceiving Friend!
Accurſed be thy Flatteries,
Which treacherouſly did intend
I ſhould be wretched to be wiſe:

And ſo I am; for being taught
To know thy guiles, have only wrought
My greater miſery and pain;

My miſery is yet ſo great,
That, though I have found out the Cheat,
I wiſh for thee again in vain.

The Tempeſt.

I.

STanding upon the margent of the Main,
Whilſt the high boiling Tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
As great an Ocean, and as rude, within;
As full of Waves, of Depths, and broken Grounds,
As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

II.

Soon could my ſad Imagination find
A Parallel to this half World of Floud,
An Ocean by my walls of Earth confin'd,
And Rivers in the Chanels of my Bloud:
Diſcovering man, unhappy man, to be
Of this great Frame Heaven's Epitome.

III. There

III.

There pregnant *Argosies* with full Sails ride,
To shoot the Gulphs of Sorrow and Despair,
Of which the Love no Pilot has to guide,
But to her Sea-born Mother steers by Pray'r,
When, oh! the Hope her Anchor lost, undone,
Rolls at the mercy of the Regent Moon.

IV.

'Tis my ador'd *Diana*, then must be
The Guid'ress to this beaten Bark of mine,
'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled Sea,
And waft my hope over the vaulting Brine:
Call home thy venture *Dian* then at last,
And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

To *Cœlia.*

ODE.

I.

WHen *Cœlia* muſt my old day ſet,
And my young morning riſe
In beams of joy ſo bright as yet
Ne'er bleſs'd a Lovers eye,
My State is more advanc'd, than when
I firſt attempted thee;
I ſu'd to be a Servant then,
But now to be made Free.

II.

I've ſerv'd my time Faithfull and True,
Expecting to be plac'd,
In happy Freedom, as my due,
To all the Joys thou haſt:
Ill Husbandry in Love is ſuch
A Scandal to Love's pow'r,
We ought not to miſpend ſo much
As one poor ſhort-liv'd hour.

III. Yet

II

III.

Yet think not (Sweet) I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste,
Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
Before he had a taste;
My Infant Love could humbly wait,
When young it scarce knew how
To plead; but, grown to Man's estate,
He is impatient now.

The Picture.

I.

HOw, *Chloris*, can I e'er believe
The Vows of Women kind,
Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
To him your shadow, that to chuse
You swore you could the substance give?

II. Is't

II.

Is't not enough that I muſt go
Into another Clime,
Where Feather-footed Time
May turn my Hopes into Deſpair,
My youthful Dawn to briſtled Hair,
But that you add this torment too?

III.

Perchance you fear Idolatry
Would make the Image prove
A Woman fit for love;
Or give it ſuch a ſoul as ſhone
Through fond *Pigmalion*'s living ſtone,
That ſo I might abandon thee.

IV.

O no! 'twould fill my *Genius* room,
My honeſt one, that when
Frailty would love agen,
And, failing, with new objects burn,
Then, Sweeteſt, would thy Picture turn
My wandring eyes to thee at home.

Elegy.

GOds! are you juſt, and can it be
You ſhould deal man his miſery
With ſuch a liberal hand, yet ſpare
So meanly when his Joys you ſhare?
Durſt timorous Mortality
Demand of this the reaſon why?
The Argument of all our Ills
Would end in this, that 'tis your Wills.
Be it ſo then, and ſince 'tis fit
We to your harſh Decrees ſubmit,
Farewell all durable content,
Nothing but woe is permanent.

How ſtrangely, in a little ſpace,
Is my State chang'd from what it was,
When my *Clorinda* with her Rays,
Illuſtrated this happy place?

When

When ſhe was here, was here, alaſs!
How ſadly ſounds that, *when ſhe was*!
That Monarch rul'd not under sky,
Who was ſo great a Prince as I:
And if who boaſts moſt Treaſure be
The greateſt Monarch, I was he;
As ſeiz'd of her, who from her Birth
Has been the Treaſure of the Earth:
But ſhe is gone, and I no more
That mighty Sovereign, but as poor,
Since ſtript of that my glorious truſt,
As he who grovels in the duſt.

Now I could quarrel Heav'n, and be
Ring-leader to a Mutiny,
Like that of the Gygantick Wars,
And hector my malignant Stars;
Or, in a tamer method, ſit
Sighing, as though my heart would ſplit;

With

With looks dejected, armes acroſs,
Mourning and weeping for a loſs
My ſweet (if kind as heretofore)
Can in two ſhort-liv'd hours reſtore.

Some God then, (ſure you are not all
Deaf to poor Lovers when they call)
Commiſerating my ſad ſmart,
Touch fair *Clorinda*'s noble heart
To pitty a poor ſufferer,
Diſdains to ſigh, unleſs for her!
Some friendly Deity poſſeſs
Her generous Breaſt with my diſtreſs!
Oh! tell her how I ſigh away
The tedious hours of the day;
Hating all light that does not riſe
From the gay Morning of her eyes:
Tell her that Friends, which were to be
Welcome to men in miſery,
To me, I know not how, of late
Are grown to be importunate:

My Books which once were wont to be
My beſt beloved Company,
Are (ſave a Prayer-book for Form)
Left to the Canker or the Worm:
My Study's Grief, my Pleaſure Care,
My Joys are Woe, my Hope Deſpair,
Fears are my Drink, deep Sighs my Food,
And my Companions Solitude.

Night too, which Heav'n ordain'd to be
Man's chiefeſt Friend's my Enemy,
When ſhe her Sable Curtain ſpreads,
The whole Creation make their beds,
And every thing on Earth is bleſs'd
With gentle and refreſhing Reſt;
But wretched I, more penſive made
By the addition of that ſhade,
Am left alone, with ſorrow roar
The grief I did but ſigh before;
And tears which, check'd by ſhame and light,
Do only drop by day, by night

No

(No longer aw'd by nice reſpects,)
Guſh out in Flouds and Cataracts.
Ill life, ah Love, why is it ſo!
To me is meaſur'd out by woe,
Whilſt ſhe, who is that life's great light,
Conceals her Glories from my ſight.
Say, fair *Clorinda*, why ſhould he
Who is thy Vertue's Creature be
More wretched than the reſt of men
Who love and are belov'd agen?
I know my paſſion, not deſert,
Has giv'n me int'reſt in a heart,
Truer than ever Man poſſeſs'd,
And in that knowledge I am bleſs'd;
Yet even thence proceeds my care,
That makes your abſence hard to bear;
For were you cruel, I ſhould be
Glad to avoid your cruelty;
But happy in an equal flame,
I, Sweeteſt, thus impatient am:

Then

Then ſince your preſence can reſtore
My heart the joy it had before,
Since lib'ral Heaven never gave
To Woman ſuch a pow'r to ſave,
Practiſe that Sovereign pow'r on one
Muſt live or dye for you alone.

Taking leave of Chloris.

I.

SHE ſighs as if ſhe would reſtore
The life ſhe took away before;
As if ſhe did recant my doom,
And ſweetly would reprieve me home:
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whiſper that he hears:
But what do ſuch vain hopes avail,
If thoſe ſweet ſighs compoſe a gale,
To drive me hence, and ſwell my ſail?

II. See,

II.

See, ſee, ſhe weeps! Who would not ſwear
That love deſcended in that tear,
Boaſting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes?
Or that thoſe tears with juſt pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence?
But oh! they are (which ſtrikes me dead)
Chryſtal her frozen heart has bred,
Neither in love nor pitty ſhed.

III.

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
My happineſs I dare not own,
But wretchedly her favours wear,
Blind to my ſelf, unjuſt to her
Whoſe ſighs and tears at leaſt diſcover
She pitties, if not loves her Lover:
And more betrays the Tyrant's skill,
Than any blemiſh in her will,
That thus laments whom ſhe doth kill.

IV.

Pitty ſtill (Sweet) my dying ſtate,
My flame may ſure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee
I gave my life and liberty;
Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
By love I'm pitty's object made.
Pitty me then, and if thou hear
I'm dead, drop ſuch another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

Song.

I.

FIe pretty *Doris*! weep no more;
Damon is doubtleſs ſafe on ſhoar,
Deſpight of wind and wave;
The life is Fate-free that you cheriſh,
And 'tis unlike he now ſhould periſh
You once thought fit to ſave.

II.

Dry (Sweet) at laſt, thoſe twins of light,
Which whilſt ecclips'd, with us 'tis night,
And all of us are blind:
The tears that you ſo freely ſhed,
Are both too pretious for the Dead,
And for the Quick too kind.

III.

Fie, pretty *Doris*! ſigh no more,
The Gods your *Damon* will reſtore,
From Rocks and Quick-ſands free;
Your wiſhes will ſecure his way,
And doubtleſs he, for whom you pray,
May laugh at Deſtiny.

IV.

Still then thoſe Tempeſts of your breaſt,
And ſet that pretty heart at reſt,
The man will ſoon return;
Thoſe ſighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian Gums are not ſo ſweet,
Nor Off'rings when they burn.

V.

On him you laviſh grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
Whilſt you continue true:
That man's diſaſter is above,
And needs no pitty, that does love
And is belov'd by you.

Reſolu-

Reſolution in four Sonnets, of a Poetical Queſtion put to me by a Friend, concerning four Rural Siſters.

Sonnet.

I.

Alice is tall and upright as a Pine,
White as blaunch'd Almonds, or the falling (Snow,
Sweet as are Damask Roſes when they blow,
And doubtleſs fruitful as the ſwelling Vine.

Ripe to be cut, and ready to be preſs'd,
Her full cheek'd beauties very well appear,
And a year's fruit ſhe loſes e'ery year,
Wanting a man t'improve her to the beſt.

Full fain ſhe would be husbanded, and yet,
Alaſs! ſhe cannot a fit Lab'rer get
To cultivate her to her own content;

Fain would ſhe be (God wot) about her task,
And yet (forſooth) ſhe is too proud to ask,
And (which is worſe) too modeſt to conſent.

Sonnet.

II.

Marg'ret of humbler ſtature by the head
Is (as it oft falls out with yellow hair)
Than her fair Siſter, yet ſo much more fair,
As her pure white is better mixt with red.

This

This, hotter than the other ten to one,
Longs to be put unto her Mothers trade,
And loud proclaims ſhe lives too long a Maid,
Wiſhing for one t'untie her Virgin Zone.

She finds Virginity a kind of ware
That's very very troubleſome to bear,
And being gone, ſhe thinks will ne'er be miſt:
And yet withall the Girl has ſo much grace,
To call for help I know ſhe wants the face,
Though ask'd, I know not how ſhe would reſiſt.

Sonnet.

III.

MAry is black, and taller than the laſt,
Yet equal in perfection and deſire,
To the one's melting ſnow, and t'other's fire,
As with whoſe black their fairneſs is defac'd:

She pants as much for love as th'other two,
But ſhe ſo vertuous is, or elſe ſo wiſe,
That ſhe will win or will not love a prize,
And but upon good terms will never doe:

Therefore who her will conquer ought to be
At leaſt as full of love and wit as ſhe,
Or he ſhall ne'er gain favour at her hands:
Nay, though he have a pretty ſtore of brains,
Shall only have his labour for his pains,
Unleſs he offer more than ſhe demands.

Sonnet.

IV.

Martha is not ſo tall, nor yet ſo fair
As any of the other lovely three,
Her chiefeſt Grace is poor ſimplicity,
Yet were the reſt away, ſhe were a Star.

She's

She's fair enough, only ſhe wants the art
To ſet her Beauties off as they can doe,
And that's the cauſe ſhe ne'er heard any woo,
Nor ever yet made conqueſt of a heart:

And yet her bloud's as boiling as the beſt,
Which, pretty ſoul, does ſo diſturb her reſt,
And makes her languiſh ſo, ſhe's fit to die.

Poor thing, I doubt ſhe ſtill muſt lie alone,
For being like to be attack'd by none,
Sh'as no more wit to ask than to deny.

On my pretty Marten.

COme, my pretty little Muſe,
Your aſſiſtence I muſt uſe,
And you muſt aſſiſt me too
Better than you uſe to doe,
Or the Subject we diſgrace
Has oblig'd us many ways.
Pretty *Matty* is our Theme,
Of all others the ſupreme;
Should we ſtudie for't a year,
Could we chuſe a prettier?
Little *Mat*, whoſe pretty play
Does divert us ev'ry day,
Whoſe Careſſes are ſo kind,
Sweet, and free, and undeſign'd,
Meekneſs is not more diſarming,
Youth and modeſty more charming;

Nor

Nor from any ill intent
Nuns or Doves more innocent:
And for Beauty, Nature too
Here would ſhew what ſhe could doe;
Finer Creature ne'er was ſeen,
Half ſo pretty, half ſo clean.
Eyes as round and black as Sloe,
Teeth as white as morning Snow;
Breath as ſweet as blowing Roſes,
When the Morn their leaves diſcloſes,
Or, what ſweeter you'll allow,
Breath of Veſtals when they vow,
Or, that yet doth ſweeter prove,
Sighs of Maids who die for Love.
Next his Feet my praiſe commands,
Which methinks we ſhould call hands,
For ſo finely they are ſhap'd,
And for any uſe ſo apt,
Nothing can ſo dextrous be,
Nor fine handed near as he.
Theſe, without though black as Jet,
Within are ſoft and ſupple yet

As

As Virgins Palm, where Man's deceit
Seal of promiſe never ſet.
Back and Belly ſoft as Dawn,
Sleeps which peace of Conſcience crown,
Or the whiſpers Love reveal,
Or the kiſſes Lovers ſteal:
And of ſuch a rich perfume,
As, to ſay I dare preſume,
Will out-raviſh and out-wear
That of th' fulſome Milliner.
Tail ſo buſhy and ſo long,
(Which t'omit would doe him wrong)
As the proudeſt ſhe of all
Proudly would be fann'd withall.

Having given thus the ſhape
Of this pretty little Ape,
To his Vertues next I come,
Which amount to ſuch a ſumme,
As not only well may paſs
Both my Poetry and Dreſs

To

To ſet forth as I ſhould do't,
But Arithmetick to boot.

Valour is the ground of all
That we Mortals Vertues call;
And the little Cavalier
That I do preſent you here,
Has of that ſo great a ſhare,
He might lead the World to war.
What the Beaſts of greater ſize
Tremble at he does deſpiſe,
And is ſo compos'd of heart,
Drums nor Guns can make him ſtart:
Noiſes which make others quake,
Serve his Courage to awake.
Libyan Lyons make their Feaſts
Of ſubdu'd *Plebean* Beaſts,
And *Hyrcanian* Tigers prey
Still on Creatures leſs than they,
Or leſs arm'd; the *Ruſſian* Bears
Of tamer Beaſts make maſſacres.

Iriſh

Iriſh Wolves devour the Dams,
Engliſh Foxes prey on Lambs.
Theſe are all effects of courſe,
Not of Valour, but of Force;
But my *Matty* does not want
Heart t'attack an Elephant.
Yet his Nature is ſo ſweet,
Mice may nibble at his feet,
And may paſs as if unſeen,
If they ſpare his Megazine.
Conſtancy, a Vertue then
In this Age ſcarce known to men,
Or to Womankind at leaſt,
In this pretty little Beaſt,
To the World mght be reſtor'd,
And my *Matty* be ador'd.
Chaſte he is as Turtle Doves,
That abhor adult'rate Loves;
True to Friendſhip, and to Love,
Nothing can his Vertue move,

But his Faith in either giv'n,
Seems as if 'twere ſeal'd in Heaven.
Of all Brutes to him alone
Juſtice is, and Favour known.
Now is *Matty*'s excellence
Mearly circumſcrib'd by ſenſe,
He for judgment what to doe
Knows both good and evil too,
But is with ſuch vertue bleſs'd,
That he chuſes ſtill the beſt.
And wants nothing of a Wit
But a Tongue to utter it:
Yet with that we may diſpenſe,
For his Signs are Eloquence.
Then for Faſhion, and for Meine,
Matty's fit to court a Queen;
All his motions gracefull are,
And all Courts outſhine as far
As our Courtiers peakiſh Clowns,
Or thoſe peaknils Northern Loons,
Which ſhould Ladies ſee, they ſure
Other Beaſts would ne'er endure;

Then

Then no more they would make ſuit
For an ugly piſſing-coat
Rammiſh Cat, nor make a pet
Of a bawdy Mamoſet:
Nay, the Squerrel, though it is
Pretty'ſt Creature next to this,
Would henceforward be diſcarded,
And in Woods live unregarded.
Here ſweet Beauty is a Creature
Purpoſely ordain'd by Nature,
Both for cleanneſs and for ſhape
Worthy a Fair Ladies lap;
Nor her Boſom would diſgrace,
Nor a more beloved place.

Live long, my pretty little Boy,
Thy Maſter's Darling, Ladies Joy,
And when Fate will no more forbear
To lay his hands on him and her,
E'en then let Fate my *Matty* ſpare,
And when thou dy'ſt then turn a Star.

The

The New-year.

To Mr. *W. T.*

HArk, the Cock crows, and you, bright Star,
Tells us the day himſelf's not far;
And ſee where, breaking from the night,
He guilds the Weſtern hills with light.
With him old *Janus* does appear,
Peeping into the future Year
With ſuch a look as ſeems to ſay
The proſpect is not good that way.
Thus do we riſe ill ſights to ſee,
And 'gainſt our ſelves to Propheſie,
When the Prophetick fear of things
A more tormenting miſchief brings,
More full of Soul-tormenting Gall
Than direſt miſchiefs can befall.

But ſtay! but ſtay! methinks my ſight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Diſcerns ſereneneſs in that brow,
That all contracted ſeem'd but now:
His reverſe face may ſhew diſtaſt,
And frown upon the ills are paſt;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And ſmiles upon the New-born year.
He looks too from a place ſo high,
The year lies open to his eye,
And all the moments open are
To the exact diſcoverer;
Yet more and more he ſmiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why ſhould we then ſuſpect or fear
The Influences of a year
So ſmiles upon us the firſt morn,
And ſpeaks us good ſo ſoon as born?

Pox on't! the laſt was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or at the worſt, as we bruſh'd through
The laſt, why ſo we may this too;
And then the next in reaſon ſhou'd
Be ſuperexcellently good:
For the worſt ills we daily ſee,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the beſt Fortunes that do fall;
Which alſo bring us wherewithall
Longer their being to ſupport,
Than thoſe do of the other ſort;
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at Deſtiny,
Appears ingrateful in the caſe,
And merits not the good he has.

Then let us welcome the new gueſt,
With luſty Brimmers of the beſt;

Mirth always ſhould good Fortune meet,
And renders e'en diſaſter ſweet:
And though the Princeſs turn her back,
Let us but line our ſelves with Sack,
We better ſhall by far hold out,
Till the next year ſhe face about.

The Joys of Marriage.

HOw uneaſie is his Life
Who is troubled with a Wife!
Be ſhe ne'er ſo fair or comely,
Be ſhe ne'er ſo foul or homely,
Be ſhe ne'er ſo young and toward,
Be ſhe ne'er ſo old and froward,
Be ſhe kind with armes enfolding,
Be ſhe croſs and always ſcolding,
Be ſhe blith or melancholy,
Have ſhe Wit or have ſhe Folly,

Be

Be ſhe wary, be ſhe ſquandring,
Be ſhe ſtaid, or be ſhe wandring,
Be ſhe conſtant, be ſhe fickle,
Be ſhe fire, or be ſhe ickle,
Be ſhe pious or ungodly,
Be ſhe chaſte or what ſounds odly:
Laſtly, be ſhe good or evil,
Be ſhe Saint, or be ſhe Devil;
Yet uneaſie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

If fair ſhe's ſubject to temptation,
If foul her ſelf's ſolicitation,
If young and ſweet ſhe is too tender,
If old and croſs no man can mend her,
If too too kind ſhe's over clinging,
If a true ſcold ſhe's ever ringing,
If blith find Fiddles, or y'undoe her,
If ſad then call a Caſuiſt to her,

If a Wit ſhe'll ſtill be jeering,
If a Fool ſhe's ever fleering,
If too wary then ſhe'll ſhrue thee,
If too laviſh ſhe'll undoe thee,
If ſtaid ſhe'll mope a year together,
If gadding then to *London* with her,
If true ſhe'll think you don't deſerve her,
If falſe a thouſand will not ſerve her,
If luſtfull ſend her to a Spittle,
If cold ſhe is for one too little,
If ſhe be of th' Reformation,
Thy Houſe will be a Convocation,
If a Libertine then watch it,
At the window thou maiſt catch it,
If chaſte her pride will ſtill importune,
If a Whore thou know'ſt thy Fortune:
So uneaſie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

These are all extremes I know,
But all Womankind is so,
And the Golden Mean to none
Of that cloven Race is known;
Or to one if known it be,
Yet that one's unknown to me.
Some *Ulissean* Traveller
May perhaps have gone so far,
As t'have found (in spight of Nature)
Such an admirable Creature.
If a Voyager there be
Has made that discovery,
He the fam'd *Odcombian* gravels,
And may rest to write his Travels.

But alas! there's no such woman,
The Calamity is common,
The first rib did bring in ruine,
And the rest have since been doing,

Some by one way, ſome another,
Woman ſtill is miſchief's mother,
And yet cannot Man forbear,
Though it coſt him ne'er ſo dear.

Yet with me 'tis out of ſeaſon
To complain thus without reaſon,
Since the beſt and ſweeteſt fair
Is allotted to my ſhare:
But alas! I love her ſo
That my love creates my woe;
For if ſhe be out of humour,
Streight diſpleas'd I do preſume her,
And would give the World to know
What it is offends her ſo:
Or if ſhe be diſcontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to perſuade her
That I have unhappy made her:

But if ſick I then am dying,
Meat and Med'cine both defying:
So uneaſie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

What are then the Marr'age Joys
That make ſuch a mighty noiſe?
All's enclos'd in one ſhort Sentence,
Little Pleaſure, great Repentance;
Yet it is ſo ſweet a Pleaſure,
To repent we ſcarce have leiſure,
Till the pleaſure wholly fails,
Save ſometimes by Intervals:
But thoſe intervals again,
Are ſo full of deadly pain,
That the pleaſure we have got,
Is in Conſcience too dear bought.

Pox on't! would Womankind be free,
What needed this Solemnity,

This

This fooliſh way of coupl'ing ſo,
That all the World (forſooth) muſt know?
And yet the naked truth to ſay,
They are ſo perfect grown that way,
That if't only be for pleaſure
You would marry, take good leiſure,
Since none can ever want ſupplies
For natural neceſſities;
Without expoſing of his Life
To the great trouble of a Wife.

Why then all the great pains taking?
Why the ſighing? why the waking?
Why the riding? why the running?
Why the artifice and cunning?
Why the whining? why the crying?
Why pretending to be dying?
Why all this clutter to get Wives,
To make us weary of our Lives.

If Fruition we profeſs
To be the only happineſs,
How much happier then is he,
Who with the induſtrious Bee
Preys upon the ſeveral Sweets
Of the various Flow'rs he meets,
Than he who with leſs delight
Dulls on one his Appetite?

Oh 'tis pleaſant to be free!
The ſweeteſt Miſs is Liberty;
And though who with one ſweet is bleſs'd
May reap the ſweets of all the reſt
In her alone, who fair and true,
As Love is all for which we ſue,
Whoſe ſeveral Graces may ſupply
The place of full variety,
And whoſe true kindneſs or addreſs
Summs up the All of happineſs;

Yet

Yet 'tis better live alone,
Free to all than ti'd to one,
Since uneaſie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

ODE.

To Love.

I.

GReat Love, I thank thee, now thou haſt
Paid me for all my ſuff'rings paſt,
And wounded me with Nature's Pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
All Beauty in the world beſide.

II.

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whoſe very ſcorns are recompence,

The

The Regent of my heart is crown'd,
And now the ſorrows and the woe,
My Youth and Folly help'd me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

III.

Led by my Folly or my Fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts I knew not where:
With judgment now I love and ſue,
And never yet perfection knew,
Untill I caſt mine eyes on her.

IV.

My Soul, that was ſo baſe before
Each little beauty to adore,
Now rais'd to Glory, does deſpiſe
Thoſe poor and counterfeited rays
That caught me in my childiſh days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

V. Rais'd

V.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,
Almighty Love, for to implore
Of my auſpicious Stars or thee,
Than that thou bow her noble mind
To be as mercifully kind
As I ſhall ever faithfull be.

Song.

I.

SAd thoughts make haſt and kill me out,
I live too long in pain;
'Tis dying to be ſtill in doubt,
And death, that ends all miſeries,
The chief and only favour is
The wretched can obtain.

II.

I have liv'd long enough to know
That life is a Disease,
At least it does torment me so,
That Death, at whom the happy start,
I court to come, and with his Dart
To give me a release.

III.

Come, friendly Death, then strike me dead,
For all this while I die,
And but long dying nothing dread;
Yet being with grief the one half slain,
With all thy power thou wilt gain
But half a Victory.

Elegy,

Elegy.

AWay to th'other world, away,
In this I can no longer ſtay;
I long enough in this have ſtai'd
To ſee my ſelf poorly betrai'd,
Forſaken, robb'd, and left alone,
And to all purpoſes undone.
What then can tempt me to live on,
My Peace and Honour being gone!
O yes! I ſtill am call'd upon
To ſtay by my affliction.
Oh fair affliction! let me go,
You beſt can part with me I know;
'Tis an ill natur'd pride you take
To triumph o'er the fool you make,
And you looſe time in trampling o'er
One, whilſt you might make twenty more.

Your

Your eyes have ſtill the conqu'ring pow'r
They had in that ſame dang'rous hour
They laid me at your beauties feet,
Your Roſes ſtill as fair and ſweet;
And there more hearts are to ſubdue,
But, oh! not one that's half ſo true.
Diſmiſs me then t'eternal reſt,
I cannot live but in your Breaſt;
Where, baniſh'd by Inconſtancy,
The world has no more room for me

In Coccam.

Epigram

De Monſieur Maynard.

THy cheeks having their Roſes ſhed,
And thy whole Frame through Age become
So loathſome for all uſe in bed,
That 'tis much fitter for a Tomb;

Cocca, thou ſhould'ſt not be ſo vain,
Although thy Eloquence be great,
As to expect it ſhould obtain
That I ſhould doe the filthy Feat:

And that ſame Engine in your hand
You cheriſh, court, and flatter ſo,
Now you have made him bravely ſtand,
Is not ſo charitable though,

As in his vigorous youth to be
A crutch to your Antiquity.

Writ in Calista's *Prayer-Book.*

An Epigram

OF

Monsieur de Malherbe.

WHilst you are deaf to love, you may,
Fairest *Calista*, weep and pray,
And yet, alas! no mercy find;
Not but God's mercifull, 'tis true,
But can you think he'll grant to you
What you deny to all Mankind?

Song.

I.

HOw comes it to paſs with ſo little adoe
That I've broke all my Fetters and Chains
And that no remembrance of all my great woe
But like that of a Tale now remains?
I no more for a Star now do *Phillis* eſteem,
And all her Perfections to me now do ſeem
But like Dreams when I've malted my Brains.

II.

I am now quite aſham'd to ſee how ſhe looks,
And no more the ſame Fair that before,
Thoſe Beauties all gone put me ſo off the hooks,
And ſo troubled my Coxcomb of yore;
I Now ſee all the ſhot that ſhe made was falſe fire,
And thoſe murthering Charms I ſo much did admi
Were defects, mere defects, and no more.

III. T

III.

The Sun, or yet Love, are no more in her eyes,
They're as dim as a Nail's in a door;
She's so far with her Charms from gaining a prize,
That I doubt she must now run o'th' score;
And for that we call Mistress so monst'rous unfit
To any man living that has Grace or Wit,
That she's scarce good enough for a Whore.

IV.

Yet, Sot that I was, I did once cry and blubber
For this damnable piece of Infection,
Which none could have done but an Owl and a Lubber,
But his sense would have been his Protection;
And for which on my self I will now pass this Sentence,
That to th' hour of my death I will weep for repentance
That I ever did weep for affection.

V.

Farewell then, O *Phillis*! it is the Gods pleasure
That I reason might see to forsake you,
To open my eyes, then out of my loves treasure
Please t'accept of this farewell I make you;
'Tis a Complement that is most justly your due,
And but what in times past I took kindly from yo
Ugly *Phillis*, a Whoreson's Pox take you.

A Phillis.

Madrigal.

JE plaigrois, Philis, un jour
A son Petiteſſe d'Amour
De mon martyre, & mon malheur;
De ce que par ſon Caprice,
Sans procez, & ſans Juſtice
L'enfant m'avoit navrez le Cœur.

La deſſus le pitit Drole
M'a promis ſur la parole
Entre ſes beaux fleſches uvoraées d'or,
D'en choiſir encore une autre
Et de faire autant au voſtre,
Le ſeutez vous, Philis, encore ?

O D E.

To *Chloris.*

I.

FAir and Cruel, ſtill in vain
Muſt I adore, ſtill, ſtill perſevere,
Languiſh ſtill, and ſtill complain,
And yet a Med'cine for my Feaver
Never, never muſt obtain ?

II.

Chloris, how are you to blame,
To him that dies to be ſo cruel
Not to ſtay my falling frame,
Since your fair eyes do dart the fuel
That ſtill nouriſhes my flame?

III.

Shade thoſe Glories of thine eye,
Or let their Influence be milder,
Beauty, and diſdain deſtroy
Alike, and make our Paſſions wilder,
Either let me live or die.

IV.

I have lov'd thee (let me ſee;
Lord, how long a time of loving!)
Years no leſs than three times three,
Still my flame and pain improving,
Yet ſtill paid with cruelty.

V.

What more wouldſt thou have of me?
Sure I've ſerv'd a pretty ſeaſon,
And ſo prov'd my conſtancy,
That methinks it is but reaſon
Love or Death ſhould ſet me free.

O D E.

I.

WAs ever man of Nature's framing
So given o'er to roving,
Who have been twenty years a taming
By ways that are not worth the naming,
And now muſt die of loving?

II.

Hell take me if ſhe been't ſo winning
That now I love her mainly,
And though in jeaſt at the beginning,
Yet now I'd wond'rous fain be ſinning,
And ſo have told her plainly.

III.

At which ſhe cries I doe not love her,
And tells me of her Honor;
Then have I no way to diſprove her,
And my true paſſion to diſcover,
But ſtreight to fall upon her.

IV.

Which done, forſooth, ſhe talks of wedding,
But what will that avail her?
For though I am old Dog at Bedding,
I'm yet a man of ſo much reading,
That there I ſure ſhall fail her.

V.

No, hang me if I ever marry,
Till Womankind grow ſtancher,
I do delight delights to vary,
And love not in one Hulk to tarry,
But only Trim and Launch her.

To *John Bradſhaw*, Eſq;

I.

COuld you and I our Lives renew,
And be both young agen,
Retaining what we ever knew
Of Manners, Times, and Men,

II.

We could not frame ſo looſe to live,
But muſt be uſeful then,
E'er we could poſſibly arrive
To the ſame Age agen;

III. But

III.

But Youth's devour'd in Vanities
Before we are aware,
And ſo grown old before grown wiſe,
We good for nothing are:

IV.

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
By reading Books and Men,
For others Service, or our own,
'Tis with the lateſt then.

V.

Happy's that man, in this eſtate,
Whoſe Conſcience tells him ſtill,
That though for good he comes too late,
He ne'er did any ill.

VI.

The ſatisfaction flowing thence,
All dolours would aſſuage,
And be ſufficient recompence
For all the ills of Age:

VII.

But very few (my Friend) I fear,
Whom this ill Age has bred,
At need have ſuch a Comforter
To make their dying Bed.

VIII.

'Tis then high time we ſhould prepare
In a new World to live,
Since here we breath but panting air,
Alas! by ſhort reprieve.

IX.

Life then begins to be a pain,
Infirmity prevails,
Which, when it but begins to reign,
The braveſt Courage quails;

X.

But could we, as I ſaid, procure
To live our lives agen,
We ſhould be of the better ſure
Or the worſt ſort of men.

Winter.

WINTER.

De Monſieur Marigny

Directed to Sir *Robert Cok.*

BLeak *Winter* is from *Norway* come,
And ſuch a formidable Groom,
With's Icled beard, and hoary head,
That, or with cold, or elſe with dread,
Has frighted *Phœbus* out on's wit,
And put him int'an Ague Fit:
The Moon too, out of rev'rend care
To ſave her beauty from the Air,
And guard her pale Complexion,
Her Hood and Vizard Mask puts on:
Old gray-pate Saturn too is ſeen,
Muffled up in a great Bear's ſkin:
And *Mars* a quilted Cap puts on,
Under his ſhining Morion:

And in theſe poſting Luminaries
It but a neceſſary care is,
And very conſonant to reaſon,
To go well clad in ſuch a ſeaſon.
The very Heaven it ſelf, alaſs!
Is now ſo pav'd with liquid Glaſs,
That if they han't (on th'other ſide)
Learn'd in their younger days to ſlide,
It is ſo ſlippy made withall,
They cannot go two ſteps but fall.
The Nectar which the Gods do troll,
Is frozen i'th' Celeſtial Boul,
And the Cup-bearer *Ganimed*
Has capp'd his frizled flaxed head.
The naked *Gemini*, God wot,
A very ſcurvy Rhume have got;
And in this coldeſt of cold weathers,
Had they not been warm wrap'd in Feathers,
Mercury's heels had been, I trow,
Pepper'd with running Kibes e'er now.

Nor

Nor are these Deities, whom Love
To men has tempted from above
To pass their time on Earth, more free
From the cold blast than th'others be.
For Truth, amidst the blust'ring Rout,
Can't keep her Torch from blowing out.
Justice, since none would take her word,
Has for a Wastcoat pawn'd her Sword;
And it is credibly related,
Her Fillet's to a Quoife translated.
Fortune's foot's frozen to her Ball,
Bright Chrystal from her nose does fall,
And all the work she now intends,
Is but to blow her fingers ends.
The Muses have the Schools forsook
To creep into the Chimney nook,
Where, for default of other wood,
(Although it goes to his heart's blood)
Apollo, for to warm their shins,
Makes fires of Lutes and Violins.

The Trout and Grailing that did rove
At liberty, like ſwift wing'd Dove,
In Ice are cruſted up and pent,
Enſlav'd with the poor Element.
'Tis ſtrange! but what's more ſtrange than theſe,
Thy Bounties, Knight, can never freeze,
But e'en amidſt the Froſt and Snow
In a continued Torrent flow;
Oh! let me come and live with thee,
Where *Winter* ſhall nor feel nor ſee.

On Rutt *the Judge.*

RUTT, to the Suburb Beauties full well known,
Was from the bag ſcarce crept into a Gown,
When he, by telling of himſelf fine tales,
Was made a Judge, and ſent away to *Wales*:
'Twas proper and moſt fit it ſhould be ſo,
Whither ſhould Goats but to the Mountains go?

On Sim *and* Simon.

THough *Sim*, whilſt *Sim*, in ill repute did live,
He yet was but a Knave diminutive;
But now his name being ſwell'd two letters bigger,
Simon's a Knave at length, and not in figure.

Virelay.

Virelay.

THou cruel Fair, I go
To ſeek out any Fate but thee,
Since there is none can wound me ſo,
Nor that has half thy cruelty;
Thou cruel Fair, I go.

For ever then farewell,
'Tis a long leave I take, but oh!
To tarry with thee here is Hell,
And twenty thouſand Hells to go;
For ever though farewell.

Madrigal.

TO be a Whore, despight of Grace,
Good Counsel and an ugly face,
And to distribute still the Pox,
To men of wit
Will seem a kind of Paradox;
And yet
Thou art a Whore, despight of Grace,
Good Counsel and an ugly face.

La Illustrissima.

On my Fair and Dear Sister, M
Anne King.

OFT have I lov'd, but ne'er aright,
Till th'other day I saw a sight
That shot me through & through with conq'ring li
A B

A Beauty of ſo rare a frame
As does all other Beauties ſhame,
And renders Poetry to praiſe it lame.

Poor ſotted Poets, ceaſe to praiſe
Your *Laura's*, *Cynthia's*, *Lydia's*,
Fondly ador'd in your miſtaken days,

Tell me no more of golden hair,
Of all ill colours the worſt wear,
And renders beauty terrible as fair.

Almanna's curls are black as night,
Thorough whoſe Sable ring's a white,
Whiter than whiteneſs, ſtrikes the wounded ſight.

Tell me no more of arched brows,
Nor henceforth call them *Cupid's* Bows,
Which common praiſe to common form allows.

Hers, ſhining, ſmooth, and black as Jet,
Short, thick, and even without fret,
Exceed all Simile and counterfeit.

Study no more for Eulogies,
For *Engliſh* gray, or *French* blew eyes,
Which never yet but of a Fool made prize.

Almanna's eyes are ſuch as none
Could ever dare to gaze upon,
But in a trice he found his heart was gone.

Thoſe lights the coldeſt bloud can thaw,
And hearts by their attraction draw,
As warm chaf'd Jet licks up a trembling ſtraw.

No more for cheeks make ſenſeleſs Poſies
Of Lillies white, and Damask Roſes,
Which more of fancy than of truth diſcloſes.

In hers Complexion's mixed ſo,
That white and red together grow,
Like Lovers bloud ſprinkled on Virgin Snow.

Ceaſe, ceaſe of Coral Lips to prate,
Of Rubies, and I can't tell what,
Thoſe Epithets are all grown ſtale and flat.

Almanna

Almanna's roſie lips are ſuch,
To praiſe them is for wit too much,
Till firſt inſpir'd by their moſt bleſſed touch.

No more hang teeth upon a ſtring,
And ropes of Pearl for Grinders bring,
Your Treaſure is too poor an Offering.

Compariſons doe hers no right,
Ivory's yellow in their ſight,
Which are than all things but themſelves more white.

No more of Odours go in queſt
As far as the remoteſt Eaſt,
Thence to perfume a Ladies rotten Cheſt.

Her breath, much ſweeter than the Spring
With all its join'd perfumes can bring,
Gives life and happy life to ev'ry thing.

Tell me no more of Swan-white breaſts,
Which you call little *Cupid*'s neſts,
In thoſe you praiſe fit for ſuch wanton gueſts:

Almanna's ten times whiter are
Than thoſe of the ſupremeſt fair,
But yet, alas! no Loves inhabit there.

Oh! ſet your wits no more o'th' laſte,
To praiſe a Nymph's contorted Waſte,
By ſuch admirers fit to be embrac'd;

Here is a ſhape, and ſuch a one
As regulates Proportion,
And but to ſee is half Fruition.

Tell me no more Poetick lies,
Of hard, cold, cruſted, marble thighs,
Hopeleſs and fond impoſſibilities;

Hers, by the rule of Symmetry,
Although unſeen, we know muſt be
Above the poor report of Poetry.

Tell me no more of Legs and Feet,
Where Grace and Elegancy meet,
But leave your lying, and come here to ſee't;

Here's

Here's ſhape, invention that diſgraces,
And when ſhe moves the charming Graces
Both number, figure, and adjuſt her paces:

But to this ſhape there is a mind
From fleſh and bloud ſo well refin'd,
As renders her the Glory of her Kind.

On the World's Centre never yet
Were Form and Vertue ſo well met,
Nor priceleſs Diamond ſo neatly ſet.

Beauty, but Beauty is alone,
But Fair *Almanna*'s ſuch a one
As Earth may glory in, and Heav'n may own.

Almanna is the onely ſhe
Deſerves the gen'ral Eulogy,
The praiſe of all the reſt is Poetry.

Chan-

Chanſon *a Boire.*

I.

COme let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking;
It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good;
Prevents not diſaſter,
But brings it on faſter,
Miſchance is by mirth and by courage withſtood
He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
The preſent is with us and does threaten no ill;
He's a Fool that will ſorrow
For the thing call'd to morrow,
But the hour we've in hand we may weild as we will

II. There

II.

There's nothing but *Bacchus*
Right merry can make us,
That vertue particular is to the Vine;
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good nature,
Whoſe thoughts can be dark when their noſes doe ſhine?

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking,
There's nothing that kills us ſo ſurely as ſorrow;
Then to drown our cares Boys
Let's drink up the Stars Boys,
Each face of the gang will a Sun be to morrow.

The

The Angler's Ballad.

I.

AWay to the Brook,
All your Tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wiſhing;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very ſpight
To want tools when a man goes a fiſhing.

II.

Your Rod with tops two,
For the ſame will not doe
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a Pink,
One too weak will be apt to miſcarry.

III. The

III.

Then Basket, neat made
By a Maſter in's trade,
In a belt at your ſhoulders muſt dangle;
For none e'er was ſo vain
To wear this to diſdain,
Who a true Brother was of the Angle.

IV.

Next, Pouch muſt not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a Mail,
With Wax, Cruels, Silks, Hair, Furs and Feathers,
To make ſeveral Flies
For the ſeveral Skies,
That ſhall kill in deſpight of all weathers.

V.

The Boxes and Books
For your Lines and your Hooks,
And, though not for ſtrict need notwithſtanding,
Your Sciſſors, and your Hone
To adjuſt your points on,
With a Net to be ſure for your landing.

VI. All

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our Fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all Nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

Or stream now, or still,
A large Panier will fill,
Trout and Grailing to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloudy day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX. Away

IX.

Away then, away,
We looſe ſport by delay,
  But firſt leave all our ſorrows behind us;
If misfortune doe come,
We are all gone from home,
  And a fiſhing ſhe never can find us.

X.

The Angler is free
From the cares that degree
  Finds it ſelf with ſo often tormented;
And although we ſhould ſlay
Each a hundred to day,
  'Tis a ſlaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we diſplay
All our Arts to betray
  What were made for man's Pleaſure and Diet;
Yet both Princes and States
May, for all our quaint Bates,
  Rule themſelves and their People in quiet.

XII. We

XII.

We ſcratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the Rates
Our Superiors impoſe on our living;
But do frankly ſubmit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XIII.

Whilſt quiet we ſit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquieſcing with hearty ſubmiſſion;
For, though ſimple, we know
That ſoft murmurs will grow
At the laſt unto down-right Sedition.

XIV.

We care not who ſays,
And intends it diſpraiſe,
That an Angler t'a Fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honeſt as he,
And ſo let him take that for his labour.

XV.

XV.

We covet no Wealth
But the Blessing of Health,
And that greater good Conscience within;
Such Devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win.

XVI.

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our King *James* the Second;
Honest Anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good Subjects be reckon'd.

Epiſtle to John Bradſhaw Eſq;

I.

FRom *Porto Nova* as pale wretches go
To ſwing on fatal *Tripus*, even ſo,
My deareſt Friend, I went laſt day from thee,
Whilſt for five Miles, the figure of that Tree
Was ever in my guilty Fancy's eye,
As if in earneſt I'd been doom'd to die
For, what deſerv'd it, ſo unworthily
Stealing ſo early, *Jack*, away from thee.
And that which (as't well might) encreas'd my fe
Was the ill luck of my vile Chariotier,
Who drove ſo nicely too, t'increaſe my dread,
As if his Horſes with my vital thread
Had Harneſs'd been, which being, alas! ſo weak
He fear'd might ſnap, and would not it ſhould bre
Till he himſelf the honour had to do't
With one thrice ſtronger, and my neck to boot.

Thus far in hanging poſture then I went,
(And ſting of Conſcience is a puniſhment
On Earth they ſay the greateſt, and ſome tell
It is moreo'er the onely one in Hell,
The Worm that never dies being alone
The thing they call endleſs Damnation:)
But leaving that unto the Wiſe that made it,
And knowing beſt the Gulf, can beſt evade it,
I'll tell you, that being paſs'd through *High-gate*, there
I was ſaluted by the Countrey Air,
With ſuch a pleaſing Gale, as made me ſmell
The *Peak* it ſelf; nor is't a Miracle,
For all that paſs that *Portico* this way
Are *Tranſontani*, as the Courtiers ſay;
Which ſuppos'd true, one then may boldly ſpeak,
That all of th' North-ſide *High-gate* are i'th' *Peak*;
And ſo to hanging when I thought to come,
Wak'd from the Dream, I found my ſelf at home.

Wonder not then if I, in ſuch a caſe
So over-joy'd, forgot thee for a ſpace;

And but a little ſpace, for, by this light,
I thought on thee again ten times e'er night;
Though when the night was come, I then indeed
Thought all on one of whom I'd greater need:
But being now cur'd of that Malady,
I'm at full leiſure to remember thee,
And (which I'm ſure you long to know) ſet forth
In Northern Song my Journey to the North.

Know then with Horſes twain, one ſound, one lame
On *Sunday*'s Eve I to St. *Alban*'s came,
Where, finding by my Body's luſty ſtate
I could not hold out home at that ſlow rate,
I found a Coach-man, who, my caſe bemoaning,
With three ſtout Geldings, and one able Stoning,
For eight good Pounds did bravely undertake,
Or for my own, or for my Money's ſake,
Through thick and thin, fall out what could befall,
To bring me ſafe and ſound to *Basford-hall*.
Which having drank upon, he bid good-night,
And (Heaven forgive us) with the Morning's light,

Not fearing God, nor his Vice-gerent Conſtable,
We roundly rowling were the Road to *Dunſtable*,
Which, as they chim'd to Prayers, we trotted through,
And 'fore elev'n ten minutes came unto
The Town that *Brickhill* height, where we did reſt,
And din'd indifferent well both man and beaſt.
'Twixt two and four to *Stratford*, 'twas well driven,
And came to *Toceſter* to lodge at Even.
Next day we din'd at *Dunchurch*, and did lie
That night four miles on our ſide *Coventry*.
Tueſday at Noon at *Lichfeild* Town we baited,
But there ſome Friends, who long that hour had waited,
So long detain'd me, that my Chariotier
Could drive that night but to *Uttoxiter*.
And there the *Wedneſday*, being Market-day,
I was conſtrain'd with ſome kind Lads to ſtay
Tippling till afternoon, which made it night
When from my Hero's Tow'r I ſaw the light
Of her Flambeaux, and fanci'd as we drave
Each riſing Hillock was a ſwelling wave,
And that I ſwimming was in *Neptune*'s ſpight
To my long long'd-for Harbour of delight.

And now I'm here ſet down again in peace,
After my troubles, buſineſs, Voyages,
The ſame dull Northern clod I was before,
Gravely enquiring how Ewes are a Score,
How the Hay-Harveſt, and the Corn was got,
And if or no there's like to be a Rot;
Juſt the ſame Sot I was e'er I remov'd,
Nor by my travel, nor the Court improv'd;
The ſame old faſhion'd Squire, no whit refin'd,
And ſhall be wiſer when the Devil's blind:
But find all here too in the ſelf-ſame ſtate,
And now begin to live at the old rate,
To bub old Ale, which nonſenſe does create,
Write leud Epiſtles, and ſometimes tranſlate
Old Tales of Tubs, of *Guyenne*, and *Provence*,
And keep a clutter with th'old Blades of *France*,
As *D'Avenant* did with thoſe of *Lombardy*,
Which any will receive, but none will buy,
And that has ſet *H.B.* and me awry.

My River ſtill through the ſame Chanel glides,
Clear from the Tumult, Salt, and dirt of Tides,
And my poor Fiſhing-houſe, my Seat's beſt grace,
Stands firm and faithfull in the ſelf-ſame place
I left it four months ſince, and ten to one
I go a Fiſhing e'er two days are gone:
So that (my Friend) I nothing want but thee
To make me happy as I'd wiſh to be;
And ſure a day will come I ſhall be bleſs'd
In his enjoyment whom my heart loves beſt;
Which when it comes will raiſe me above men
Greater than crowned Monarchs are, and then
I'll not exchange my Cottage for *White-hall*,
Windſor, the *Lauvre*, or th'*Eſcurial*.

Anacreontick.

FILL a Boul of lusty Wine,
Briskest Daughter of the Vine;
Fill't untill it Sea-like flow,
That my cheek may once more glow.
I am fifty Winters old,
Bloud then stagnates and grows cold,
And when Youthfull heat decays,
We must help it by these ways.
Wine breeds Mirth, and Mirth imparts
Heat and Courage to our hearts,
Which in old men else are lead,
And not warm'd would soon be dead.

Now I'm sprightly, fill agen,
Stop not though they mount to ten;
Though I stagger do not spare,
'Tis to rock and still my Ear;
Though I stammer 'tis no matter,
I should doe the same with water;

When I belch, I am but trying
How much better 'tis than ſighing;
If a tear ſpring in mine eye,
'Tis for joy not grief I cry:
This is living without thinking,
Theſe are the effects of drinking.

Fill a main, (Boy) fill a main,
Whilſt I drink I feel no pain;
Gout or Palſie I have none,
Hang the Chollick and the Stone;
I methinks grow young again,
New bloud ſprings in ey'ry vein,
And ſupply it (Sirrah) ſtill,
Whilſt I drink you ſure may fill:
If I nod, Boy, rouſe me up
With a bigger fuller Cup;
But when that, Boy, will not doe,
Faith e'en let me then goe to,
For 'tis better far too lie
Down to ſleep than down to dye.

Burleſque.

Burleſque.

Upon the Great Froſt.

To *John Bradſhaw* Eſq;

YOU now, Sir, may, and juſtly, wonder
That I, who did of late ſo thunder
Your frontier Garriſon by th'Ferry,
Should on a ſudden grow ſo weary;
And thence may raiſe a wrong concluſion,
That you have bob'd my Reſolution;
Or elſe that my Poetick Battery,
With which ſo ſmartly I did patter ye,
(Though I am not in that condition)
Has ſhot away her Ammunition;
Or (if in kindneſs peradventure
You are more gentle in your cenſure)
That I my writing left purſuing,
'Cauſe I was weary of ill doing.

Now of theſe three ſurmizes any,
Except the laſt, might paſs with many;
But ſuch as know me of the Nation,
Know I ſo hate all Reformation,
Since ſo much harm to doe I've ſeen it,
That in my ſelf I'll ne'er begin it;
And ſhould you under your hand give it,
Not one of twenty would believe it.

But I muſt tell you in brief Clauſes,
If you to any of theſe Cauſes
Impute the ſix weeks Truce I've given,
That you are wide, Sir, the whole Heaven:
For know, though I appear leſs eager,
I never mean to raiſe my Leaguer,
Till or by ſtorm, or elſe by Famine,
I force you to the place I am in;
Your ſelf *ſans* Article to tender,
Unto Diſcretion to ſurrender;
Where ſee what comes of your vain glory,
To make me lie ſo long before ye.

To ſhew you next I want no pouder,
I thus begin to batter louder;
And for the laſt vain Hope that fed ye,
I think I've anſwer'd it already.

Now, to be plain, although your Spirit
Will ill, I know, endure to hear it,
You muſt of force at leaſt miſcarry,
For reaſons ſupernumerary:
And though I know you will be ſtriving
To doe what lies in mortal living,
And may, it may be, a month double
To lie before you give me trouble,
(Though with the ſtronger men but vapour ill)
And hold out ſtiff till th'end of *April*,
Or poſſibly a few days longer,
Yet then you needs muſt yield for hunger,
When, having eaten all Proviſions,
Y'are like to make moſt brave Conditions.

Now having friendſhip been ſo juſt to,
To tell you what y'are like to truſt to,
I'll next acquaint you with one reaſon
I've let you reſt ſo long a ſeaſon,
And that my Muſe has been ſo idle;
Know *Pegaſus* has got a Bridle,
A Bit and Curb of cruſted water,
Or if I call't plain Ice no matter,
With which he now is ſo commanded,
His days of galloping are ended,
Unleſs I with the ſpur do prick him,
Nay, rather though I whip and kick him;
He who unbidden us'd to gambol,
Can now nor prance, nor trot, nor amble,
Nor ſtir a foot to take his airing,
But ſtands ſtiff froze, like that at *Charing*,
With two feet up, two down, 'tis pitty
He's not erected in the City.

But, to leave fooling, I aſſure ye
There never was ſo cold a Fury

Of

Of nipping Froſt, and pinching weather,
Since *Eve* and *Adam* met together.
Our *Peak*, that always has been famous
For cold wherewith to cramp and lame us,
Worſe than it ſelf, did now reſemble a
Certain damn'd place call'd *Nova Zembla*,
And we who boaſt us humane Creatures,
Had happy been had we chang'd features,
Garments at leaſt, though theirs be ſhabbed,
With thoſe who that cold place inhabit,
The Bears and Foxes, who *ſans* queſtion
Than we by odds have warmer Veſts on.
How cold that Country is, he knows moſt
Has there his Fingers and his Toes loſt;
But here I know that every Member
Alike was handled by *December*:
Who blew his noſe had clout or fiſt all
Inſtead of ſnivel fill'd with Cryſtal,
Who drew for Urinal ejection,
Was b'witch'd into an odd erection,

And theſe, *Priapus* like, ſtood ſtrutting,
Fitter for Pedeſtal than rutting:
As men were fierce, or gentle handed,
Their Fiſts were clutch'd, or Palms expanded;
Limbs were extended, or contracted,
As uſe or humour moſt affected;
For, as men did to th' air expoſe 'em,
It catch'd and in that figure froze 'em;
Of which think me not over ample:
If I produce you here example.
Where, though I am believ'd by ſcarce one,
None will, I hope, ſuſpect the Perſon,
Who, from Iſles he far remote is,
Will give *in verbo ſacerdotis*:

One going to diſcharge at will-Duck
Had for his recompence the ill luck,
(Or my Informer's an Impoſtor)
To be in that preſenting poſture,
Surpriz'd with his left eye faſt winking,
Till by good fires, and hot things drinking,

He thaw'd, to the beholders laughter,
Unto it ſelf a few hours after.
Two Towns, that long that war had waged,
Being at Foot-ball now engaged
For honour, as both ſides pretended,
Left the brave tryall to be ended
Till the next Thaw, for they were frozen
On either part at leaſt a dozen;
With a good handſome ſpace between 'em,
Like Rolle-rich ſtones, if you've ſeen 'em,
And could no more run, kick, or trip ye,
Than I can quaff off *Aganippe*;
Till Ale, which crowns all ſuch pretences,
Mull'd them again into their ſenſes.
A Maid compell'd to be a gadder,
T'abate th'extenſion of her Bladder,
Which is an importuning matter,
Was ſo ſupported by her water,
To eaſe her knees with a third Pillar,
That as ſhe ſate the poor diſtiller

Look'

Look'd on the tripod, like the famous
Aſtrologer hight *Noſtradamus.*
Theſe ſtories ſound ſo very odly,
That though men may be pretty godly,
One ſhould though ſtore of Muſtard give 'em,
E'er they expect they ſhould believe 'em.
But, to allure your Faith a little,
What follows true is to a tittle:
Our Countrey Air was, in plain dealing,
Some weaks together ſo congealing,
That if, as men are rude in this age,
One ſpit had in another's viſage,
The Conſtable by th' back had got him,
For he infallibly had ſhot him.
Nay, Friend with Friend, Brother with Brother,
Muſt needs have wounded one another
With kindeſt words, were they not wary
To make their greetings ſideways carry;
For all the words that came from gullets,
If long were ſlugs, if ſhort ones Bullets.
You might have read from mouths, (*ſans* Fable,)
Your humble Servant, Sir, in Label;

Like thoſe, (yet theirs were warmer Quarters,)
We ſee in *Foxe*'s Book of Martyrs.
Eyes that were weak, and apt to water,
Wore Spectacles of their own mattet;
And Noſes that to drop were ceaſed,
To ſuch a longitude encreaſed,
That who e'er wrung for eaſe or loſſes,
Snap'd off two handfulls of *Proboſcis.*
Beards were the ſtrangeſt things, God ſave us,
Such as Dame Nature never gave us!
So wild, ſo pointed, and ſo ſtaring,
That I ſhould wrong them by comparing
Hedg-hogs, or Porcupine's ſmall Taggers
To their more dang'rous Swords and Daggers.
Muſtachio's look'd like Hero's Trophies
Behind their Arms i'th' Herald's Office;
The perpendicular Beard appear'd
Like Hop-poles in a Hop-yard rear'd:
'Twixt theſe the underwoody Acres
Look'd juſt like Bavius at a Baker's,

To heat the Oven mouth moſt ready,
Which ſeem'd to gape for heat already.
In mouths with ſalivation flowing,
The horrid hairs about 'em growing,
Like Reeds, look'd in confuſed order,
Growing about a Fiſh-pond's border.
But ſtay my ſelf I caught have tripping,
(This Froſt is perilſous for ſlipping)
I've brought this ſtupifying weather,
Theſe Elements, too near together;
The bearded therefore look'd as Nature,
Inſtead of forming humane Creature,
So many Garriſons had made us,
Our Beards t'our Sconces Palliſadoes.
Perukes now ſtuck ſo firm and ſtedfaſt,
They all were riveted to headfaſt;
Men that bought Wiggs to goe a wooing,
Had them made natural now and growing;
But let them have a care, for truly
The hair will fall 'twixt this and *July*.
The tender Ladies, and the Laſſes,
Were vitrifi'd to drinking-Glaſſes,

Contriv'd to ſuch an admiration,
After ſo odd fantaſtick faſhion,
One ſcarce knew at which end to guzzle,
The upper or the lower muzzle.
The Earth to that degree was cruſted
That, let me never more be truſted
(I ſpeak without Poetick Figure)
If I don't think a lump no bigger
Than a good Wall-nut, had it hit one,
Would as infallibly have ſplit one,
As Cannon-ſhot, that killing's ſure at,
Had not both been alike obdurate.
The very Rocks, which in all reaſon
Should ſtoutli'ſt have withſtood the ſeaſon,
Repetrifi'd with harder matter,
Had no more privilege than water:
Had *Pegaſus* ſtruck ſuch a Mountain,
It would have fail'd him for a Fountain;
'Twas well *Pernaſſus*, when he ſtarted,
Prov'd to his hoof more tender-hearted,
Or elſe of *Greece* the ſullen Bulley,
And *Trojan* Hector, had been dully

In thread-bare Proſe, alas! related,
Which now in Song are celebrated;
For ſteed Poetick ne'er had whinny'd
Greek Iliad, or Latin Æneid;
Nor *Nero* writ his ribble rabbles,
Of ſad Complaints, Love, and ſtrange Fables:
Then too *Anacreon* and *Flaccus*
Had ne'er made Odes in praiſe of *Bacchus*,
And taught blind Harpers for their bread ſneak,
From Feaſt to Feaſt to make Cats dead ſqueak.
Nor *Martial* giv'n ſo great offences,
With Epigrams of double Senſes.
Rhime then had ne'er been ſcan'd on Fingers,
No Ballad-makers then, or Singers,
Had e'er been heard to twang out Meetre,
Muſick than which back droans make ſweeter:
Of Poetry, that writing myſtick,
There had not extant been one Dyſtich;
And, which is worſt, the nobleſt ſort on't,
And to the World the moſt important
Of th' whole Poetical Creation,
Burleſque, had never been in faſhion.

But how have I this while forgot ſo
My Miſtreſs Dove, who went to pot too,
My white Dove that was ſmoaking ever,
In ſpight of Winter's worſt endeavour,
And ſtill could ſo evade or fly him,
As never to be pinnion'd by him,
Now numb'd with bitterneſs of weather,
Had not the pow'r to ſtir a Feather,
Wherein the Nymph was to be pitti'd,
But flag'd her wings and ſo ſubmitted.
The Ruffian bound though, knowing's betters,
Her Silver feet in Chryſtal Fetters,
In which Eſtate we ſaw poor Dove lye,
Even in Captivity more lovely:
But in the fate of this bright Princeſs
Reaſon it ſelf you know convinces,
That her pinniferous fry muſt die all,
Impriſon'd in the Chryſtal Vial;
And doubtleſs there was great Mortality
Of Trout and Grailing of great Quality,
Whom Love and Honour did importune
To ſtick to her in her misfortune,

Though

Though we ſhall find, no doubt, good Diſhes
Next Summer of Plebean Fiſhes,
Or, if with greater art and trouble
An old Patrician Trout we bubble,
In better Liquor ſwim we'll make him
By odds than that from whence we take him.

Now though I have in ſtuff confounded,
Of ſmall truths and great lies compounded,
Giv'n an account, that we in *England*
May, for cold weather, vie with *Green-land*,
I han't yet the main reaſon given,
Why I ſo very long have driven
My anſwer to the laſt you ſent me,
Which did ſo highly complement me:
Know therefore that both Ink and Cotten
So deſperately hard were gotten,
It was impoſſible by ſqueezing
To get out either truth or leaſing:
My Fingers too, no more being jointed,
My Love and Manners diſappointed;

Nay, I was numb'd on that ſtrange faſhion,
I could not ſign an Obligation,
(Though Heaven ſuch a Friend ne'er ſent me)
Would one a thouſand pounds have lent me
On my own Bond; and who is't buckles
To writing, pray, that has no knuckles?
But now I'm thaw'd beyond all Conſcience
Into a torrent of damn'd Nonſenſe:
Yet ſtill in this our Climate frigid
I'm one day limber, next day rigid;
Nay, all things yet remain ſo cruſty,
That were I now but half ſo luſty
As when we kiſs'd four months agon,
And had but *Dutch* Goloſhoes on,
At one run I would ſlide to *Lon*—
But ſurely this transforming weather
Will ſoon take leave for altogether,
Then what now *Lapland* ſeems in *May*,
You'll ſwear is ſweet *Arcadia*.

Clepſydra

Clepſydra.

I.

WHY, let it run! who bids it ſtay?
Let us the while be merry;
Time there in water creeps away,
With us it poſts in Sherry.

II.

Time not employ'd's an empty ſound,
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
But that the Glaſs ſhould quick goe round,
And men in pleaſure ſpend it.

III.

Then ſet thy foot, brave Boy, to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking;
An hour-glaſs in an hour of Wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV.

The man that ſnores the hour-glaſs out
Is truly a time-waſter,
But we, who troll this glaſs about,
Make him to poſt it faſter.

V.

Yet though he flies ſo faſt, ſome think,
'Tis well known to the Sages,
He'll not refuſe to ſtay and drink,
And yet perform his ſtages.

VI.

Time waits us whilſt we crown the hearth,
And dotes on Rubie Faces,
And knows that this Carier of mirth
Will help to mend our paces:

VII.

He ſtays with him that loves good time,
And never does refuſe it,
And only runs away from him
That knows not how to uſe it:

VIII.

only ſteals by without noiſe
From thoſe in grief that waſte it,
lives with the mad roaring Boys
That husband it, and taſte it.

IX.

e moraliſt perhaps may prate
Of vertue from his reading,
is all but ſtale and foiſted chat
To men of better breeding.

X.

me, to define it, is the ſpace
That men enjoy their being;
is not the hour, but drinking glaſs,
Makes time and life agreeing.

XI.

e wiſely does oblige his fate
Does chearfully obey it,
nd is of Fops the greateſt that
By temp'rance thinks to ſtay it.

XII. Come,

XII.

Come, ply the Glaſs then quick about,
To titillate the Gullet,
Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
Againſt a Cannon-Bullet.

Eclogue.

Corydon, Clotten.

Corydon. Riſe, *Clotten*, riſe, take up thy Pipe &
The Sheepherds want thee, 'tis
Holy-day;
And thou, of all the Swains, wert wont to be
The firſt to grace that great Solemnity.

Clotten. True, *Corydon*, but then I happy wa
And in *Pan*'s favour had a Minion's place:
Clotten had then fair Flocks, the fineſt Fleece
Theſe Plains and Mountains yielded then was

neſe auſpitious times the fruitfull Dams
ught me the earlieſt and the kindli'ſt Lambs;
nightly watch about them need I keep,
Pan himſelf was Sheepherd to my Sheep;
now, alas! neglected and forgot
all my off'rings, and he knows me not.
bloudy Wolf, that lurks away the day,
n night's black palm beckons him out to prey
er the cover of thoſe guilty ſhades,
Folds but mine the rav'nous Foe invades;
there he has ſuch bloudy havock made,
t, all my Flock being devour'd or ſtray'd,
w have loſt the Fruits of all my pain,
am no more a Sheepherd but a Swain.

orydon. So ſad a Tale thou tell'ſt me, that I muſt
w thy grief (my *Clotten*) to be juſt,
mighty *Pan* has thouſand Flocks in ſtore,
when it pleaſes him, can give thee more,
has perhaps afflicted thee, to try
Vertue onely, and thy Conſtancy.

Repine

Repine not then at him that thou art poor,
'Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before;
And thou ſhould'ſt ſerve him at the ſame free
When moſt diſtreſs'd, as when moſt fortunate.

Clotten. Thus do the healthfull ſtill the ſick
And thus men preach when they would fain ſeem
But if in my wretched Eſtate thou wert,
I fear me thy Philoſophy would ſtart,
And give thee o'er to an afflicted Senſe,
As void of Reaſon as of Patience.
Had I been always poor, I ſhould not be
Perhaps ſo diſcontent with Poverty,
Nor now ſo ſenſible of my diſgrace,
Had I ne'er known what Reputation was;
But from ſo great a height of happineſs
To ſink into the bottom of diſtreſs
Is ſuch a change as may become my care,
And more than, I confeſs, I well can bear.

Corydon. But art thou not too ſenſible, my L
Of thoſe few loſſes thou haſt lately had?

Thou art not yet in want, thou ſtill doſt eat
Bread of the fineſt Flower of pureſt Wheat;
Who better Syder drinks, what Sheepherd's board
Does finer Curds, Butter, or Cheeſe afford?
Who wears a Frock, to grace a Holy-day,
Spun of a finer Wooll, or finer Grey?
Whoſe Cabin is ſo neatly ſwept as thine,
With Flow'rs and Ruſhes kept ſo ſweet and fine?
Whoſe name amongſt our many Sheepherds Swains
So great as thine is throughout all theſe Plains?
Who has ſo many Friends, ſo pretty Loves?
Who by our bubbling Fountains and Green Groves
Paſſes away the Summer heats ſo well?
And who but thee in ſinging does excell?
So that the Swains, when *Clotten* ſings or plays,
Lay down their Pipes, and liſten to his Lays?
Wherein then can conſiſt, I fain would know,
The Miſery that thou complain'ſt of ſo?

Clotten. Some of theſe things are true, but, *Corydon*,
That which maintain'd all theſe, alas! is gone,
The want of Wealth I reckon not diſtreſs,
But of enough to doe good offices;

Which

Which growing leſs, thoſe Friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay;
With our Proſperities our Friendſhips end,
And to misfortune no one is a Friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old Friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common Hangman's ſhamefull company.
Thoſe who by Fortune were advanc'd above,
Being oblig'd by my moſt ready love,
Shun me, for fear leaſt my neceſſity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are reſolv'd they will not grant; and thoſe
Have ſhar'd my Meat, my Money, and my Cloath
Grown rich with others Spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Leaſt ſhame and gratitude ſhould draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am ſtripp'd of all ſupplies,
And left alone to my own Miſeries.

Coryd

Corydon. In the relation that thy grief has made,
The World's false friendships are too true display'd;
But, courage man, thou hast one Friend in store,
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor:
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now than when Fortunate.

Clotten. All goodness then on Earth I see's not lost,
I of one Friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a Friend will prove,
Not to abuse but to deserve thy love.

To my dear and most worthy Friend, Mr. Isaac Walton.

WHilst in this cold and blust'ring Clime,
Where bleak winds howl and Tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempest'ous Nooks
The chillest Blasts our peace invade,
And by great Rains our smallest Brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better Clime than this
You our dear Friend have more repose;

And ſome delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in Rain,
To think that I have ſeen her ſmile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power pleaſe
We live to ſee another *May*,
We'll recompence an Age of theſe
Foul days in one fine fiſhing day:

We then ſhall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
What the beſt Maſter's hand can doe
With the moſt deadly killing Flie:

A day without too bright a Beam,
A warm, but not a ſcorching Sun,
A Southern gale to curl the Stream,
And (Maſter) half our work is done.

There whilſt behind ſome buſh we wait
The Scaly People to betray,
We'll prove it juſt with treach'rous Bait
To make the preying Trout our prey;

And think our ſelves in ſuch an hour
Happier than thoſe, though not ſo high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the ſmaller Fry.

This (my beſt Friend) at my poor Home
Shall be our Paſtime and our Theme,
But then ſhould you not deign to come
You make all this a flatt'ring Dream.

To the Counteſs of Cheſterfield, *on the Birth of her firſt Son.*

MAdam, let an humble ſtranger
Give you Joy without the danger
Of correction from your brow;
And I fancy 'tis not eaſie
For the rudeſt to diſpleaſe ye,
Y'are in ſo good an humour now.

Such a Treaſure you have brought us,
As in gratitude has taught us
To praiſe and bleſs your happy Womb;
And ſince you have oblig'd ſo many,
You cannot but expect ſure (can ye?)
To be thank'd at leaſt by ſome.

A more wiſh'd-for Heir by Heaven
Ne'er to Family was given,
Nor a braver Boy to boot;
Finer ne'er was born before him,
One may know who got and bore him,
And now a days 'tis hard to do't.

A

You Copie well, for which the rather,
Since you ſo well have hit the Father,
Madam, once more try your skill
To bring of th'other Sex another
As Fair, and Good, and like the Mother,
And double 'em after when you will.

To *Chloris.*

Stanzes Irreguliers.

I.

LOrd! how you take upon you ſtill!
How you crow and domineer!
How! ſtill expect to have your will,
And carry the Dominion clear,
As you were ſtill the ſame that once you were!

II.

Fie, *Chloris*, 'tis a groſs miſtake,
Correct your errour, and be wiſe,
I kindly ſtill your kindneſs take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to deſpiſe,
And now diſdain to call them Cruelties.

III. I

III.

I was a Fool whilst you were fair,
And I had Youth t'excuse it,
And all the rest are so that Lovers are;
I then my self your Vassal swear,
And could be still so; (which is rare;)
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,
But on condition that you not abuse it;
I am now Master of the Gate,
And therefore, *Chloris*, 'tis too late
Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV.

'Tis Beauty that to Womankind
Gives all the Rule and Sway.
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey;
Your Beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
And into Bondage, woefull Bondage draw me;
It was your Cheek, your Eye, your Lip,
Which rais'd you first to the Dictator-ship.

V.

But your ſix months are now expir'd,
'Tis time I now ſhould reign,
And if from you obedience be requir'd,
You muſt not to ſubmit diſdain,
But practiſe what y'ave ſeen me doe,
And love and honour me as I did you;
That will an everlaſting peace maintain,
And make me Crown you Sovereign once again.

VI.

And Faith conſult your Glaſs, and ſee
If I ha'n't reaſon on my ſide;
Are thoſe eyes ſtill the ſame they uſe to be?
Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be deni'd;
And yet although the Glaſs be true,
And ſhew you, you no more are you,
I know you'll ſcarce believe it,
For Womankind are all born proud, and never, never leave it.

VII. Ye

VII.

Yet ſtill you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more Rebellious heart than mine;
For as your eyes ſtill ſhoot my heart ſtill bleeds,
And I muſt be a Subject ſtill,
Nor is it much againſt my will,
Though I pretend to wreſtle and repine:
Your Beauties ſweet are in their height,
And I muſt ſtill adore,
New years, new Graces ſtill create,
Nay, maugre Time, Miſchance and Fate,
You in your very ruines ſhall have more
Than all the Beauties that have grac'd the World before.

Old

XLV.

Old *Tityrus* to *Eugenia*.

I.

Eugenia young, and fair, and ſweet,
The Glories of the Plains,
In thee alone the Graces meet
To conquer all the Swains.
Tall as the Poplar of the Grove,
Streight as the winged ſhaft of Love,
As the Spring's early Bloſſoms white,
Soft as the Kiſſes of the light,
Serene and modeſt as the Morn,
E'er Vapors doe from Fens ariſe,
To dim the Glory of the Skies,
Untainted, or with Pride, or Scorn,
T'oblige the World, bright Nymph, thou ſure waſ
born.

II. O

II.

O! be ſtill fair, thou charming Maid,
For Beauty is no Crime;
May thy Youth's Flower never fade,
But ſtill be in its prime:
Be calm, and clear, and modeſt ſtill,
Oblige as many as you will,
Still, ſtill be humble, ſtill be ſweet,
By thoſe ways conquer all you meet;
But let them ſee 'tis undeſign'd,
Nat'ral Vertues, not put on
To make a prize of any one,
The native goodneſs of your mind,
And have a care of being over-kind.

III.

That's (my *Eugenia*) a miſtake
That nobleſt ardours cools,
And ſerves on th'other ſide to make
Damn'd over-weening Fools.

Be

Be courteous unto all, and free,
As far as Virgin-modeſty;
Be not too ſhie, but have a care
Of being too familiar;
The Swain you entertain alone,
To whom you lend your hand or lip,
Will think he has you on the hip,
And ſtreight conclude you are his own,
Women ſo eaſie, men ſo vain are grown.

IV.

Reſerv'dneſs is a mighty Friend
To Form and Vertue too,
A ſhining merit ſhould pretend
To ſuch a Star as you;
'Tis not a Roundelay well plaid,
A Song well ſung, a thing well ſaid,
A Fall well giv'n, a Bar well thrown,
Should carry ſuch a lovely one.

Should

Should theſe knacks win you, you will be
(Of all the Nymphs that with their Beams
Gild ſwift *Columba's* Chryſtal Streams)
Loſt to the World, your ſelf, and me,
And more deſpis'd than freckled *Lalage.*

V.

Maintain a modeſt kind of State,
'Tis gracefull in a Maid;
It does at leaſt reſpect create,
And makes the Fools afraid.
Eugenia, you muſt pitch upon
A *Sylvia,* not a *Corydon*;
'Twould grate my Soul to ſee thoſe Charms
In an unworthy Sheepherd's Armes.
A little coldneſs (Girl) will doe,
Let baffled Lovers call it Pride,
Pride's an exceſs o'th' better ſide,
Contempt to arrogance is due,
Keep but ſtate now, and keep't hereafter too.

Epiſtle

Epiſtle to John Bradſhaw Eſq;

II.

SIR, you may pleaſe to call to mind,
That Letters you did lately find
From me, which I conceiv'd were very kind;

So hearty kind, that by this hand Sir,
Briefly, I doe not underſtand Sir,
Why you ſhould not vouchſafe ſome kind of anſwer.

What though in Rhime y'are no proficient?
Your Love ſhould not have been deficient,
When down-right Proſe to me had been ſufficient.

'Tis true, I know that you dare fight Sir,
But what of that? that will not fright Sir;
I know full well your Worſhip too can write Sir.

Where the Peace therefore broken once is,
Unleſs you ſend ſome fair Roſponſes,
I doubt there will enſue ſome broken Sconces.

Then

Then dream not valour can befriend you,
For if I justly once suspend you,
Your Sanct'ary, nor your Club, can yet defend you;
But, fairly Sir, to work to goe;
What the Fiend is the matter, trow,
Should make you use an old Companion so?

I know the life you lead a-days,
And, like poor Swan, your foot can trace
From home to Pray'rs, thence to the fore-nam'd * place:
And can you not from your Precation,
And your as daily Club-Potation,
To think of an old Friend find some vacation.

'Tis true you sent a little Letter,
With a great Present, which was better,
For which I must remain your humble Debtor,
But for th'Epistle, to be plain,
That's paid with Int'rest back again,
For I sent one as long at least as twain.

* Viz. the Sanctuary.

Then

Then mine was Rhime, and yours but Reaſon;
If therefore you intend t'appeaſe one,
Let me hear from you in ſome mod'rate ſeaſon.

'Tis what y'are bound to by the tie
Of Friendſhip firſt, then Equity,
To which I'll add a third, call'd Charity.

For one that's baniſh'd the Grand Mond
Would ſometimes by his Friends be own'd,
'Tis comfort after whipping to be moan'd.

But though I'm damn'd t'a People here,
Than whom my Dog's much civiller,
I hear from you ſome twice or thrice a year.

Saints that above are plac'd in Glory,
Unleſs the Papiſts tell a Story,
Commiſerate poor Souls in Purgatory,

Whilſt you, Sir Captain, Heav'n remit ye,
Who live in Heav'n on Earth, the City,
On me, who live in Hell, can have no pity.

In faith it looks unkind! pray mend it,
Write the leaſt Scrip you will, and ſend it,
And I will bleſs and kiſs the hand that pen'd it.

Epiſtle to *John Bradſhaw*, Eſq;

III.

WHat though I writ a tedious Letter,
Whereas a ſhorter had been better,
And that 'twas writ in Moor-lands Metre,
To make it run, I thought, the ſweeter,
Yet there was nought in that Epiſtle,
At which your Worſhip ought to briſtle;

For though it was too long, 'twas civil,
And though the Rhime, 'tis true, was evil,
I will maintain 'twas well meant yet,
And full of heart, though void of wit:
Why, with a Horſe-Pox, then ſhould you,
I thought my Friend, keep ſuch adoe;
And ſet *Tom Weaver* on my back,
Becauſe I ha'n't forſooth the knack
To pleaſe your over-dainty ear;
(Impoſſible for me I fear)
Nor can my Poeſy ſtrew with Poſies
Of Red, White, Damask, Provenſe Roſes,
Bears-ears, Anemonies, and Lillies,
As he did in *Diebus illis*?
What man! all Amblers are not Couryats,
Neither can all who Rhime be Laureats:
Beſides the Moor-lands not a Clime is,
Nor of the year it now the time is
To gather Flowers, I ſuppoſe,
Either for Poetry or Proſe;
Therefore, kind Sir, in courteous faſhion,
I wiſh you ſpare your expectation.

And ſince you may be thin of clothing,
(Something being better too than nothing)
Winter now growing ſomething rough,
I ſend you here a piece of Stuff,
Since your old *Weaver*'s dead and gone,
To make a Fuſtian Waſtcoat * on.
Accept it, and I'll reſt your Debtor,
When more Wit ſends it, I'll ſend better.

* For Rhime take a new Figure.

And here I cannot pretermit
To that Epitome of Wit,
Knowledge and Art, to him whom we
Saucily call, and I more ſaucily
Preſume to write the little *d*.
All that your Language can improve
Of Service, Honour, and of Love:
After whoſe Name the reſt I know
Would ſound ſo very flat and low,
They muſt excuſe, if in this caſe
I wind them up *Et Cætera*'s.

Laſtly, that in my tedious Scribble
I may not ſeem incorrigible,
I will conclude by telling you
(And on my honeſt word 'tis true)
I long as much as new made Bride
Does for the Marriage Even Tide;
Your plump *Corpuſculum* t'imbrace,
In this abominable place:
And therefore when the Spring appears,
(Till when ſhort days will ſeem long years)
And that under this ſcurvy hand,
I give you, Sir, to underſtand,
In *April*, *May*, or then abouts,
Doves People are your humble Trouts,
Be ſure you do not fail but come
To make the *Peak Elizium*;
Where you ſhall find then, and for ever,
As true a * Friend as was *Tom Weaver*.

* Though not ſo good a Poet.

The Retirement.

Stanzes Irreguliers.

To Mr. *Iſaak Walton.*

I.

FArewell thou buſie World, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and ſleep, and pray,
And doe more good in one ſhort day,
Than he who his whole Age out-wears
Upon thy moſt conſpicuous Theatres,
Where nought but Vice and Vanity do reign.

II.

Good God! how ſweet are all things here!
How beautifull the Fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we ſleep!
What Peace! what Unanimity!
How innocent from the leud Faſhion,
Is all our buſ'neſs, all our Converſation!

III.

Oh how happy here's our leiſure!
Oh how innocent our pleaſure!
Oh ye Vallies, oh ye Mountains,
Oh ye Groves and Chryſtall Fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turn to come and viſit ye!

IV. O S

IV.

O Solitude, the Soul's beſt Friend,
That man acquainted with himſelf doſt make,
And all his Maker's Wonders to intend;
With thee I here converſe at will,
And would be glad to do ſo ſtill;
For it is thou alone that keep'ſt the Soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, fit, or ſleep at one's own eaſe,
And pleaſing a man's ſelf, none other to diſpleaſe!

VI.

Oh my beloved Nymph! fair Dove,
Princeſs of Rivers, how I love
Upon thy flow'ry Banks to lie,
And view thy Silver ſtream,
When gilded by a Summer's Beam,
And in it all thy wanton Fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my Angle upon them,
The All of Treachery
I ever learn'd to practiſe and to try!

VII.

Such ſtreams *Rome*'s yellow *Tiber* cannot ſhow,
Th'*Iberian Tagus*, nor *Ligurian Po*;
The *Meuſe*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;

And *Loire*'s pure ſtreams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare:
The rapid *Garonne*, and the winding *Seine*
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie Priority:
Nay, *Tame* and *Iſis*, when conjoyn'd, ſubmit,
And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved Rocks! that riſe
To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies,
From ſome aſpiring Mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleaſure, to look down,
And from the Vales to view the noble heights above!

IX. Oh

IX.

Oh my beloved Caves! from Dog-ſtar heats,
And hotter Perſecution ſafe Retreats,
What ſafety, privacy, what true delight
In the artificial Night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly
To hide me from Society,
Even of my deareſt Friends, have I
In your receſſes friendly ſhade
All my ſorrows open laid,
And my moſt ſecret woes entruſted to your privacy!

X.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should

Should I think my ſelf to be,
Might I in this defart place,
Which moſt men by their voice diſgrace,
Live but undiſturb'd and free!
Here in this deſpis'd receſs
Would I maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worſt exceſs,
Try to live out to ſixty full years old,
And all the while
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's ſmile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

Rondeau.

Rondeau.

THou Fool! if madneſs be ſo rife,
That, ſpight of wit, thou'lt have a Wife,
I'll tell thee what thou muſt expect,
After the Honey-Moon neglect,
All the ſad days of thy whole Life:

To that a World of Woe and Strife,
Which is of Marriage the effect,
And thou thy woe's own Architect,
Thou Fool!
Thou'lt nothing find but diſreſpect,
Ill words i'th' ſcolding Dialect,
For ſhe'll all Tabor be, or Fife;
Then prythee go and whet thy Knife,
And from this Fate thy ſelf protect,
Thou Fool!

To

To *Cupid.*

I.

FOnd Love, deliver up thy Bow,
I am become more Love than thou;
I am as wanton grown, and wild,
Much leſs a Man, and more a Child,
From *Venus* born, of chaſter kind,
A better Archer, though as blind.

II.

Surrender without more adoe,
I am both King and Subject too,
I will command, but muſt obey,
I am the Hunter and the Prey,
I vanquiſh, yet am overcome,
And Sentencing receive my Doom.

III.

No ſpringing Beauty ſcapes my Dart,
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my Heart;
Thus whilſt I wound, I wounded am,
And, firing others, turn to flame,
To ſhew how far Love can combine
The Mortal part with the Divine.

IV.

Faith, quit thine Empire, and come down,
That thou and I may ſhare the Crown,
I've tri'd the worſt thy Arms can doe,
Come then, and taſte my power too,
Which (howſoe'er it may fall ſhort)
Will doubtleſs prove the better ſport.

V. Ye

V.

Yet do not; for in Field and Town,
The Females are ſo loving grown,
So kind, or elſe ſo luſtfull, we
Can neither err, though neither ſee;
Keep then thine own Dominions, Lad,
Two Loves would make all Women mad.

To *Ælia.*

O D E.

POOR antiquated Slut, forbear,
Thy Importunity's ſo ſtrong,
It will, I fear, corrupt the Air,
And doe an univerſal wrong.

Be modeſt, or I ſwear and vow,
I neither can nor will be kind;
Pox on't! now thou doſt clam'rous grow,
There's no enduring in the wind.

Whilſt ſilence did thy thoughts betray,
I only was the ſufferer;
But now thy Lungs begin to play,
All the whole Province ſuffers here.

Faith, *Ælia*, if thou be'ſt ſo hot,
That nor Satiety, nor Age,
Can cool the over-boiling Pot,
Nor thy ebullient Luſt aſſuage,

Yet be ſo charitably kind,
Though damn'd thou art reſolv'd to be,
As not to poyſon all Mankind
By fulſome importunity.

But ſure 'tis time we ſhould give o'er,
And if I mourn my time miſpent,
How much for fifty years of Whore
Ought'ſt thou, poor *Ælia*, to repent?

Yet, if in ſpight of all advice
Thou needs wilt importune me ſtill,
I am not ſo reclaim'd from Vice,
But I can ſatisfie thy will:

And 'twill to my advantage be;
For ſhould I new amours begin,
Delight might damn me, when with thee
The penance expiates the ſin.

Sonnet.

GOE, false one, now I see the cheat,
Your love was all a Counterfeit,
And I was gall'd to think that you,
Or any she, could long be true.

How could you once so kind appear,
To kiss, to sigh, and shed a tear,
To cherish and cares me so,
And now not let but bid me go?

Oh Woman! Frailty is thy name,
Since she's untrue y'are all to blame,
And but in man no truth is found:

'Tis a fair Sex, we all must love it,
But (on my conscience) could we prove it,
They all are false ev'n under ground.

Stanzas

Stanzes de Monſieur Bertaud.

I.

WHilſt wiſhing Heaven in his ire
Would puniſh with ſome judgment dire
This heart to love ſo obſtinate;
To ſay I love her is to lie,
Though I do love t'extremity,
Since thus to love her is to hate.

II.

But ſince from this my hatred ſprings,
That ſhe neglects my Sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate,
My hatred is ſo full of flame,
Since from affection firſt it came,
That 'tis to love her thus to hate.

III.

I wish that milder Love, or Death,
That ends our Miseries with our breath,
Would my affections terminate;
For to my Soul, depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worse than these
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

IV.

Let Love be gentle or severe,
It is in vain to hope or fear
His grace or rage in this estate,
Being I from my fair one's Spirit
Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
Thus foolishly to love and hate.

V.

Or, if by my example here
t juſt and equal do appear,
She love and loath who is my fate,
Grant me, ye powers, in this caſe,
Both for my puniſhment and grace,
That as I do, ſhe love and hate.

The eighth Pſalm *paraphraſed.*

1. O Lord, our Governour, whoſe potent ſway
All Pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey,
Throughout the ſpacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored Name!
Thy Glories thou haſt ſeated, Lord, on high,
Above the Empirean Sky.

2. Out of the mouths of Infants, newly come
From the dark Closet of the Womb,
Thou hast ordained pow'rfull Truth to rise,
To baffle all thine Enemies;
That thou the furious Rage might'st calm agen,
Of bloudy and revengefull men.

3. When on thy Glorious Heav'ns I reflect,
Thy work, almighty Architect,
The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast ma
T'illuminate night's sable shade:

4. Oh! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
Should mind so poor a wretched thing;
Or Man's frail Off-spring, that Almighty God
Should stoop to visit his abode?

5. For thou createdst him but one degree
Below the Heav'nly Hierarchy
Of bless'd and happy Angels, and didst crown
Frail Dust with Glory and Renown.

6.0

6. Over the works of thy Almighty hand
Thou giv'ſt him abſolute command,
And all the reſt that thou haſt made
Under his feet haſt ſubject laid;
7. All Sheep, and Oxen, and the wilder breed
Of Beaſts that on their Fellows feed;
8. The Air's Inhabitants, and ſcaly brood,
That live and wanton in the Flood,
And whatſoe'er does either ſwim or creep
Thorough th'inveſtigable Deep:
9. Throughout the ſpacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored Name!

Advice.

I.

GO, thou perpetual whining Lover,
For ſhame leave off this humble Trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'ſt it over,
For ſighs and tears will never move her,
By them more obſtinate ſhe's made,
And thou by Love, fond, conſtant Love, betray'd.

II.

The more, vain Fop, thou ſu'ſt unto her,
The more ſhe does torment thee ſtill,
Is more perverſe the more you woo her,
When thou art humbleſt lays thee lower,
And when moſt proſtrate to her will
Thou meanly begg'ſt for life, does baſely kill,

III.

By Heaven 'tis against all Nature,
Honour and Manhood, Wit and Sense,
To let a little Female Creature
Rule on the poor account of Feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shamefull as her Insolence.

IV.

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least,
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this doe for ever bind her
As firm and true as thine own Breast,
On Love and Vertue's double Interest:

V.

But if thou canſt not live without her,
This onely ſhe, when it comes to't,
And ſhe relent not,(as I doubt her),
Never make more adoe about her,
To ſigh and whimper is no boot;
Go, hang thy ſelf, and that will do't.

Lyrick.

Ex Cornelio Gallo

Tranſ.

Lydia, thou lovely Maid, whoſe white
The Milk and Lilly does outvie,
The pale and bluſhing Roſes light,
Or poliſh'd Indian Ivory,

Diſh-

Diſhevel, Sweet, thy yellow hair,
Whoſe Ray doth burniſh'd Gold diſprize,
Diſcloſe thy neck ſo white and fair,
That doth from ſnowy ſhoulders riſe.

Virgin, unvail thoſe ſtarry eyes
Whoſe Sable brows like arches ſpread,
Unvail thoſe Cheeks, where the Roſe lies
Streak'd with the *Tyrian* Purple's red.

Lend me thoſe Lips with Coral lin'd,
And kiſſes mild of Doves impart,
Thou raviſheſt away my mind,
Thoſe gentle kiſſes wound my heart.

Why ſuck'ſt thou from my panting Breaſt
The youthfull Vigour of my Bloud?
Hide thoſe twin-apples, ripe, if preſs'd,
To ſpring into a milky Floud.

From

From thy expanded boſome breath
Perfumes *Arabia* doth not know;
Thy ev'ry part doth love bequeath,
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy boſome's killing-white then ſhade,
Hide that temptation from mine eye;
See'ſt not I languiſh, cruel Maid!
Wilt thou then go, and let me die?

Amoret *in Maſquerade.*

BLeſs me! wonder how I'm ſtruck
With that Youth's victorious look!
So much Luſtre, ſo much Grace,
Never broke from humane face;

Fond

Fond *Narciſſus* was an Aſs,
Cynthia's Love a Moon-Calf was,
Ganimede, that bears *Jove*'s Boul,
Was a Chit, *Paris* an Owl,
And *Adonis*, with th'fine Miſs,
Was a Puppy-Dog to this.
Women, now lay by your Charms,
Here is one has other Arms,
And of greater power too,
Than your Megazines can ſhew:
All your Beauties, all your Arts,
Conqu'ring or deceiving hearts,
You may ſpare and let alone,
We ſhall henceforth be by none
Conquer'd, but this peerleſs one.
Yet I have a Lover been,
Sev'ral Beauties I have ſeen,
Nor in Love am yet ſo rude,
But I've often been ſubdu'd;

Nor

Nor ſo old but that again,
Once more ſtruck I might have been,
By ſome Glances, or ſome Features
Of thoſe little Female Creatures,
Had I but eſcap'd this night,
Seeing of this charming ſight:
But now having ſeen thoſe eyes,
I all Female force deſpiſe;
Yet my flame I can't approve,
'Tis but a prodigious love,
And there can be little joy
In thus doating on a Boy,
Who, although he love again,
Never can reward my pain:
Yet methinks it cannot be,
There is in't ſome Myſtery,
Nature ſure would ne'er ſo uſe me,
Nor Inſtinct ſo much abuſe me,
As my Reaſon thus to blind,
But there's ſomething in the wind.

I have

have e'er a loather been
Of the foul *Italian* Sin,
And yet know not where the bliss is
In a little Stripling's kisses.
My heart tells me, to those eyes
There belongs a pair of thighs,
Twixt whose Iv'ry Columns is
Th'Ebor folding door to bliss:
And this Spring, all that we see
Strut with such Formality,
Huff, and strive to look so big,
Is but *Pallas* in a Wigg;
And though his count'nance he doth set
To a good pitch of counterfeit,
Yet he cannot hide the while,
Venus dimple in his smile;
Were the Story not cold fled,
And the party long since dead,
I should swear a thousand Oaths,
Hellen 'twere in *Paris* cloths;

But

But there I ſhould wrong him yet,
Hellen was not half ſo ſweet,
For all *Greeks* and *Trojans* arming,
Nor is *Venus* half ſo charming.

Pretty *Monſieur*, I muſt pry
More into your Symmetry;
Thoſe fine Fingers were not made
To be put to th'fighting trade,
And that pretty little arme,
Methinks threatens no great harm;
Waſtes, which Thimbles will environ,
Are not to be ſhell'd with Iron;
And thoſe little Martin-neſts,
Which ſwell out upon your Breaſts,
With Steel are not to be preſs'd,
But whereon for Kings to reſt;
Your ſoft Belly, not unlike,
May ſometimes feel puſh of Pike,
But there will be Balſom found
In the Spear to heal the wound;

Nor thoſe thighs yet, by their leaves,
Were, I take it, made for Greaves;
Nor yet do you walk ſo wide,
As you us'd to ride aſtride,
But look your Saddle, when you do,
Be well ſtuff'd and pummell'd too.
Next, thoſe pretty Legs and Feet
Ne'er were ſpur'd and booted yet,
I dare ſwear it. Come, tell truth,
Are you not a cloven Youth?

See, he laughs, and has confeſs'd,
God-a-mercy for the Jeſt:
Monſieur Amoret let me
Your *Valet de Chambre* be,
I will ſerve with humble duty
Both your Valour and your Beauty,
You ſhall all day Maſter hight,
But my Miſtriſs, Sir, at night:

Which if you will please to grant
To your humble Supplicant,
Since you wear your Wigg so featly,
And become your Cloaths so neatly,
He has sworn, who thus beseeches,
You shall always wear the Breeches.

Estreines.

To *Calista.*

I.

I Reckon the first day I saw those eyes,
Which in a moment made my heart their prize
To all my whole futurity,
The first day of my first new year,
Since then I first began to be,
And knew why Heaven plac'd me here;
For till we love, and love discreetly too,
We nothing are, nor know we what we doe.

II. Lo

II.

Love is the Soul of Life, though that I know
Is call'd Soul too, but yet it is not ſo,
Not rational at leaſt, untill
Beauty with her diviner light
Illuminates the groaping will,
And ſhews us how to chuſe aright;
And that's firſt prov'd by th'objects it refuſes,
And by being conſtant then to that it chuſes.

III.

Days, Weeks, Months, Years, and Luſtres take
So ſmall time up i'th' Lover's Almanack,
And can ſo little Love aſſuage,
That we (in truth) can hardly ſay,
When we have liv'd at leaſt an Age,
A long one, we have lov'd a day.
This day to me, ſo ſlowly does time move,
Seems but the Noon unto my Morning Love.

IV.

Love by ſwift time, which fickly paſſions dread,
Is no more meaſur'd than 'tis limited:
That paſſion where all others ceaſe,
And with the fuel loſe the flame,
Is evermore in its encreaſe,
And yet being love, is ſtill the ſame:
They err call liking Love, true Lovers know
He never lov'd who does not always ſo.

V.

You who my laſt love have, my firſt love had,
To whom my all of love was, and is paid,
Are onely worthy to receive
The richeſt New-years-gift I have,
My love, which I this morning give,
A nobler never Monarch gave,
Which each New-year I will preſent a-new,
And you'll take care, I hope, it ſhall be due.

Epigramm

Epigramme de Monsieur des-Portes.

SOme four years ago I made *Phillis* an offer,
Provided she would be my Wh--re,
Of two thousand good Crowns to put in her Coffer,
And I think should have given her more.

About two years after, a Message she sent me,
She was for a thousand my own,
But unless for an hundred she now would content me,
I sent her word I would have none.

She fell to my price six or seven weeks after,
And then for a hundred would doe;
I then told her in vain she talk'd of the matter,
Than twenty no farther I'd goe.

T'other day for six Ducatoons she was willing,
Which I thought a great deal too dear,
And told her unless it would come for two shilling,
She must seek a Chapman elsewhere.

This Morning she's come, and would fain buckle *gratis*,
But she's grown so fulsome a Wh--re,
That now methinks nothing a far dearer rate is,
Than all that I offer'd before.

Epigramme de Monsieur Cotin.

I Perish of too much desire
If she inexorable prove,
And shall with too much Joy expire
If she be gratious to my love.

The

Thus nought can cure my wounded Breaſt,
But I moſt certain am to die,
Or by the ill by which poſſeſs'd,
Or by the happy remedy.

Epigramme de Monſieur Maynard.

OLD Fop, why ſhould you take ſuch pains
To paint and Perriwig it ſo?
My nobler love, alas! diſdains
To ſtoop ſo infamouſly low.

Time, that does mow the faireſt Flow'rs,
Has made ſo very bold with yours,
You ſhould expect to be deni'd;
The Footmen can no more endure ye,
And if no ſport in Hell, aſſure ye,
You'll never more be occupi'd.

A Voyage to Ireland *in Burleſque.*

THE Lives of frail men are compar'd by the (Sages,
Or unto ſhort Journies, or Pilgrimages,
As men to their Inns do come ſooner or later,
That is, to their Ends; (to be plain in my matter;)
From whence, when one dead is, it currantly follows,
He has run his Race, though his Goal be the Gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, ſets Folk ſo a madding,
And makes Men and Women ſo eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of thoſe People
Would have gone a great way to have ſeen an high Steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongſt the Wonders o'th' *Peak*,
Would have thrown away Money, and ventur'd my (neck
To have ſeen a great Hill, a Rock, or a Cave,
And thought there was nothing ſo pleaſant and brave;
But at Forty years old you may (if you pleaſe)
Think me wiſer than run ſuch errands as theſe;

Or, had the ſame humour ſtill ran in my Toes,
A Voyage to *Ireland* I ne'er ſhould have choſe:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleaſure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll preſently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, It was that makes the Old Woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof *Nick* was aſham'd.

Oh Couriate! thou Traveller fam'd as *Ulyſſes*,
In ſuch a ſtupendious labour as this is
Come lend me the Aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the firſt be pedantick, the other not ſweet,
Yet both are ſo reſtleſs in Peregrination,
They'll help both my Journey, and eke my Relation.

'Twas now the moſt beautifull time of the year,
The days were now long, and the Sky was now clear,
And *May*, that fair Lady of ſplendid renown,
Had dreſs'd her ſelf fine, in her flowr'd Tabby Gown,

When

When about ſome two hours and an half after Noon,
When it grew ſomething late, though I thought it
too ſoon,
With a pitifull voice, and a moſt heavy heart,
I tun'd up my Pipes to ſing loth to depart,
The Ditty concluded, I call'd for my Horſe,
And with a good pack did the Jument endorſe,
Till he groan'd and he farted under the burthen,
For ſorrow had made me a cumberſome Lurden:
And now farewell *Dove*, where I've caught ſuch
brave Diſhes
Of over-grown, golden, and ſilver-ſcal'd Fiſhes;
Thy Trout and thy Grailing may now feed ſecurely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em ſo ſurely;
Feed on then, and breed on, untill the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.

By pacing and trotting, betimes in the Even,
E er the Sun had forſaken one half of the Heaven,
We all at fair *Congerton* took up our Inn,
Where the Sign of a King kept a King and his Queen

But who do you think came to wellcome me there?
No worſe a man, marry, than good Maſter Mayor,
With his Staff of Command, yet the man was not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous faſhion,
When each one, to keep his Brains faſt in his head,
Put on a good Night-cap, and ſtreight-way to bed.

Next Morn, having paid for boil'd, roaſted, and Bacon,
And of ſovereign Hoſteſs our leaves kindly taken,
(For her King(as 'twas rumor'd)by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)
We mounted again, and full ſoberly riding,
Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a biding;
But there (having over night plied the Tap well)
We now muſt needs water at place call'd *Holmes-Chapel*;
A Hay! quoth the foremoſt, Ho! who keeps the Houſe?
Which ſaid, out an Hoſt comes as brisk as a Louſe,

His hair comb'd as ſlick, as a Barber he'd bin,
A Cravat with black Ribbon ti'd under his chin,
Though by what I ſaw in him I ſtreight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day ſlip'd under his ear:
Quoth he, (with low Congy) what lack you my Lord?
The beſt Liquor, quoth I, that the Houſe will afford:
You ſhall ſtreight, quoth he, and then calls out, *Mary*,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary:
Hold, hold, my ſpruce Hoſt, for i'th' Morning ſo early
I never drink Liquor but what's made of Barley;
Which words were ſcarce out, but, which made me admire,
My Lordſhip was preſently turn'd into Squire;
Ale, Squire, you mean, quoth he, nimbly again,
What, muſt it be purl'd? no, I love it beſt plain:
Why, if you'll drink Ale, Sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the beſt Ale i'th' Land, if you'll go to the price
Better, I ſure am, ne'er blew out a ſtopple,
But then, in plain truth, it is ſix pence a Bottle:
Why, Faith, quoth I, Friend, if your Liquor be ſuch,
For the beſt Ale in *England*, it is not too much;

Let's have it, and quickly; O Sir! you may ſtay,
A Pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a Bottle here preſently, Wife,
Of the beſt *Cheſhire* Hum he e'er drank in his Life.
Streight out comes the Miſtreſs in Waſtcoat of Silk,
As clear as a Milk-maid, and white as her Milk,
With Viſage as oval and ſlick as an Egg,
As ſtreight as an Arrow, as right as my Leg;
A court'ſie ſhe made, as demure as a Siſter,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiſs'd her,
Then ducking another with moſt modeſt meen,
The firſt word ſhe ſaid, was, wilt pleaſe you walk in?
I thank'd her, but told her, I then could not ſtay,
For the haſte of my bus'neſs did call me away;
She ſaid ſhe was ſorry it fell out ſo odd,
But if, when again I ſhould travel that Road,
I would ſtay there a night, ſhe aſſur'd me the Nation
Should no where afford better accommodation:
Mean while my ſpruce Landlord has broken the Cork,
And call'd for a Bodkin, though he had a Fork;

But

But I ſhew him a Skrew, which I told my brisk Gu
A Trepane was for Bottles had broken their skull,
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
But 'twas I that appli'd it, and pull'd the Cork out
Bounce, quoth the Bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it ſmoak'd, like a new fir'd Gun;
But the ſhot miſs'd us all, or elſe we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were ſo about it;
Mine Hoſt pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no mo
Look here, Sir, quoth he, both for Nap and for colo
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't,
I defie *Leek*, and *Lambhith*, and *Sandwich* to bo
By my troth he ſaid true, for I ſpeak it with tea
Though I have been a Toſs-pot theſe twenty gr
years,
And have drank ſo much Liquor has made m
Debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank bette
We found it ſo good, and we drank ſo profoundly
That four good round Shillings were whipt u
roundly;

And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other
Noggin.

From thence we set forth with more mettle and
spright,
Our Horses were empty, our Coxcombs were light,
O'er *Dellamore* Forrest we, Tantivy, posted,
Till our Horses were basted as if they were roasted;
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our Host,
And I think Sir *George Booth* did not gallop so fast,
Till about two a Clock after Noon, God be blest'd,
We came safe and sound, all to *Chester* i'th' West.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some Meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must
eat;
And I'faith we had Vict'als both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, Mistress *Anderton*, for a good Woman,
Thy Guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a Common,

And

And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a Drab, and be pox'd for his pains.

And here I muſt ſtop the Carier of my Muſe,
The poor Jade is weary, 'laſs! how ſhould ſhe chuſe,
And if I ſhould farther here ſpur on my Courſe,
I ſhould, queſtionleſs, tire both my Wits and my Horſe.
To night let us reſt, for 'tis good Sunday's Even,
To morrow to Church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
Thus far we our time ſpent, as here I have pen'd it,
An odd kind of Life, and 'tis well if we mend it;
But to morrow (God willing) we'll have t'orher bout,
And better or worſe be't, for Murther will out,
Our future Adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muſe is deep ſworn to uſe truth of the Story.

Cant

Canto 2.

AFter seven hours sleep, to commute for pains (taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken,
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of Bells,
Which, ringing to Mattens all over the Town,
Made me leap out of Bed, and put on my Gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the Choire,
When streight I perceived my self all on a fire;
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my bloud,
That a little Phlebotomy would doe me good:
Sent for Chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed bloud, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted Steeletto quite thorough the Vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;

When having twelve Ounces he bound up my arme,
And I gave him two *Georges*, which did him no harm:
But after my bleeding I ſoon underſtood
It had cool'd my Devotion as well as my Bloud,
For I had no more mind to look on my *Pſalter*
Than (ſaving your preſence) I had to a Halter;
But like a moſt wicked and obſtinate Sinner,
Then ſate in my Chamber till Folks came to dinner:
I din'd with good ſtomach, and very good chear,
With a very fine Woman, and good Ale and Beer;
When my ſelf having ſtuff'd than a Bag-pipe more full,
I fell to my ſmoaking untill I grew dull;
And therefore to take a fine nap thought it beſt,
For when Belly full is bones would be at reſt;
I tumbled me down on my Bed like a ſwad,
Where O the delicious Dream that I had!
Till the Bells, that had been my morning moleſters,
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to Veſpers;
With that ſtarting up, for my man I did whiſtle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizle,

Had my cloths neatly bruſh'd, and then put on my Sword,
Reſolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to ſet forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but ſcarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had bin
A moſt humble obedient Servant to ſin;
And now in Devotion was even ſo proud,
I ſcorned (forſooth) to joyn pray'r with the Croud,
For though courted by all the Bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the Compliment,
But to the Cathedral ſtill held on my pace,
As 'twere, ſcorning to kneel but in the beſt place;
There made my ſelf ſure of good Muſick at leaſt,
But was ſomething deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the beſt;
But however I ſtaid at the Churches commanding
Till we came to the peace paſſes all underſtanding,
Which no ſooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like Boys in a School when they've leave got to play,

All ſave Maſter Mayor, who ſtill gravely ſtays
Till the reſt had left room for his Worſhip and's Mace.
Then he and his Brethren in order appear,
I out of my ſtall and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much ſafer appearing, no doubt,
In Authority's Tail, than the head of a Rout.

In this rev'rend order we marched from Pray'r;
The Mace before me borne as well as the May'r;
Who looking behind him, and ſeeing moſt plain
A glorious Gold Belt in the rear of his Train,
Made ſuch a low Congey, forgetting his place,
I was never ſo honour'd before in my days;
But then off went my ſcalp-caſe, and down went my Fiſt,
Till the Pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiſs'd
By which, though thick-ſcull'd, he muſt underſtand this,
That I was a moſt humble Servant of his;
Which alſo ſo wonderfull kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his geſture and look,)

That to have me dogg'd home, he ſtreightway appointed,
Reſolving, it ſeems, to be better acquainted;
I was ſcarce in my Quarters, and ſet down on Crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to Supper;
I ſtart up, and after moſt reſpective faſhion
Gave his Worſhip much thanks for his kind Invitation,
But begg'd his excuſe, for my ſtomach was ſmall,
And I never did eat any Supper at all;
But that after Supper I would kiſs his hands,
And would come to receive his Worſhip's commands:
Sure no one will ſay, but a Patron of Slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorelander;
And ſince on ſuch reaſons to ſup I refus'd,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd;
But my quaint Repartée had his Worſhip poſſeſs'd
With ſo wonderfull good a conceit of the reſt,
That with mere Impatience he hop'd in his Breeches
To ſee the fine Fellow that made ſuch fine Speeches:
Go, Sirrah, quoth he, get you to him again,
And will and require in his Majeſties Name,

That he come; and tell him, obey he were beſt, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in *Weſt-Cheſter*.
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minc'd his Meſſage, and was not ſo plain;
Saying to me onely, good Sir, I am ſorry
To tell you my Maſter has ſent again for you;
And has ſuch a longing to have you his Gueſt,
That I, with theſe ears, heard him ſwear and proteſt,
He would neither ſay Grace, nor ſit down on his Bum,
Nor open his Napkin, untill you do come.
With that I perceiv'd no excuſe would avail,
And, ſeeing there was no defence for a Flail,
I ſaid I was ready Maſter May'r to obey,
And therefore deſir'd him to lead me the way:
We went, and e'er *Malkin* could well lick her ear,
For it but the next door was, forſooth, we were there:
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the Stair,
The worſt I e'er ſaw in my life at a Mayor's,
But every thing elſe muſt be highly commended;
I there found his Worſhip moſt nobly attended,

Beſide

Besides such a Supper as well did convince,
A May'r in his Province to be a great Prince:
As he * sate in his Chair, he did not much vary,
In state, nor in face, from our Eighth English *Harry*;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with Glory, I cannot tell that:
Being enter'd the Chamber half length of a Pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like
One of those little Gentlemen brought from the *Indies*,
And skrewing my self into Congeys and Cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the Room
His Worship most rev'rendly rose from his Bum,
And with the more Honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a Hat worth a Tester,
He bad me most heartily wellcome to *Chester*;

* By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the Mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

I thank'd him in Language the beſt I was able,
And ſo we forthwith ſate us all down to Table.

Now here you muſt note, and 'tis worth Obſervation,
That as his Chair at one end o'th' Table had ſtation,
So ſweet Miſtreſs May'reſs, in juſt ſuch another,
Like the fair Queen of Hearts, ſate in ſtate at the other;
By which I perceiv'd, though it ſeemed a Riddle,
The lower end of this muſt be juſt in the middle;
But perhaps 'tis a Rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongſt the Town-Statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th'Pottage each deep his Spoon claps,
As in truth one might ſafely for burning one's chaps,
When ſtreight, with the look and the tone of a Scold,
Miſtreſs May'reſs complain'd that the Pottage was cold,
And all long of your fiddle-ſaddle, quoth ſhe;
Why, what then, Goody two-ſhoes, what if it be?
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle, quoth he.

I was

I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th'dis-
course,
The May'r, not the gray Mare, was the better Horse;
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year;
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the Man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault;
But this brush being past we fell to our Diet,
And e'ery one there fill'd his Belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master Mayor's Curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his
Chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My Countrey, my Birth, my Estate, and my Parts,
And whether I was not a Master of Arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:

Giving

Giving me caution, no lye ſhould eſcape me,
For if I ſhould trip, he ſhould certainly trap me.
I anſwer'd, my Country was fam'd *Stafford-ſhire*;
That in Deeds, Bills, and Bonds, I was ever writ Squire;
That of Land, I had both ſorts, ſome good, and ſome evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my Parts, they were ſuch as he ſaw;
That indeed I had a ſmall ſmatt'ring of Law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By ſitting o'th' Bench, whilſt others were pleading;
But that Arms I had ever more ſtudi'd than Arts,
And was now to a Captain rais'd by my deſerts;
That the buſ'neſs which led me through Palatine ground
Into *Ireland* was, whither now I was bound;
Where his Worſhip's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places where ever I came.
He ſaid, as to that, I might doe what I liſt,
But that I was wellcome, and gave me his fiſt;

When having my Fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for ſome Bottles and Pipes.

To trouble you here with a longer Narration
Of the ſeveral parts of our Confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious, I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the moſt rev'rend Records of the City,
Where doubtleſs the Acts of the May'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.

In ſhort, then we pip'd, and we tippled Canary,
Till my Watch pointed one in the Circle Horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worſhip I thank'd with a moſt gratefull heart;
And becauſe to great men Preſents are acceptable,
I preſented the May'r, e'er I roſe from the Table,
With a certain fantaſtical Box and a Stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, ſuch my viſage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to riſe early i'th' Morning.

Canto

Canto 3.

THe Sun in the Morning diſcloſed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th'Eaſtern Mountains peeping up's head,
The Caſement being open, eſpi'd me in bed;
With his Rays he ſo tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half aſham'd, for I found my ſelf nak'd;
But up I ſoon ſtart, and was dreſs'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of Ale, Sugar, and Spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my Nawls, whip'd to Horſe, and away
A Guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the Mountains of *Wales*;
Twenty good ſhillings, which ſure very large is;
Yet that would not ſerve, but I muſt bare his Charges;
And yet for all that, rode aſtride on a Beaſt,
The worſt that e'er went on three Legs, I proteſt;

It certainly was the moſt ugly of Jades,
His hips and his rump made a right Ace of Spades;
His ſides were two Ladders, well ſpur-gall'd withall;
His neck was a Helve, and his head was a Mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll ſpare,
For the Creature was wholly denuded of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a Mane, and a ſprig of a Tail;
And by theſe the true colour one can no more know,
Than by Mouſe-skins above ſtairs the Merkin below:
Now ſuch as the Beaſt was, even ſuch was the Rider,
With a head like a Nutmeg, and legs like a Spider;
A voice like a Cricket, a look like a Rat,
The brains of a Gooſe, and the heart of a Cat;
Even ſuch was my Guide, and his Beaſt, let them paſs,
The one for a Horſe, and the other an Aſs.

But

But now with our Horſes, what ſound and what rotten,
Down to the Shoar, you muſt know, we were gotten;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unleſs we did mean to encounter the Tide;
And then my Guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the Sands,
Till his Horſe, finding th'labour for three Legs too ſore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:
And now by plain dint of hard ſpurring and whipping,
Dry-ſhod we came where Folks ſometimes take Shipping;
And where the Salt-Sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, t'have hinder'd our Journey to *Flint*;
But were, by good luck, before him got thither,
He elſe would have carried us no man knows whither.

And now Her in *Wales* is, Saint *Taph* be her
speed,
Gotts plutter her taste, some Welch-Ale her had
need;
For her ride in great haste, and was like shit her
Breeches,
For fear of her being catcht up by the Fishes;
But the Lord of *Flint* Castles no Lord worth a
Louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
House;
But in a small House near unto't there was store
Of such Ale, as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welch are not wise of their Fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we
came;
My Guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
O'er Hills, and o'er Valleys uncouth and uneven,
Untill 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,

More

More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. *Winnifred's* Well:
I thought it the Pool of *Bethesda* had been
By the Cripples lay there, but I went to my Inn
To speak for some Meat, for so Stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in Devotion;
I went into th'Kitchin, where Vict'als I saw,
Both Beef, Veal, and Mutton, but all on't was raw
And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,
For four Chickens were slain by my Dame and her Daughter;
Of which to Saint *Win.* e'er my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare Frigassey made;
I thank'd them, and streight to the Well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at Pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in,
Some naked, where Botches and Boiles might be seen

Of which ſome were Fevors of *Venus* I'm ſure,
And therefore unfit for the Virgin to cure:
But the Fountain, in truth, is well worth the ſight,
The beautifull Virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but ſhe ever ſhed ſuch a tear,
Her Conſcience, her Name, nor her ſelf were more clear:
In the bottom there lie certain ſtones that look white,
But ſtreak'd with pure red, as the Morning with light,
Which they ſay is her bloud, and ſo it may be,
But for that, let who ſhed it look to it for me.
Over the Fountain a Chapel there ſtands,
Which I wonder has ſcap'd Maſter *Oliver*'s hands;
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the Margent o'th' Spring,
Is enclos'd with a certain Octagonal Ring;
From each Angle of which a Pillar does riſe,
Of ſtrength and of thickneſs enough to ſuffice
To ſupport and uphold from falling to ground
A Cupolo wherewith the Virgin is crown'd.

Now 'twixt the two Angles, that fork to the North,
And where the cold Nymph does her Baſon pour forth,
Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis ſaid,
And 'tis true, for I heard Folks Teeth hack in their head;
For you are to know, that the Rogues and the Whores
Are not let to pollute the Spring-head with their ſores.
But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,
That a Saint, and a Virgin, endu'd with ſuch Grace,
Should yet be ſo wonderfull kind a well-willer,
To that whoring and filching Trade of a Miller,
As within a few paces to furniſh the Wheels,
Of I cannot tell how many Water-mills:
I've ſtudi'd that point much, you cannot gueſs why,
But the Virgin was, doubtleſs, more righteous than I:
And now for my welcome, four, five, or ſix Laſſes,
With as many Chryſtalline liberal Glaſſes,

Did

Did all importune me to drink of the Water
Of Saint *Winnefreda*, good *Thewith*'s fair Daughter:
A while I was doubtfull, and ſtood in a Muſe,
Not knowing, amidſt all that choice, where to chuſe,
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my ſight,
From the reſt o'th' fair Maidens did carry me quite;
I took the Glaſs from her, and, whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fanſi'd a health to the Saint;
But he was a great Villain committed the ſlaughter,
For St. *Winnefred* made moſt delicate water.
I ſlip'd a hard Shilling into her ſoft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have profan'd,
And giving two more to the Poor that were there,
Did, ſharp as a Hawk, to my quarters repair.

My Dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat that I can tell;
When having half din'd, there comes in my Hoſt,
A Catholick, good, and a rare drunken Toſt;

This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
And told me ſtrange ſtories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own Life,
And one thing, that he had converted his Wife.

But now my Guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we muſt both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I ſoon was down ſtairs, and as ſuddenly mounted:
On then we travell'd, our guide ſtill before,
Sometimes on three Legs, and ſometimes on four,
Coaſting the Sea, and over Hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we ſhould fall in;
For underneath *Neptune* lay ſhalking to watch us,
And, had we but ſlip'd once, was ready to catch us:

Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in ſafer travelling mending our ſpeed,
Redland-Caſtle and *Abergoney* we paſs'd,
And o'er againſt *Conmaway* came at the laſt:
Juſt over againſt a Caſtle there ſtood,
O'th' right hand the Town, and o'th' left hand a Wood;
'Twixt the Wood and the Caſtle they ſee at high water
The ſtorm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And beſides, upon ſuch a ſteep Rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, ſhould he ſcape being drowned:
Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis pretty'ſt Cob-Caſtle e'er I beheld.

The Sun now was going t'unharneſs his Steeds,
When the Ferry-boat brasking her ſides 'gainſt the Weeds,

Came in as good time, as good time could be,
To give us a caſt o'er an arme of the Sea;
And beſtowing our Horſes before and abaft,
O'er god *Neptune*'s wide Cod-piece gave us a waft;
Where ſcurvily landing at foot of the Fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the Port,
Where another King's head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown.

The Storm.

To the Earl of ----

HOw with ill Nature does this World abound!
When I, who ever thought my ſelf moſt ſound,
And free from that infection, now muſt chuſe
Out you, (my Lord,) whom leaſt I ſhould abuſe
To trouble with a Tempeſt, who have none
In your firm Breaſt t'afflict you of your own;
But ſince of Friendſhip it the nature is,
In any accident that falls amiſs,
Whether of ſorrow, terrour, loſs, or pain,
Caus'd or by Men or Fortune, to complain
To thoſe who of our ills have deepeſt ſenſe,
And in whoſe favour we've moſt confidence.

Pardon, if in a Storm I here engage
Your calmer thoughts, and on a Sea, whose rage,
When but a little mov'd, as far outbraves
The tamer Mutinies of *Adria's* Waves;
As they, when worst for *Neptune* to appease
The softest curls of most pacifick Seas;
And though I'm vain enough half to believe
My danger will some little trouble give,
I yet more vainly fansie 'twill advance
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.

'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
For slow, but certain Navigation best;
The Earth had dress'd her self so fine and gay,
That all the World, our little World, was *May*;
The Sea too, had put on his smoothest face,
Clear, slick, and even as a Looking-glass;

The rugged Winds were lock'd up in their Gaoles,
And were but *Zephyrs* whiſper'd in the Sails;
All Nature ſeem'd to court us to our woe;
Good God! can Elements diſſemble too?
Whilſt we, ſecure, conſider'd not the whiles
That greateſt Treaſons lie conceal'd in ſmiles.

Aboard we went, and ſoon were under Sail,
But with ſo ſmall an over-modeſt Gale,
And to our Virgin Canvaſs ſo unkind,
As not to ſwell their laps with ſo much wind,
As common courtſhip would in breeding pay
To Maids leſs buxom and leſs trim than they.
But of this Calm we could not long complain,
For ſcarcely were we got out to the Main
From the ſtill Harbour but a League, no more,
When the falſe Wind (that ſeem'd ſo chaſte before)

The

The Ship's lac'd Smock began to ſtretch and tear,
Not like a Suitor, but a Raviſher;
As if delight were leſſen'd by conſent,
And taſted worſe for being innocent.
A Sable Curtain, in a little ſpace,
Of thick wove Clouds was drawn o'er *Phœbus* face,
He might not ſee the horrour of the fight,
Nor we the comfort of his heav'nly light:
Then, as this darkneſs had the Signal been,
At which the furious Storm was to begin,
Heaven's loud Artillery began to play,
And with pale flaſhes made a dreadfull day:
The Centre ſhook by theſe, the Ocean
In hills of Brine to ſwell and heave began;
Which growing Mountains, as they rolling hit,
To ſurge and foam, each other broke and ſplit,
Like men, who, in inteſtine ſtorms of ſtate,
Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what;

But with the ſtream of fury headlong run
To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this diſorder ſtreight the winds forlorn,
Which had lain ambuſh'd all the flatt'ring Morn,
With unexpected fury ruſhes in,
The ruffling Skirmiſh rudely to begin;
The Sea with Thunder-claps allarm'd before,
Aſſaulted thus anew, began to roar
In Waves, that ſtriving which ſhould faſteſt run,
Crouded themſelves into confuſion.

At which advantage *Æolus* brought on
His large ſpread Wings, and main Battallion,
When by oppoſing ſhoars the flying Foe
Forc'd back againſt the Enemy to flow,
So great a conflict follow'd, as if here
Th'enraged Enemies embattel'd were;

Not

Not only one another to ſubdue,
But to deſtroy themſelves and Nature too.

To paint this Horrour to the life, weak Art
Muſt want a hand, Humanity a heart,
And I, the bare Relation whilſt I make,
Methinks am brave, my hand ſtill does not ſhake;
For ſurely ſince men firſt in Planks of wood
Themſelves committed to the faithleſs Floud,
Men born and bred at Sea, did ne'er behold
Neptune in ſuch prodigious furrows roll'd;
Thoſe winds, which with the loudeſt terrour roar,
Never ſo ſtretch'd their lungs and cheeks before;
Nor on this floating ſtage has ever been
So black a Scene of dreadfull ruine ſeen.

Poor Yacht! in ſuch a Sea how canſt thou live?
What ranſome would not thy pale Tenants give

To be ſet down on the moſt deſp'rate ſhoar,
Where Serpents hiſs, Tygers and Lyons roar,
And where the men, inhumane Savages,
Are yet worſe Vermin, greater Brutes than theſe?
Who would not for a danger that may be
Exchange a certain ruine that they ſee?
For ſuch, unto our Reaſon, or our fear,
Ours did in truth moſt manifeſt appear;
And how could we expect a better end,
When Winds and Seas ſeem'd only to contend,
Not which ſhould conquer other in this War,
But in our wreck which ſhould have greateſt ſhare?
The Winds were all let looſe upon the Main,
And every wind that blew a Hurricane,
Nereus's whole pow'r too muſter'd ſeem'd to be,
Wave rode on wave, and every wave a Sea.
Of our ſmall Bark guſts ruſh'd the trembling ſides
Againſt vaſt billows that contain'd whole Tides,

Which

Which in disdainfull fury beat her back
With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in,
As if they meant their liquid walls between
T'engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,
And make her squeeze to death her dying fraight.
Sometimes she on a Mountain's ridge would ride,
And from that height her gliding Keel then slide
Into a Gulf yawning, and deep as Hell,
Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell;
Then by another billow rais'd so high,
As if the Sea would dart her into th'Sky,
To be a Pinnace to the *Argosie*;
Then down a precipice so low and steep,
As it had been the bottom of the Deep:
Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
Were miserably toss'd and bandi'd so,

'Tw

'Twas ſtrange our little Pink, though ne'er ſo tight,
Could weather't ſo, and keep her ſelf upright;
Or was not ſunk with weight of our deſpair,
For Hope, alas! could find no ank'ring there:
Her Prow, and Poop, Star-board, and Lar-board ſide
B'ing with theſe Elements ſo hotly pli'd,
'Twas no leſs than a Miracle her ſeams
Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very Beams
Continu'd faithfull in theſe loud extremes;
That her tall Maſts, ſo often bow'd and bent
With guſt on guſt, were not already ſpent;
That all, or any thing indeed withſtood
A Sea ſo hollow, ſuch a high wrought Floud.

Here, where no Sea-man's Art nor ſtrength avails,
Where uſe of Compaſs, Rudder, or of Sails,
There now was none; the Mariners all ſtood
Bloudleſs and cold as we; or though they cou'd

Something

Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
Were ev'ry one astonish'd ne'ertheless
To that degree, they either had no heart
Their Art to use, or had forgot their Art.
Meanwhile the miserable Passengers,
With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,
Mercy of Heav'n in various accents crav'd,
But after drowning hoping to be sav'd.
How oft, by fear of dying, did we die?
And every death, a death of cruelty,
Worse than worst Cruelties provok'd impose
On the most hated, most offending Foes.
We fansi'd death riding on every Wave,
And every hollow seem'd a gaping Grave:
All things we saw such horrour did present,
And all of dying too were so intent,
Ev'ry one thought himself already dead,
And that for him the tears he saw were shed.

Such as had not the courage to behold
Their danger above deck, within the Hold
Utter'd ſuch groans in that their floating Grave,
As even unto terrour terrour gave;
Whilſt thoſe above pale, dead, and cold appear,
Like Ghoſts in *Charon*'s Boat that ſailing were.
The laſt day's dread, which none can comprehend,
But to weak fancy only recommend,
To form the dreadfull Image from ſick fear,
That fear and fancy both were height'ned here
With ſuch a face of horrour, as alone
Was fit to prompt Imagination,
Or to create it where there had been none.
Such as from under Hatches thruſt a head
T'enquire what news, ſeem'd riſing from the dead,
Whilſt thoſe who ſtai'd above, bloudleſs with fear,
And gaſtly look, as they new riſen were.

The bold and timorous, with like horrour ſtruck,
Were not to be diſtinguiſh'd by their look;
And he who could the greateſt courage boaſt
Howe'er within, look'd ſtill as like a Ghoſt.

Ten hours in this rude Tempeſt we were toſs'd,
And ev'ry moment gave our ſelves for loſt;
Heav'n knows how ill prepar'd for ſudden death,
When the rough winds, as they'd been out of breath,
Now ſeem'd to pant, and panting to retreat,
The Waves with gentler force againſt us beat;
The Sky clear'd up, the Sun again ſhone bright,
And gave us once again new life and light;
We could again bear ſail in thoſe rough Seas,
The Sea-men now reſume their offices;
Hope warm'd us now anew, anew the heart
Did to our cheeks ſome ſtreaks of bloud impart;

And in two hours, or very little more,
We came to Anchor Faulcon-ſhot from ſhoar,
The very ſame we left the Morn before;
Where now in a yet working Sea, and high,
Untill the wind ſhall veere, we rolling lie,
Reſting ſecure from preſent fear; but then
The dangers we eſcap'd muſt tempt agen:
Which if again I ſafely ſhall get through,
(And ſure I know the worſt the Sea can doe)
So ſoon as I ſhall touch my native Land,
I'll thence ride Poſt to kiſs your Lordſhip's hand.

ODE.

IS't come to this, that we muſt part?
Then Heav'n is turn'd all cruelty,
And Fate has neither eyes nor heart,
Or elſe (my Sweet) it could not be.

She's a blind Deity I'm ſure;
For woefull ſights compaſſion move,
And Heav'nly minds could ne'er endure
To perſecute the trueſt love.

Love is the higheſt attribute
Of pow'rs unknown we Mortals know;
For that all homage we commute
From that all good, and Mercies flow.

And can there be a Deity
In thoſe eternal ſeats above,
Will own ſo dire a Cruelty,
As thus to puniſh faithfull Love?

Oh Heav'nly Pow'rs! be good and juſt,
Cheriſh the Law your ſelves have made,
We elſe in vain in Vertue truſt,
And by Religion are betray'd.

Oh! puniſh me ſome other way
For other ſins, but this is none;
Take all the reſt you gave away,
But let my deareſt Dear alone.

Strip me as into th'World I came,
I never ſhall diſpute your will,
Or ſtrike me dumb, deaf, blind or lame,
But let me have *Chlorinda* ſtill.

Why was ſhe given me at all?
I thought indeed the Gift too great
For my poor Merit; but withall
I always knew to value it.

I firſt by you was worthy made,
Next by her choice; let me not prove
Blaſphemous, if I'm not afraid
To ſay moſt worthy by my love.

And muſt I then be damn'd from Bliſs
For valuing the Bleſſing more,
Be wretched made through Happineſs,
And by once being rich more poor?

This Separation is, alaſs!
Too great a puniſhment to bear,
Oh! take my life, or let me paſs
That life, that happy life, with her.

O my *Chlorinda*! couldſt thou ſee
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's ſuch a Mine of Love for thee,
The Treaſure would ſupply deſert.

Let the King ſend me where he pleaſe,
Ready at Drum and Trumpet's call,
I'll fight at home, or croſs the Seas,
His Soulder, but *Chlorinda*'s Thrall.

No change of Diet, or of Air,
In me can a Diſtemper breed;
And if I fall it ſhould be fair,
Since 'tis her bloud that I'm to bleed.

And ſitting ſo I nothing fear
A noble ſhe of living fame;
And who ſhall then be by, nay hear,
In my laſt groans, *Chlorinda*'s Name?

But I am not proſcrib'd to die,
My Adverſaries are too wiſe;
More rigour and leſs Charity
Condemns me from *Chlorinda*'s eyes.

Ah cruel Sentence, and ſevere!
That is a thouſand deaths in one;
Oh! let me die before I hear
A ſound of Separation.

And yet it is decreed, I ſee,
The Race of men are now combin'd,
Though I ſtill keep the Body free,
To perſecute a Loyal mind.

And that's the worſt that Man can doe,
To baniſh me *Chlorinda*'s ſight,
Yet will my heart continue true,
Maugre their power and their ſpight.

Mean while my *Exit* now draws nigh,
When, Sweet *Chlorinda*, thou ſhalt ſee
That I have heart enough to die,
Not half enough to part with thee.

Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.

Paraphras'd from Anacreon.

THe Earth with ſwallowing drunken ſhowers
Reels a perpetual round,
And with their Healths the Trees and Flowers
Again drink up the Ground.

The Sea, of Liquor ſpuing full,
The ambient Air doth ſup,
And thirſty *Phœbus* at a pull
Quaffs off the Ocean's cup.

When

When ſtagg'ring to a reſting place,
His bus'neſs being done,
The Moon, with her pale platter face,
Comes and drinks up the Sun.

Since Elements and Planets then
Drink an eternal round,
'Tis much more proper ſure for men
Have better Liquor found.

Why may not I then, tell me pray,
Drink and be drunk as well as they?

On Christmas-day.

Hymn.

I.

Rise, happy Mortals, from your sleep,
Bright *Phosphor* now begins to peep,
In such apparel as ne'er dress'd
The proudest day-break of the East:
Death's Sable Curtain 'gins disperse,
And now the blessed Morn appears,
Which has long'd and pray'd for him
So many Centuries of years,
To defray th'arrears of sin.
Now through the joyfull Universe
Beams of Mercy and of Love
Shoot forth comfort from above,
And Choires of Angels do proclaim
The Holy *Jesus* blessed Name.

II.

Riſe Sheepherds, leave your Flocks, and run,
The Soul's great Sheepherd now is come;
Oh! wing your tardy feet, and fly
To greet this dawning Majeſty:
Heaven's Meſſenger, in tidings bleſs'd,
Invites you to the Sacred place,
Where the bleſſed Babe of Joy,
Wrapp'd in his Holy Father's Grace,
Come's the Serpent to deſtroy,
That lurks in ev'ry humane Breaſt.
To *Judah's Beth'lem* turn your feet,
There you ſhall Salvation meet;
There, in a homely Manger hurl'd,
Lies the *Meſſias* of the World.

III.

Riding upon the Morning's wings,
The joyfull Air Salvation ſings,
Peace upon Earth, tow'rds men good will,
Ecchoes from ev'ry Vale and Hill;
For why the Prince of Peace is come,
The glorious Infant, who this Morn
(By a ſtrange myſterious Birth,)
Is of his Virgin Mother born,
To redeem the Seed of Earth
From foul rebellious heavy doom.
Travel *Magi* of the Eaſt,
To adore this ſacred Gueſt;
And offer up (with reverence,)
Your Gold, your Myrrhe, and Frankincenſe.

IV.

At th'teeming of this Bleſſed Womb
All Nature is one Joy become;
The Fire, the Earth, the Sea, and Air,
The great Salvation do declare:
The Mountains skip with Joy's exceſs,
The Ocean's briny billows ſwell
O'er the ſurface of their Lands,
And at this Sacred Miracle
Flouds do clap their liquid hands,
Joy's Inundation to expreſs;
Babes ſpring in the narrow rooms
Of their tender Mothers Wombs,
And all for Triumph of the Morn
Wherein the Child of bliſs was born.

V.

Let each religious Soul then riſe
To offer up a Sacrifice,
And on the wings of Pray'r and Praiſe
His gratefull heart to Heaven raiſe;
For this, that in a Stable lies,
This poor neglected Babe is he,
Helſ and Death that muſt controll,
And ſpeak the bleſſed Word, be free
To ev'ry true believing Soul:
Death has no ſting, nor Hell no prize
Through his Merits great, whilſt we
Travel to Eternity,
And with the Bleſſed Angels ſing
Hoſannah's to the Heav'nly King.

Chorus.

Chorus.

RIſe then, O riſe, and let your voices
Tell the Spheres the Soul rejoyces.
In *Beth'lem* this auſpicious Morn,
The Glorious Son of God is born.
The Child of Glory, Prince of Peace,
Brings Mercy that will never ceaſe,
Merits that wipe away the ſin
Each Humane Soul was forfeit in;
And waſhing off the fatall ſtain,
Man to his Maker knits again:
Joyn then your gratefull Notes, and ſing
Hoſannah's to the Heav'nly King.

Sophia

Saphick Ode.

HOw eaſie is his Life, and free,
Who, urg'd by no neceſſity,
Eats chearfull Bread, and over night does pay
For's next day's *Crapula.*

No ſuitor ſuch a mean eſtate
Invites to be importunate,
No ſupple flatt'rer, robbing Villain, or
Obſtreperous Creditor.

This man does need no Bolts nor Locks,
Nor needs he ſtart when any knocks,
But may on careleſs Pillow lie and ſnoar,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and Danger Wealth attend,
An uſefull but a dang'rous Friend,
Who makes us pay, e'er we can be releas'd,
Quadruple Intereſt.

Let's live to day then for to morrow,
The Fool's too provident will borrow
A thing, which through Chance or Infirmity,
'Tis odds he ne'er may see.

Spend all then e'er you go to Heaven,
So with the World you will make even;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
Which done we owe no more.

The Morning Quatrains.

I.

THe Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forgo;
Tir'd Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour's overcome by Rest.

II. We

II.

We have out-done the work of Night,
'Tis time we riſe t'attend the Light,
And e'er he ſhall his Beams diſplay,
To plot new bus'neſs for the day.

III.

None but the ſlothfull, or unſound,
Are by the Sun in Feathers found,
Nor, without riſing with the Sun,
Can the World's bus'neſs e'er be done.

IV.

Hark! Hark! the watchfull Chanticler,
Tells us the day's bright Harbinger
Peeps o'er the Eaſtern Hills, to awe
And warn night's ſov'reign to withdraw.

V.

The Morning Curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the bluſhing dawn;
Aurora has her Roſes ſhed,
To ſtrew the way *Sol*'s ſteeds muſt tread.

VI.

Xanthus and *Æthon* harneſs'd are,
To roll away the burning Carr;
And, ſnorting flame, impatient bear
The dreſſing of the Chariotier.

VII.

The ſable Cheeks of ſullen Night
Are ſtreak'd with Roſie ſtreams of light,
Whilſt ſhe retires away in fear,
To ſhade the other Hemiſphere.

VIII.

The merry Lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for days loud welcome ſings,
Mounting her body out of ſight,
As if ſhe meant to meet the light.

IX.

Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are chearfull voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity.

X.

The Chimnies now to ſmoke begin,
And the old Wife ſits down to ſpin,
Whilſt *Kate*, taking her Pail, does trip
Mulls ſwoln and ſtradl'ing Paps to ſtrip.

XI.

Vulcan now makes his Anvil ring,
Dick whiſtles loud, and *Maud* doth ſing,
And *Silvio* with his Bugle Horn
Winds an Imprime unto the Morn.

XII.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus array'd in burning Gold,
Laſhing his fiery Steeds, diſplays
His warm and all enlight'ning Rays.

XIII.

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are Labourers,
And Manufactures of each trade
By op'ning Shops are open laid.

XIV.

Hob yokes his Oxen to the Team,
The Angler goes unto the ſtream,
The Wood-man to the Purlews highs,
And lab'ring Bees to load their thighs.

XV.

Fair *Amarillis* drives her Flocks,
All night ſafe folded from the Fox,
To flow'ry Downs, where *Collin* ſtays,
To court her with his Roundelays.

XVI.

The Traveller now leaves his Inn
A new days Journey to begin,
As he would poſt it with the day,
And early riſing makes good way.

XVII.

The ſlick-fac'd School-boy Sachel takes,
And with ſlow pace ſmall riddance makes;
For why, the haſte we make, you know,
To Knowledge and to Vertue's ſlow.

XVIII.

The Fore-horſe gingles on the Road,
The Waggoner lugs on his Load,
The Field with buſie People ſnies,
And City rings with various cries.

XIX.

The World is now a buſie ſwarm,
All doing good, or doing harm;
But let's take heed our Acts be true,
For Heaven's eye ſees all we doe.

XX.

None can that piercing ſight evade,
It penetrates the darkeſt ſhade,
And ſin, though it could ſcape the eye,
Would be diſcover'd by the Cry.

Noon Quatrains.

I.

THe day grows hot, and darts his Rays
From ſuch a ſure and killing place,
That this half World are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

II.

His early Glories were benign,
Warm to be felt, bright to be ſeen,
And all was comfort, but who can
Endure him when *Meridian*?

III.

Of him we as of Kings complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign,
But to the *Zenith* got of pow'r,
Thoſe whom they ſhould protect devour.

IV.

Has not another *Phaeton*
Mounted the Chariot of the Sun,
And, wanting Art to guide his Horſe,
Is hurri'd from the Sun's due courſe.

V.

If this hold on, our fertile Lands
Will ſoon be turn'd to parched Sands,
And not an Onion that will grow
Without a *Nile* to overflow.

VI.

The grazing Herds now droop and pant,
Een without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their Meat
To seek out cover from the heat.

VII.

The lagging Ox is now unbound,
From larding the new turn'd up ground,
Whilst *Hobbinal* alike o'er-laid,
Takes his course dinner to the shade.

VIII.

Cellars and Grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest,
And not a Soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

IX.

When Pagan Tyranny grew hot,
Thus perſecuted Chriſtians got
Into the dark but friendly Womb
Of unknown Subterranean *Rome*.

X.

And as that heat did cool at laſt,
So a few ſcorching hours o'er paſs'd,
In a more mild and temp'rate Ray
We may again enjoy the day.

The Night.

Written by *Monſieur le Comte de Cremail.*

Stanzes.

I.

OH Night! by me ſo oft requir'd,
Oh Night! by me ſo much deſir'd,
Of my Felicity the cauſe,
Oh Night! ſo wellcome to my eyes,
Grant, in this horrour of the Skies,
This dreadfull ſhade thy Curtain draws,
That I may now adore this Night
The Star that burns and gives me light.

II. Spread

II.

Spread o'er the Earth thy Sable Veil,
Heaven's twinckling ſparklets to conceal,
That darkneſs ſeems to day t'improve;
For other light I do need none
To guide me to my lovely one,
But only that of mine own love;
And all light elſe offends my ſight,
But hers whoſe eye does give me light.

III.

Oblivion of our forepaſs'd woes,
Thou Charm of ſadneſs, and repoſe
Of Souls that languiſh in deſpair,
Why doſt thou not from *Lethe* riſe?
Doſt thou not ſee the whole World ſnies
With Lovers who themſelves declare
Enemies to all noiſe and light,
And covet nothing but the Night?

IV.

At her transparent Window there
Thou'lt see *Aminta*'s eye appear,
That, like a Sun set round with Ray,
The shadows from the Sky shall chase,
Changing the colour of its face
Into a bright and glorious day;
Yet do not fear this Sun so bright,
For 'tis a mighty Friend to Night.

V.

Rise then, lov'd Night, rise from the Sea,
And to my Sun *Aurora* be,
And now thy blackest Garment wear;
Dull sleep already thee forgoes,
And each-where a dumb silence does
Thy long'd-for long approach declare;
I know the Star that gives me light,
To see me only stays for Night.

VI. Ha!

VI.

Ha! I ſee ſhades riſe from th'Abiſs,
And now I go the Lips to kiſs,
The Breaſts and Eyes have me deceiv'd;
Oh Night! the height of my deſire,
Canſt thou put on ſo black attire
That I by none can be perceiv'd,
And that I may this happy Night
See the bright Star that gives me light?

VII.

Oh that my dusky Goddeſs could
In her thick Mantle ſo enfold
Heaven's torches, as to damp their fire,
That here on Earth thou might'ſt for ever
Keep thy dark Empire, Night, and never
Under the Waves again retire;
That endleſs ſo might be the Night,
Wherein I ſee the Star my light!

Evening.

Quatrains.

I.

THE Day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his Steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the Chariot down the Hill.

II.

With Labour ſpent, and Thirſt oppreſt,
Whilſt they ſtrain hard to gain the Weſt,
From Fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to Meteors in the Night.

III.

The Shadows now ſo long do grow,
That Brambles like tall Cedars ſhow,
Mole-hills ſeem Mountains, and the Ant
Appears a monſtrous Elephant.

IV.

A very little little Flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would ſtock;

Whilſt the ſmall Stripling following them,
Appears a mighty *Polypheme.*

V.

Theſe being brought into the Fold,
And by the thrifty Maſter told,
He thinks his Wages are well paid,
Since none are either loſt, or ſtray'd.

VI.

Now lowing Herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the Villains Yard,
The Cart's on Tayl ſet down to reſt,
Bearing on high the Cuckolds Creſt.

VII.

The hedg is ſtript, the Clothes brought in,
Nought's left without ſhould be within,
The Bees are hiv'd, and hum their Charm,
Whilſt every Houſe does ſeem a Swarm.

VIII.

The Cock now to the Rooſt is preſt:
For he muſt call up all the reſt;
The Sow's faſt pegg'd within the Sty,
To ſtill her ſqueaking Progeny.

IX.

Each one has had his Supping Meſs,
The Cheeſe is put into the Preſs,
The Pans and Bowls clean ſcalded all,
Rear'd up againſt the Milk-houſe Wall.

X.

And now on Benches all are ſat
In the cool Air to ſit and chat,
Till *Phœbus*, dipping in the Weſt,
Shall lead the World the way to Reſt.

Night.

Quatrains.

I.

THE Sun is ſet, and gone to ſleep
With the fair Princeſs of the Deep,
Whoſe Boſom is his cool Retreat,
When fainting with his proper Heat:

II.

His Steeds their flaming Noſtrils cool
In Spume of the *Cerulean* Pool;
Whilſt the Wheels dip their hiſſing Naves
Deep in *Columbus*'s Weſtern Waves.

III.

From whence great rowls of Smoke ariſe
To overſhade the Beauteous Skies;
Who bid the World's bright Eye adieu
In gelid tears of falling Dew.

IV.

And now from the *Iberian* Vales
Nights ſable Steeds her Chariot hales,
Where double Cypreſs Curtains skreen
The gloomy Melancholick Queen.

V.

Theſe, as they higher mount the Sky,
Raviſh all Colour from the Eye,
And leave it but an uſeleſs glaſs,
Which few, or no Reflections grace.

VI.

he Cryſtal Arch o're *Pindus*'s Crown
on a ſudden dusky grown,
nd all's with Fun'ral Black o'reſpread,
s if the Day, which ſleeps, were dead.

VII.

o Ray of Light the Heart to chear,
ut little twinkling Stars appear;
Which like faint dying embers ly,
t nor to work, nor travel by.

VIII.

erhaps to him they Torches are,
Who guide Night's Sovereign's drowſy Car,
nd him they may befriend ſo near,
ut us they neither light, nor chear.

IX.

r elſe thoſe little ſparks of Light
re Nayls that tyre the Wheels of Night,
Which to new ſtations ſtill are brought,
they rowl o'r the gloomy Vault.

X.

Or Nayls that arm the Horſes hoof,
Which trampling o're the marble Roof,
And ſtriking Fire in the Air,
We Mortals call a ſhooting Star.

XI.

That's all the Light we now receive,
Unleſs what belching *Vulcans* give,
And thoſe yield ſuch a kind of Light
As adds more horror to the Night.

XII.

Nyctimine now freed from day,
From ſullen Buſh flies out to prey,
And does with Feret note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' uſurping Dame.

XIII.

The Rail now cracks in Fields and Meads,
Toads now forſake the Nettle-beds,
The tim'rous Hare goes to relief,
And wary Men bolt out the Theef.

XIV.

The Fire's new rak't, and Hearth ſwept clean
By *Madg*, the dirty Kitchin-Quean,
The Safe is lock't, the Mouſe-trap ſet,
The Leaven laid, and Bucking wet.

XV.

Now in falſe Floors and Roofs above,
The luſtful Cats make ill-tun'd Love,
The Ban-dog on the Dunghil lies,
And watchful Nurſe ſings Lullabies.

XVI.

Philomel chants it whilſt ſhe bleeds,
The *Bittern* booms it in the Reeds,
And *Reynard* entring the back Yard,
The Capitolian Cry is heard.

XVII.

The *Goblin* now the Fool alarms,
Haggs meet to mumble o're their Charms;
The *Night-mare* rides the dreaming Aſs,
And *Fairies* trip it on the graſs.

XVIII.

The Drunkard now ſupinely ſnores,
His load of Ale ſweats through his Pores,
Yet when he wakes the Swine ſhall find
A Cropala remains behind.

XIX.

The Sober now and Chaſt are bleſt
With ſweet, and with refreſhing reſt,
And to ſound ſleeps they've beſt pretence,
Have greateſt ſhare of Innocence.

XX.

We ſhould ſo live then that we may
Fearleſs put off our Clotts and Clay,
And travel through Death's ſhades to Light;
For every Day muſt have its Night.

Ode.

GOOD night, my Love, may gentle reſt
Charm up your Senſes till the Light,
Whilſt I with Care and Woe oppreſt,
Go to inhabit endleſs Night.

There, whilſt your Eyes ſhall grace the Day,
I muſt in the deſpairing ſhade,
Sigh ſuch a woful time away,
As never yet poor Lover had.

Yet to this endleſs Solitude
There is one dangerous ſtep to paſs,
To one that loves your ſight ſo rude,
As Fleſh and Blood is loth to paſs.

But I will take it to expreſs
I worthily your Favours wore,
Your merits (Sweet) can claim no leſs,
Who dyes for you can do no more.

Ode

Ode de Monſieur Racan.

INgrateful cauſe of all my harms,
I go to ſeek amidſt Alarms
My Death, or Liberty;
And that's all now I've left to do,
Since (cruel Fair) in ſerving you
I can nor live nor dye.

The King his Towns ſees deſart made,
His Plains with armed Troops o're-ſpread,
Violence do's controul;
All's Fire and Sword before his Eyes,
Yet has he fewer Enemies
Than I have in my Soul.

But yet, alas! my hope is vain
To put a period to my pain,
By any deſperate ways,
'Tis you that hold my Life enchain'd,
And (under Heaven) you command,
And only you, my days.

If in a Battel's loud'ſt Alarms,
I ruſh amongſt incenſed Arms,
Invoking Death to take me,
Seeing me look ſo pale, the Foe
Will think me Death himſelf, and ſo
Not venture to attaque me.

In Bloody Fields where *Mars* doth make
With his loud Thunder all to ſhake,
Both Earth, and Heav'n to boot;
Mans pow'r to kill me I deſpiſe,
Since Love, with Arrows from your Eyes,
Had not the Pow'r to doo't.

No, I muſt languiſh ſtill unbleſt,
And in worſt Torments manifeſt
My firm Fidelity;
Or that my Reaſon ſet me free,
Since (Fair) in ſerving you I ſee,
I can nor live nor dye.

Contentation.

Directed to my Dear Father, and moſt Worthy Friend, Mr. Iſaac Walton.

HEav'n, what an Age is this! what Race
Of Giants are ſprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's Face,
And with his Providence make War!

II.

I can go no where but I meet
With Malecontents, and Mutineers,
As if in Life was nothing ſweet,
And we muſt Bleſſings reap in Tears.

III.

O ſenſeleſs Man, that murmurs ſtill
For Happineſs, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his Will,
What he would have to make him ſo.

IV.

IV.

Is it true Happineſs to be
By undiſcerning Fortune plac't,
In the moſt eminent Degree,
Where few arrive, and none ſtand faſt?

V.

Titles and Wealth are Fortune's Toyls
Wherewith the Vain themſelves enſnare?
The Great are proud of borrow'd Spoils,
The Miſer's Plenty breeds his Care.

VI.

The one ſupinely yawns at reſt,
Th' other eternally doth toyl,
Each of them equally a Beaſt,
A pamper'd Horſe, or lab'ring Moyl.

VII.

The Titulado's oft diſgrac'd,
By publick hate, or private frown,
And he whoſe Hand the Creature rais'd,
Has yet a Foot to kick him down.

VIII.

VIII.

The Drudge who would all get, all ſave,
Like a brute Beaſt both feeds, and lies,
Prone to the Earth, he digs his Grave,
And in the very labour dies.

IX.

Exceſs of ill got, ill kept Pelf,
Does only Death, and Danger breed,
Whilſt one rich Worldling ſtarves himſelf
With what would thouſand others feed.

X

By which we ſee what Wealth and Pow'r
Although they make men rich and great,
The ſweets of Life do often ſour,
And gull Ambition with a Cheat.

XI.

Nor is he happier than theſe,
Who in a moderate eſtate,
Where he might ſafely live at eaſe,
Has Luſts that are immoderate.

XII.

XII.

For he, by thoſe deſires miſled,
Quits his own Vine's ſecuring ſhade,
T' expoſe his naked, empty head
To all the Storms Man's Peace invade.

XIII.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick't up in favours of the Fair,
Mirrors, with every Breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton ſnare.

XIV.

Woman, man's greateſt woe, or bliſs,
Does ofter far, than ſerve, enſlave,
And with the Magick of a Kiſs,
Deſtroys whom ſhe was made to ſave.

XV.

Oh fruitful Grief, the World's Diſeaſe!
And vainer Man to make it ſo,
Who gives his Miſeries encreaſe
By cultivating his own woe.

XVI.

XVI.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving Shapes and Names to things;
Which is the dangerous miſtake
That cauſes all our Sufferings.

XVII.

We call that Sickneſs, which is Health,
That Perſecution, which is Grace;
That Poverty, which is true Wealth,
And that Diſhonour, which is Praiſe.

XVIII.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial Eye,
And if to Miſery we fall,
'Tis through our own Infirmity.

XIX.

'Tis want of foreſight makes the bold
Ambitious Youth to danger climb,
And want of Vertue, when the old
At Perſecution do repine.

XX.

Alas, our Time is here ſo ſhort,
That in what ſtate ſoe're 'tis ſpent,
Of Joy or Wo does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

XXI.

But we may make it pleaſant too,
If we will take our Meaſures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly Appetite.

XXII.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little Life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

XXIII.

A very little ſatisfies
An honeſt, and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will ſuffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV.

That man is happy in his ſhare,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whoſe Neceſſaries bound his Care,
And honeſt Labour makes his Bed.

XXV.

Who free from Debt, and clear from Crimes,
Honours thoſe Laws that others fear,
Who ill of Princes in worſt Times
Will neither ſpeak himſelf, nor hear.

XXVI.

Who from the buſie World retires,
To be more uſeful to it ſtill,
And to no greater good aſpires,
But only the eſchewing ill.

XXVII.

Who, with his Angle, and his Books,
Can think the longeſt day well ſpent,
And praiſes God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII.

This man is happier far than he
Whom publick Buſineſs oft betrays,
Through Labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

XXIX.

The World is full of beaten Roads,
But yet ſo ſlippery withall,
That where one walks ſecure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

XXX.

Untrodden Paths are then the beſt,
Where the frequented are unſure,
And he comes ſooneſt to his reſt,
Whoſe Journey has been moſt ſecure.

XXXI.

It is Content alone that makes
Our Pilgrimage a Pleaſure here,
And who buyes Sorrow cheapeſt, takes
An ill Commodity too dear.

XXXII.

But he has Fortunes worſt withſtood,
And Happineſs can never miſs,
Can covet nought, but where he ſtood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

Stances de Monſieur de Scudery.

FAIR Nymph, by whoſe Perfections mov'd,
My wounded heart is turn'd to flame,
By all admir'd, by all approv'd,
Endure at leaſt to be belov'd,
Although you will not love again.

Aminta, as unkind as fair,
What is there that you ought to fear?
For cruel if I you declare,
And that indeed you cruel are;
Why the Reproach may you not hear?

Even Reproaches ſhould delight,
If Friendſhip for me you have none,

And

And if no Anger, I have yet
Enough perhaps that may invite
Your hatred or Compaſſion.

When your Diſdain is moſt ſevere,
When you moſt rigorous do prove,
When frowns of Anger moſt you wear,
You ſtill more charming do appear,
And I am more and more in Love.

Ah, let me, Sweet, your ſight enjoy,
Though with the forfeit of my Life,
For fall what will, I'de rather dye,
Beholding you, of preſent Joy,
Than abſent, of a lingring grief.

Let your Eyes lighten, till expiring
In flame, my Heart a Cinder lye,
Falling is nobler than retiring,
And in the glory of aſpiring,
'Tis brave to tumble from the Sky.

Yet I would any thing embrace
Might ſerve your Anger to appeaſe,

And if I may obtain my grace,
Your ſteps ſhall leave no print, nor trace
I will not with Devotion kiſs.

If, Tyrant, you will have it ſo,
No word my Paſſion ſhall betray,
My wounded Heart ſhall hide its woe;
But if it ſigh, thoſe Sighs will ſhow,
And tell you what my Tongue would ſay.

Should yet your Rigour higher riſe,
Even thoſe offending Sighs ſhall ceaſe,
I will my Pain and grief diſguiſe;
But, Sweet, if you conſult mine Eyes,
Thoſe Eyes will tell you my Diſeaſe.

If th' utmoſt my Reſpect can do,
Still will your Cruelty diſpleaſe,
Conſult your Face, and that will ſhew
What Love is to ſuch Beauty due,
And to the ſtate of my Diſeaſe.

Melancholy.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

WHat in the name of wonder's this
Which lyes so heavy at my heart,
That I even Death it self could kiss,
And think it were the greatest Bliss
Even at this moment to depart!
Life, even to the wretched dear,
To me's so nauseous grown,
There is no ill, I'de not commit,
But proud of what would forfeit it,
Would act the mischeif without fear,
And wade through thousand lives to lose my own.

II.

Yea, Nature never taught me bloody Rules;
Nor was I yet with vicious precept bred;
And now my Virtue paints my cheeks in Gules,
To check mee for the wicked thing I said.

'Tis not then I, but ſomething in my Breaſt,
With which unwittingly I am poſſeſt,
Which breaths forth Horror to proclaim
That I am now no more the ſame:
One that ſome ſeeds of Vertue had;
But one run reſolutely mad,
A Fiend, a Fury, and a Beaſt,
Or a Demoniack at leaſt,
Who, without ſence of Sin, or ſhame,
At nothing but dire miſchiefs aim,
Egg'd by the Prince of Fiends, and Legion is his Name.

III.

Alas! my Reaſon's overcaſt,
That Sovereign Guide is quite diſplac'd,
Clearly diſmounted from his Throne,
Baniſh'd his Empire, fled and gone,
And in his room
An infamous Uſurper's come,
Whoſe Name is ſounding in mine Ear
Like that, methinks, of *Oliver*.
Nay, I remember in his Life,
Such a Diſeaſe as mine was mighty riſe,

And

And yet, methinks, it cannot be,
That he
Should be crept into me,
My skin could ne're contain ſure ſo much Evil,
Nor any place but Hell can hold ſo great a Devil.

IV.

But by its ſymtomes now I know
What is that does torment me ſo,
'Tis a diſeaſe,
As great a Fiend almoſt as theſe,
That drinks up all my better blood,
And leaves the reſt a ſtanding Pool,
And though I ever little underſtood,
Makes me a thouſand times more Fool.
Fumes up dark vapours to my Brain,
Creates burnt Choler in my breaſt;
And of theſe nobler parts poſſeſt,
Tyrannically there does reign,
Oh when (kind Heaven) ſhall I be well again.

V.

Accurſed Melancholy, it was Sin
Firſt brought thee in;

Sin

Sin lodg'd the firſt in our firſt Father's Breaſt,
By Sin thou'rt nouriſh't, and by Sin increaſt,
Thou'rt man's own Creature, he has giv'n thee pow'r,
The ſweets of Life thus to devour.
To make us ſhun the cheerful Light,
And creep into the ſhades of Night,
Where the ſly Tempter ambuſh't lies
To make the diſcontented Soul his prize.
There the Progenitor of guile,
Accoſts us in th' old Serpent's ſtyle;
Rails at the World as well as we,
Nay, Providence it ſelf's not free;
Proceeding then to Arts of Flattery,
He there extolls our Valour and our Parts,
Spreads all his Nets to catch our Hearts,
Concluding thus; what generous mind
Would longer here draw breath,
That might ſo ſure a Refuge find
In the repoſe of Death!
Which having ſaid, he to our choice preſents
All his deſtroying Inſtruments,

Swords

Swords and Steeletto's, Halters, Piſtols, Knives,
Poyſons, both quick and ſlow, to end our Lives,
Or if we like none of thoſe fine Devices,
He then preſents us Pools and Precipices;
Or to let out, or ſuffocate our breath,
And by once dying to obtain an everlaſting Death.

VI.

Avaunt thou Devil Melancholy,
Thou grave and ſober Folly;
Night of the Mind, wherein our Reaſons grope
For future Joys, but never can find hope.
Parent of Murthers, Treaſons, and Deſpair,
Thou pleaſing and eternal care:
Go ſow thy rank and poys'nous ſeeds
In ſuch a ſoyl of mind as breeds,
With little help, black and nefarious deeds;
And let my whiter Soul alone,
For why ſhould I thy ſable weed put on,
Who never meditated ill, nor ill have never done!

VII.

VII.

Ah, 'tis ill done to me, that makes me ſad
And thus to paſs away,
With ſighs the tedious Nights, and days
Like one that either is, or will be mad.
Repentance can our own fowl ſoules make pure,
And expiate the fouleſt Deed,
Whereas the thought others offences breed,
Nothing but true amendment one can cure.
Thus man, who of this world a member is,
Is by good nature ſubject made
To ſmart for what his fellows do, amiſs,
As he were guilty, when he is betray'd,
And mourning for the vices of the Time,
Suffers unjuſtly for anothers Crime.

VIII.

Go fooliſh Soul, and waſh thee white,
Be troubled for thine own miſdeeds
That Heav'nly ſorrow comfort breeds,
And true contrition turns delight.

r Princes thy paſt ſervices forget,
Let dear-bought Friends thy Foes becom,
hough round with miſery thou art beſet,
With Scorn abroad, and Poverty at home,
ep yet thy hands but clear, and Conſcience pure,
And all the ills thou ſhalt endure
Will on thy Worth ſuch luſter ſet
s ſhall out-ſhine the brighteſt Coronet.
nd Men at laſt will be aſham'd to ſee,
That ſtill,
For all their malice, and malicious skill,
hy mind revive as it was us'd to be,
nd that they have diſgrac't themſelves to honor thee.

Hope.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

HOPE, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeſeeing reckleſs Minds,
Thou deceiving Parriſite,
Which no where Entertainment finds

But

But with the wretched; or the vain;
'Tis they alone fond Hope maintain.
Thou easie Fool's chief Favorite;
Thou fawning Slave to slaves, that still remains
In Galleys, Dungeons, and in Chains;
Or with a whining Lover lov'st to play,
With treach'rous Art
Fanning his Heart,
A greater Slave by far, than they
Who in worst Durance wear their Age away.
Thou, whose Ambition mounts no higher,
Nor does to greater Fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a lyar:
Thou treach'rous Fiend, deluding Shade,
Who would with such a Phantom be betray'd,
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made

II.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
Such an overweening Ass,
As in Fortunes worst distress
To believe thy Promises;

Which ſo brave a change foretold,
Such a ſtream of Happineſs,
Such Mountain hopes of glitt'ring Gold,
Such Honours, Friendſhips, Offices,
In Love and Arms ſo great Succeſs;
That I ev'n hugg'd my ſelf with the conceit,
Was my ſelf Party in the cheat,
And in my very Boſom laid
That fatal Hope by which I was betray'd,
Thinking my ſelf already rich, and great:
And in that fooliſh thought deſpis'd
Th' advice of thoſe who out of Love advis'd;
As I'de foreſeen what they did not foreſee,
A Torrent of Felicity,
And rudely laught at thoſe, who pittying wept for me.

III.

But of this Expectation, when 't came to 't,
What was the fruit?
In ſordid Robes poor Diſappointment came,
Attended by her Handmaids, Grief and Shame;
No Wealth, no Titles, no Friend could I ſee,
For they ſtill court Proſperity,

Nay,

Nay, what was worſt of what Miſchance could do,
My deareſt Love forſook me too;
My pretty Love, with whom, had ſhe been true,
Even in Baniſhment,
I could have liv'd moſt happy and content,
Her ſight which nouriſh't me withdrew.
I then, although too late, perceiv'd
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
And call'd for it t'expoſtulate
The Treachery and foul deceit:
But it was then quite fled away,
And gone ſome other to betray,
Leaving me in a ſtate
By much more deſolate,
Than if when firſt attack't by Fate,
I had ſubmitted there
And made my courage yeild unto deſpair.
For Hope, like Cordials, to our wrong
Does but our Miſeries prolong,
Whilſt yet our Vitals daily waſt,
And not ſupporting Life, but pain
Call their falſe friendſhips back again
And unto Death, grim Death abandon us at laſt.

IV.

IV.

In me, falſe Hope, in me alone,
Thou thine own Treach'ry haſt out-done:
For Chance, perhaps may have befriended
Some one th'haſt labour'd to deceive
With what by thee was ne're intended,
Nor in thy pow'r to give:
But me thou haſt deceiv'd in all, as well
Poſſible, as impoſſible,
And the moſt ſad Example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou haſt taught me Wiſdom yet,
Henceforth to hope no more
Than I ſee reaſon for,
A Precept I ſhall ne're forget:
Nor is there any thing below
Worth a man's wiſhing, or his care,
When what we wiſh begets our wo,
And Hope deceiv'd becomes Deſpair.
Then thou ſeducing Hope farewel,
No more thou ſhalt of Senſe bereave me,
No more deceive me,
I now can countercharm thy Spell,

And for what's paſt, ſo far I will be even,
Never again to hope for any thing but Heaven.

Epiſtle to the Earl of ——

TO write in Verſe, O Count of mine,
To you, who have the Ladies nine,
With a wet finger, at your call,
And I believe have kiſt 'um all,
Is ſuch an undertaking, none
But *Peakrill* bold would venture on:
Yet having found, that, to my woes
No help will be procur'd by Proſe,
And to write that way is no boot,
I'll try if Ryming will not doo't.
Know then, my Lord, that on my word,
Since my firſt, ſecond, and my third,
Which I have peſter'd you withall,
I've heard no ſyllable at all,
Or where you are, or what you do;
Or if I have a Lord, or no.

A pretty comfort to a man
That ſtudies all the ways he can
To keep an Intereſt he does prize
Above all other Treaſuries.

But let that paſs, you now muſt know
We do on our laſt Quarter go;
And that I may go bravely out,
Am trowling merry Bowl about,
To Lord, and Lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiſs,
When after twenty days are paſt,
Poor *Charles* has eat and drunk his laſt.
No more Plum-porridge then, or Pye,
No Brawn with Branch of Roſemary,
No Chine of Beef, enough to make
The talleſt Yeoman's Chine to crack;
No Bag-pipe humming in the Hall,
Nor noiſe of Houſe-keeping at all,
Nor ſign, by which it may be ſaid,
This Houſe was once inhabited.
I may perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Chriſtmas more, or two;

Or, if the Fates be pleas'd, a ſcore,
But never look to keep one more.

Some three Months hence, I make account
My Spur-gall'd *Pegaſus* to mount,
When, whither I intend to go,
My Horſe, as well as I, will know:
But being got, with much ado,
Out of the reach a Stage or two,
Though not the conſcience of my ſhame,
And *Pegaſus* fall'n deſp'rate lame,
I ſhake my ſtirrups, and forſake him,
Leaving him to the next will take him;
Not that I ſet ſo lightly by him,
Would any be ſo kind to buy him;
But that I think thoſe who have ſeen
How ill my Muſe has mounted been,
Would certainly take better heed
Than to bid money for her Steed.

Being then on foot, away I go,
And bang the hooſ, *incognito*,

Though

Though in condition ſo forlorn,
Little Diſguiſe will ſerve the turn,
Since beſt of Friends, the World's ſo baſe,
Scarce know a man when in Diſgrace.

But that's too ſerious. Then ſuppoſe,
Like trav'ling *Tom*, with dint of Toes, *Coriat.*
I'me got unto extreameſt ſhore,
Sick, and impatient to be o're
That Channel which ſecur'd my ſtate
Of Peace, whilſt I was fortunate,
But in this moment of diſtreſs,
Confines me to unhappineſs:
But where's the Money to be had
This ſurly *Neptune* to perſwade?
It is no leſs than ſhillings ten,
Gods will be brib'd as well as men.
Imagine then your High-lander
Over a Cann of muddy Beer,
Playing at Paſſage with a pair
Of drunken Fumblers for his Fare;
And ſee I've won, oh, lucky chance,
Hoiſt Sail amain, my Mates, for *France*;

Fortune was civil in this throw,
And having rob'd me, lets me go.
I've won, and yet how could I chooſe,
He needs muſt win, that cannot loſe;
Fate ſend me then a happy wind,
And better luck to thoſe behind.

But what advantage will it be
That Winds and Tides are kind to me,
When ſtill the wretched have their woes,
Wherever they their Feet diſpoſe?
What ſatisfaction, or delight
Are ragouſts to an appetite?
What eaſe can *France* or *Flanders* give
To him that is a Fugitive?
Some two years hence, when you come o're,
In all your State, Ambaſſadour,
If my ill Nature be ſo ſtrong
T' out-live my Infamy ſo long,
You'l find your little Officer
Ragged as his old Colours are;

And

And naked, as he's diſcontent,
Standing at ſome poor Sutlers Tent,
With his Pike cheek't, to guard the Tun
He muſt not taſt when he has done.
Hump, ſays my Lord, I'me half afraid
My Captain's turn'd a Reformade,
That ſcurvy Face I ſure ſhould know,
Yes faith, my Lord, 'tis even ſo,
I am that individual he:
I told your Lordſhip how 'twould be.
Thou did'ſt ſo, *Charles*, it is confeſt,
Yet ſtill I thought thou wer't in jeſt;
But comfort! Poverty's no Crime,
I'll take thy word another time.

This matters now are coming to,
And I'm reſolv'd upon't; whilſt you,
Sleeping in Fortune's Arms, near dream
Who feels the contrary Extream;
Faith write to me, that I may know
Whether you love me ſtill, or no;

Or if you do not, by what ways
I've pull'd upon me my diſgrace;
For whilſt I ſtill ſtand fair with you,
I dare the worſt my Fate can do;
But your opinion long I find,
I'm ſunk for ever to mankind.

Beauty.

PINDARICK ODE.

In Anſwer to an Ode of Mr. Abraham Cowley's *upon the ſame Subject.*

I.

BEauty! thou Maſter-piece of Heav'ns beſt skill,
Who in all ſhapes and lights art Beauty ſtill,
And whether black, or brown, tawny, or white,
Still ſtrik'ſt with wonder every judging ſight;
Thou tryumph, which doſt entertain the Eye
With Admirations full variety.

Who

Who, though thou varieſt here and there,
And trick'ſt thy ſelf in various colour'd hair,
And though with ſeveral waſhes Nature has
Thought fit thy ſeveral Lineaments to grace,
Yet Beauty ſtill we muſt acknowledge thee,
Whatever thy Complexion be.

II.

Beauty, Love's Friend, who help'ſt him to a Throne,
By Wiſdom Deify'd, to whom alone
Thy Excellence is known,
And ne're neglected but by thoſe have none;
Thou noble Coyn, by no falſe ſleight allay'd,
By whom we Lovers Militant are paid,
True to the Touch, and ever beſt
When thou art brought unto the Teſt,
And who do'ſt ſtill of higher value prove,
As deeper thou art ſearch'd by Love.
He who allows thee only in the Light
Is there miſtaken quite,
For there we only ſee the outer skin,
When the Perfection lies within;

Beauty

Beauty more raviſhes the Touch than Sight,
And ſeen by Day, is ſtill enjoy'd by Night,
For Beauty's chiefeſt Parts are never ſeen.

III.

Beauty, thou Active, Paſſive good!
Who both enflam'ſt and cool'ſt our Blood!
Thou glorious Flow'r, whoſe ſov'reign juyce
Does wonderful Effects produce,
Who, Scorpion-like, do'ſt with thee bring
The Balm that cures thy deadly ſting.
What pity 'tis the faireſt Plant
That ever Heaven made
Should ever ever fade,
Yet Beauty we ſhall never want:
For ſhe has off-ſets of her own,
Which e're ſhe dyes will be as fairly blown,
And though they bloſſom in variety,
Yet ſtill new Beauties will deſcry,
And here the Fancy's govern'd by the Eye.

IV.

IV.

Beauty, thy Conqueſts ſtill are made
Over the Vigorous more than the Decay'd;
And chiefly o're thoſe of the Martial Trade;
And whom thou conquer'ſt ſtill thou keep'ſt in thrall,
Untill you both together fall,
Whereas of all the Conquerours, how few
Know how to keep what they ſubdue?
Nay, even froward Age ſubdues thee too.
Thy Power, Beauty, has no bounds,
All ſorts of men it equally confounds,
The young and old does both enſlave,
The proud, meek, humble, and the brave,
And if it wounds, it only is to ſave.

V.

Beauty, thou Siſter to Heav'ns glorious Lamp,
Of finer Clay, thou finer ſtamp!
Thou ſecond Light, by which we better live,
Thou better Sexe's vaſt prerogative!
Thou greateſt gift that Heaven can give!
He who againſt thee does inveigh,
Never yet knew where Beauty lay,
And does betray

A deplorable want of Senſe,
Blindneſs, or Age, or Impotence:
For Wit was given to no other end,
But Beauty to admire, or to commend;
And for our Sufferings here below
Beauty is all the recompence we know:
'Tis then for ſuch as cannot ſee,
Nor yet have other ſence to friend
Adored Beauty, thus to ſlander thee,
And he who calls thee madneſs let him be,
By his own doom from Beauty doom'd for me.

Rondeau.

FOrbear (fair *Phillis*) Oh forbear
Thoſe deadly killing frowns, and ſpare
A heart ſo loving, and ſo true,
By none to be ſubdu'd, but you,
Who my poor life's ſole *Princeſs* are.
You only can create my care;
But offend you I all things dare;
Then leſt your cruelty you rue
Forbear;

And

And leſt you kill that heart, beware,
To which there is ſome pitty due,
If but becauſe I humbly ſue.
Your anger therefore, ſweeteſt fair,
Though mercy in your Sex is rare,
Forbear.

Woman.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

WHat a bold Theam have I in hand,
What Fury has poſſeſt my Muſe,
That could no other ſubject chooſe,
But that which none can underſtand!
Woman, what Tongue, or Pen is able
To determine what thou art,
A thing ſo moving, and unſtable,
So Sea-like, ſo inveſtigable,
That no Land Map, nor Sea-man's Chart,
Though

Though they ſhew us ſnowy Mountains,
Chalky Cliffs, and Chriſtal Fountains,
Sable Thickets, golden Groves,
All that man admires and loves,
Can direct us to thy heart!
Which, though we ſeek it night and day
Through vaſt Regions Ages ſtray,
And over Seas with Canvas wings make way;
That Heart the whiles,
Like to the floating Iſles,
Our Compaſs evermore beguiles,
And ſtill, ſtill, ſtill remains *Terra Incognita.*

II.

Woman! the faireſt ſweeteſt Flow'r
That in happy *Eden* grew,
Whoſe ſweets and graces had the pow'r
The World's ſole *Monarch* to ſubdue,
What pity 'tis thou wer't not true.
But there, even there, thy frailty brought in ſin,
Sin that has coſt ſo many Sighs and tears,
Enough to ruin all ſucceeding Heirs,

To

To Beauties *Temple* let the *Devil* in.
And though (becauſe there was no more)
It in one ſingle ſtory did begin;
Yet from the Seeds ſhed from that fruitful Core,
Have ſprung up Volumes infinite, and great,
With which th'ore charged world doth ſweat,
Of women falſe, proud, cruel, inſolent;
And what could elſe befall,
Since ſhe her ſelf was Preſident
Who was the *Mother* of them all;
And who, altho' Mankind indeed was ſcant,
To ſhew her malice, rather than her want,
Would make a loathſom *Serpent* her Gallant.

III.

O Mother *Eve*, ſure 't was a fault
So wild a *Rule* to give,
Ere there were any to be taught,
Or any to deceive.
'Twas ill to ruine all thy Off-ſpring ſo,
Ere they were yet in *Embrio*,

Great

Great miſcheifs did attend thy eaſie will,
For all thy Sons (which uſually are
The Mothers care)
For ever loſt, and ruin'd were,
By thy inſtructing thy fair Daughters ill.
What's he that dares his own fond choice approve
Or be ſecure his ſpouſe is Chaſt;
Or if ſhe be, that it will laſt,
Yet all muſt love.
Oh Cruel *Nature* that does force our wills
T'embrace thoſe neceſſary ills!
Oh negligent, and treacherous eyes,
Given to man for true and faithful ſpies;
How oft do you betray your truſt,
And joyn'd Confederate with our luſt,
Tell us that Beauty is, which is but fleſh, that fleſh but (Duſt.

IV.

Heaven, if it be thy undiſputed will
That ſtill
This charming Sex we muſt adore,
Let us love leſs, or they love more;

For

For ſo the Ills that we endure,
Will find ſome eaſe, if not a cure:
Or if their hearts from the firſt *Gangrene* be
Infected to that deſperate degree
As will no Surgery admit;
Out of thy love to Men at leaſt forbear
To make their faces ſo ſubduing fair,
And if thou wilt give Beauty, limit it:
For moderate Beauty, though it bear no price,
Is yet a mighty enemy to Vice,
And who has Vertue once, can never ſee
Any thing of Deformity
Let her Complexion ſwart, or Tawny be,
A Twilight Olive, or a Mid-night Ebony.

V.

She that is chaſt, is always fair,
No matter for her Hue,
And though for form ſhe were a Star,
She's ugly, if untrue:
True Beauty alwayes lies within,
Much deeper, than the outer skin,

So deep, that in a Woman's mind,
It will be hard, I doubt, to find;
Or if it be, she's so deriv'd,
And with so many doors contriv'd,
Harder by much to keep it in.
For Vertue in a Woman's Breast
Seldom by Title is possest,
And is no Tenant, but a wand'ring Guest.

VI.

But all this while I've soundly slept,
And rav'd as Dreamers use:
Fy! what a coil my brains have kept
T' instruct a sawcy Muse
Her own fair Sex t'abuse.
'Tis nothing but an ill Digestion
Has thus brought Women's Fame in question,
Which have been, and still will be what they are,
That is, as chaste, as they are sweet and fair;
And all that has been said
Nothing but ravings of an idle Head,

Trou-

Troubled with fumes of wine;
For now, that I am broad awake
I find 'tis all a groſs miſtake,
Elſe what a caſe were his, and thine, and mine?

The World.

ODE.

I.

FY! What a wretched World is this?
Nothing but anguiſh, griefs, and fears;
Where, who does beſt, muſt do amiſs,
Frailty the Ruling Power bears
In this our diſmal Vale of Tears.

II.

Oh! who would live, that could but dye,
Dye honeſtly, and as he ſhou'd,
Since to contend with miſery
Will do the wiſeſt Man no good,
Misfortune will not be withſtood.

III.

The moſt that helpleſs man can do
Towards the bett'ring his Eſtate
Is but to barter woe for woe,
And he ev'n there attempts too late,
So abſolute a Prince is Fate.

IV.

But why do I of Fate complain;
Man might live happy, if not free,
And Fortunes ſhocks with eaſe ſuſtain,
If Man would let him happy be:
Man is Man's Foe, and Deſtiny.

V.

And that Rib Woman, though ſhe be
But ſuch a little little part;
Is yet a greater Fate than he,
And has the Power, or the Art
To break his Peace; nay break his Heart.

VI.

VI.

Ah, glorious Flower, lovely peice
Of ſuperfine refined Clay,
Thou poyſon'ſt only with a Kiſs,
And darteſt an auſpicious Ray
On him thou meaneſt to betray.

VII.

Theſe are the World, and theſe are they
That Life does ſo unpleaſant make,
Whom to avoid there is no way
But the wild Deſart ſtraight to take,
And there to huſband the laſt ſtake.

VIII.

Fly to the empty Deſarts then,
For ſo you leave the World behind,
There's no World where there are no Men,
And Brutes more civil are, and kind,
Than Man whoſe Reaſon Paſſions blind.

IX.

For ſhould you take an Hermitage,
Tho' you might ſcape from other wrongs,
Yet even there you bear the rage
Of venemous, and ſlanderous tongues,
Which to the Innocent belongs.

X.

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderneſs,
And there an endleſs Solitude,
Where though Wolves howl, and Serpents hiſs,
Though dang'rous, 'tis not half ſo rude
As the ungovern'd Multitude.

XI.

And Solitude in a dark Cave,
Where all things huſht, and ſilent be,
Reſembleth ſo the quiet Grave,
That there I would prepare to flee,
With Death, that hourly waits for me.

De

De Vita Beata.

Paraphras'd from the Latin.

COme, y'are deceiv'd, and what you do
Eſteem a happy Life's not ſo;
He is not happy that excells
Th' Lapidary's Bagatells;
Nor he, that when he ſleeps doth lye
Under a ſtately Canopy;
Nor he, that ſtill ſupinely hides,
In eaſie Down, his lazy ſides;
Nor he, that Purple wears, and ſups
Luxurious Draughts in golden Cups;
Nor he, that loads, with Princely Fare,
His bowing Tables, whilſt they'l bear;
Nor he, that has each ſpacious Vault
With Deluges of Plenty fraught,
Cull'd from the fruitful *Libyan* Fields,
When Autumn his beſt Harveſt yields:

But he whom no miſchance affrights,
Nor popular applauſe delights,
That can unmov'd, and undiſmay'd
Confront a Ruffians threatning blade:
Who can do this; that man alone
Has power Fortune to diſthrone.

Q. Cicero, De mulierum levitate.

Tranſl.

COmmit a Ship unto the Wind
But not thy Faith to Woman-kind,
For th' Oceans waving billows are
Safer than Woman's faith by far.
No Woman's good, and if there be
Hereafter ſuch a thing as ſhe,
'Tis by, I know not what, of Fate,
That can from bad, a good create.

Deſpair.

Deſpair.

ODE.

IT is decreed, that I muſt dy,
And could loſt men a reaſon ſhow
For loſing ſo themſelves, 'tis I,
Woman, and Fate will have it ſo.

Woman, more cruel, than my Fate,
From thee this ſentence was ſevere,
Tis thou condemn'ſt me, fair ingrate,
Fate's but the Executioner.

And mine muſt be Fate's hands to ſtrike
At this uncomfortable life,
Which I do loath, cauſe you diſlike,
And court cold Death to be my wife.

In whoſe embraces though I muſt
Fail of thoſe Joyes, that warm'd my heart,

And only be eſpous'd to duſt,
Yet Death, and I ſhall never part.

That's one aſſurance I ſhall have,
Although I wed Deformity,
And muſt inhabit the cold Grave,
More than I, Sweet, could have with thee.

And yet if thou could'ſt be ſo kind,
As but to grant me a Reprieve,
I'me not to Death ſo much inclind,
But I could be content to live.

But ſo, that that ſame life ſhould be
With thee, and with thy kindneſs bleſt;
For without thee, and all of thee,
'Twere dying only with the reſt.

But that, you'l ſays, too arrogant,
T'enſlave your Beauties, and your will,
And cruelty in you to grant,
Who ſaving one, muſt Thouſands kill.

And yet you Women take a pride
To ſee men dye by your diſdain;
But thou wilt weep the Homicide,
When thou conſider'ſt whom th'aſt ſlain.

Yet don't; for being as I am,
Thy Creature, thou in this eſtate,
To Life, and Death haſt equal claim,
And may'ſt kill him thou did'ſt create.

Then let me thine own Doom abide,
Nor once for him o'recaſt thine eyes,
Who glories, that he liv'd, and dy'd
Thy Lover, and thy Sacrifice.

Sonnet.

WHY doſt thou ſay thy Heart is gone,
And no more mine, no more thine own?
But, paſt retrieve, for ever wed,
By ſacred Vow, t'anothers Bed?

Why

Why doſt thou tell me that I lye
Bound in the ſame perplexed tye,
And that our now divided Souls
Are cold, and diſtant as the Poles?

Do'ſt thou not know, when firſt our Loves
Were plighted in the ſecret Groves,
Our hearts were chang'd with equal Flame,

Say, *Chloris*, then how can it be?
Could'ſt thou give me, or I give thee?
No, no, our ſelves are ſtill the ſame.

Sonnet.

HOW ſhould'ſt thou love, and not offend?
Why, *Cloris*, I will tell thee how,
As thou did'ſt once, ſo love me now,
And lye with me, and there's an end.

Thou

Thou only art enjoyn'd (my Sweet)
To keep thy Reputation high,
And that indeed is Secrecy,
Since all do err, though all not ſee't.

Then faireſt, fearleſs of all blame,
That ſacred Treaſure of thy Name
Into my faithful Arms commit;

Thou once did'ſt truſt me with thy Fame,
I then was juſt and true to it,
And, *Chloris*, I am ſtill the ſame.

Sonnet.

CHloris, whilſt thou and I were free,
Wedded to nought but Liberty,
How ſweetly happy did we live,
How free to promiſe, free to give?

Then

Then, Monarch's of our ſelves, we might
Love here, or there, to change delight,
And ty'd to none, with all diſpence,
Paying each Love its recompence.

But in that happy freedom, we
Were ſo improvidently free,
To give away our liberties;

And now in fruitful ſorrow pine
At what we are, what might have bin,
Had thou, or I, or both been wiſe.

Sonnet.

WHY doſt thou ſay thou lov'ſt me now,
And yet proclaim it is too late,
When bound by folly, or by Fate,
Thou can'ſt no further grace allow?

Repeat

Repeat no more that killing Voice,
Thou beauteous Victrice of my heart;
Or find a way to eaſe my ſmart,
Maugre thy now repented choice.

'Tis not too late to love, and do
What Love and Nature prompt thee to,
Whilſt thus thou tryumph'ſt in thy prime,

Thou may'ſt diſcreetly love, and uſe
Thoſe Pleaſures thou did'ſt once refuſe:
But to profeſs it were a Crime.

Poverty.

Pindarick Ode.

I

THou greateſt Plague that Mortals know!
Thou greateſt Puniſhment!
That Heav'n has ſent
To quell and humble us below!

Thou

Thou worſt of all Diſeaſes and all Pains
By ſo much harder to endure,
By how much thou art hard to cure,
Who having rob'd Phyſitians of their brains,
As well as of their Gain
A Chronical Diſeaſe doth ſtill remain!
What Epithet can fit thee, or what words thy ills explain!

II.

This puzzles quite the *Æſculapian* Tribe
Who, where there are no Fees, can have no wit
And make them helpleſs Med'cines ſtill provide,
Both for the ſick, and poor alike unfit.
For inward griefs all that they do prepare
Nothing but Crumbs, and Fragments are;
And outwardly apply no more
But ſordid Rags unto the ſore.
Thus Poverty is dreſt, and Doſe't
With little Art, and little Coſt,
As if poor Rem'dies for the Poor were fit
When Poverty in ſuch a place doth ſit,
That 'tis the grand Projection only that muſt conquer it.

III.

III.

Yet Poverty, as I do take it,
Is not so Epidemical
As many in the world would make it,
Who all that want their wishes Poor do call;
For if who is not with his Divident
Amply content,
Within that acceptation fall,
Most would be poor, and peradventure all.
This would the wretched with the rich confound;
But I not call him Poor does not abound,
But him, who snar'd in Bonds, and endless strife,
The Comforts wants more than Supports of Life;
Him whose whole Age is measur'd out by fears,
And though he has wherewith to eat,
His Bread does yet
Tast of affliction, and his Cares
His purest Wine mix and allay with Tears.

IV.

'Tis in this sence that I am poor,
And I'me afraid shall be so still,
Obstreperous Creditors besiege my door,
And my whole House clamorous Eccho's fill;

From these there can be no Retirement free,
From Room to Room, they hunt, and follow me;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me Night, and Day;
Torment my body, and my mind,
Nay, if I take my heels, and fly,
They follow me with open Cry,
At Home no rest, Abroad no Refuge can I find.

V.

Thou worst of Ills! what have I done,
That Heav'n should punish me with thee?
From Insolence, Fraud, and Oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wer't intended (Poverty)
A scourge for Pride, and Avarice,
I ne're was tainted yet with either Vice;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open'd to the poor;

And

And I to others in their need have granted,
E're they could ask, the thing they wanted,
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only beg for Peace, and cannot have it.

VI.

Give me but that, ye bloody Perſecutors,
(Who formerly have been my ſuitors)
And I'le ſurrender all the reſt
For which you ſo conteſt.
For Heav'ns ſake, let me but be quiet,
I'le not repine at Cloths, nor Diet,
Any habit ne'r ſo mean,
Let it be but whole, and clean,
Such as Nakedneſs will hide,
Will amply ſatisfie my pride;
And for meat
Husks, and Acorns I will eat,
And for better never wiſh;
But when you will me better treat,
A Turnip is a Princely diſh:

Since then I thus far am ſubdu'd,
And ſo humbly do ſubmit,
Faith, be no more ſo monſtrous rude,
But ſome Repoſe at leaſt permit;
Sleep is to Life, and Humane Nature due
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly ſue.

Death.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

AT a Melancholick ſeaſon,
As alone I muſing ſate,
I fell, I know not how, to reaſon
With my ſelf of Man's Eſtate,
How ſubject unto Death, and Fate;
Names that Mortals ſo affright,
As turns the brighteſt Day to Night,
And ſpoils of Living the Delight,

With which, ſo ſoon as Life is taſted,
Leſt we ſhould too happy be,
Even in our Infancy,
Our joys are quaſh't, our hopes are blaſted;
For the firſt thing that we hear,
(Us'd to ſtill us when we cry)
The Nurſe to keep the Child in fear,
Diſcreetly tell's it, it muſt dy,
Be put into a hole, eaten with worms;
Preſenting Death in thouſand ugly forms,
Which tender minds ſo entertain,
As ever after to retain,
By which means we are Cowards bred,
Nurs't with unneceſſary dread,
nd ever dream of dying, 'till w'are dead.

II.

Death! thou Child's Bug-bear, thou fools terrour,
Gaſtly ſet forth the weak to awe;
Begot by fear, increaſt by errour,
Whom none but a ſick Fancy ever ſaw,
Thou who art only fear'd
By the illiterate, and tim'rous Heard,

But by the wiſe
Eſteem'd the greateſt of Felicities.
Why, ſithence by an Univerſal Law,
Entail'd upon Mankind thou art,
Should any dread, or ſeek t'avoid thy Dart,
When of the two, Fear is the greateſt ſmart?
O ſenceleſs Man, who vainly flies
What Heaven has ordain'd to be
The Remedy
Of all thy Mortal pains, and miſeries.

III.

Sorrow, Want, Sickneſs, Injury, Miſchance,
The happy'ſt Man's certain Inheritance,
With all the various Ills,
Which the wide World with mourning fills,
Or by Corruption, or Diſaſter bred,
Are for the living all, not for the dead.
When Life's Sun ſets, Death is a Bed
With ſable Curtains ſpread,
Where we lye down
To reſt the weary Limbs, and careful Head,
And to the Good, a Bed of Down.

There

There, there no frightful Tintamarre
Of Tumult in the many headed Beaſt,
Nor all the loud Artillery of War,
Can fright us from that ſweet, that happy Reſt,
Wherewith the ſtill, and ſilent Grave is bleſt;
Nor all the rattle, that above they keep,
Break our repoſe, or rouze us from that everlaſting ſleep.

IV.

The Grave is priviledg'd from noiſe, and care,
From Tyranny, and wild oppreſſion,
Violence has ſo little power there,
Ev'n worſt Oppreſſors let the dead alone:
We're there ſecure from Princes frowns,
The Inſolencies of the Great,
From the rude hands of barb'rous Clowns,
And Policies of thoſe that ſweat
The ſimple to betray, and cheat:
Or, if ſome one with Sacrilegious hand,
Would perſecute us after Death,
His want of Power ſhall his Will withſtand,
And he ſhall only loſe his breath;

For all that he by that ſhall gain,
Will be Diſhonour for his pain,
And all the clutter he can keep
Will only ſerve to rock us whilſt we ſoundly ſleep.

V.

The Dead no more converſe with Tears,
With idle Jealouſies and Fears,
No danger makes the Dead man ſtart,
No idle Love torments his heart,
No loſs of Subſtance, Parents, Children, Friends,
Either his Peace, or Sleep offends;
Nought can provoke his anger, or deſpite,
He out of combat is, and injury,
'Tis he of whom Philoſophers ſo write,
And who would be a Stoick let him dye,
For whilſt we living are, what Man is he,
Who the Worlds wrongs does either feel, or ſee,
That poſſibly from Paſſion can be free!
But muſt put on
A noble Indignation
Warranted both by Vertue, and Religion.

VI.

Then let me dye, and no more ſubject be
Unto the Tyrannizing pow'rs,
To which this ſhort Mortality of ours,
Either preordain'd by Deſtiny,
Or bound by natural Infirmity.
We nothing, whilſt we here remain,
But Sorrow, and Repentance gain,
Nay, ev'n our very joyes, are pain;
Or being paſt,
To woe, and torment turn at laſt:
Nor is there yet any ſo ſacred place,
Where we can ſanctuary find,
No Man's a friend to Sorrow, and Diſgrace;
But flying one, we other miſchiefs meet;
Or if we kinder Entertainment find,
We bear the ſeeds of Sorrow in the Mind,
And keep our frailty, when we ſhift our feet.
Whilſt we are Men we ſtill our Paſſions have,
And he that is moſt free, is his own ſlave,
There is no refuge, but the friendly Grave.

On the Death of the Most Noble *Thomas* Earl of *Ossory*.

Carmen Irregulare.

I.

ENough! Enough! I'le hear no more,
And would to Heav'n I had been deaf before
That fatal Sound had struck my Ear:
Harsh Rumor has not left so sad a note
In her hoarse Trumpet's brazen throat
To move Compassion, and inforce a Tear.
Methinks all Nature should relent, and droop,
The Center shrink, and Heaven stoop,
The Day be turn'd to mourning Night,
The twinkling Stars weep out their Light,
And all things out of their Distinction run
Into their primitive Confusion.
A Chaos, with cold Darkness overspread,
Since the Illustrious *Ossory* is dead.

II.

II.

When Death that fatal Arrow drew,
Ten Thouſand hearts he pierced through,
Though one alone he out-right ſlew;
Never ſince Sin gave him his killing Trade,
He, at one ſhot, ſo great a ſlaughter made;
He needs no more at thoſe let fly,
They of that wound alone will dye,
And who can now expect to live, when he,
Thus fell unpriviledg'd we ſee!
He met Death in his greateſt Tryumph, War,
And always thence came off a Conqueror,
Through rattling ſhot, and Pikes the Slave he fought,
Knock't at each Cuiraſs for him, as he fought,
Beat him at Sea, and baffled him on ſhore,
War's utmoſt fury he out-brav'd before:
But yet, it ſeems, a Fever could do more.

III.

The *Engliſh* Infantry are *Orphans* now,
Pale Sorrow hangs on every Souldiers-brow:

Who

Who now in Honour's path ſhall lead you on,
Since your beloved General is gon?
Furl up your Enſigns, caſe the warlike Drum,
Pay your laſt honours to his Tomb;
Hang dow your Manly heads in ſign of woe;
That now is all that your poor Loves can do;
Unleſs by Winter's Fire, or Summer's ſhade
To tell what a brave Leader once you had:
Hang your now uſeleſs Arms up in the Hall,
There let them ruſt upon the ſweating Wall;
Go, Till the Fields, and with inglorious Sweat,
An honeſt, but a painful living get:
Your old neglected Callings now renew,
And bid to glorious War a long adieu.

IV.

The *Dutch* may now have Fiſhing free,
And, whilſt the Conſternation laſts,
Like the proud Rulers of the Sea,
Shew the full ſtature of their Maſts;
Our *Engliſh Neptune*, deaf to all Alarms,
Now ſoundly ſleeps in Deaths cold Arms,

And

And on his Ebon Altar has laid down
His awful Trident, and his Naval Crown.
No more ſhall the tall Frigat dance
For joy ſhe carrys this Victorious Lord,
Who to the Capſtain chain'd Miſchance,
Commanding on her lofty board.
The Sea it ſelf, that is all tears,
Would weep her ſoundleſs Channel dry,
Had ſhe unhappily but Ears,
To hear that *Oſſory* could dye.
Ah, cruel Fate, thou never ſtruck'ſt a blow,
By all Mankind regretted ſo;
Nor can't be ſaid who ſhould lament him moſt,
No Country ſuch a Patriot e're could boaſt,
And never Monarch ſuch a Subject loſt.

V.

And yet we knew that he muſt one day dye,
That ſhould our grief aſſwage;
By Sword, or Shot, or by Infirmity;
Or, if theſe fail'd, by Age.

But

But He, alas! too ſoon gave place
To the Succeſſors of his Noble Race:
We wiſht, and coveted to have him long,
He was not old enough to dye ſo ſoon,
And they to finiſh what he had begun,
As much too young:
But Time, that had no hand in his miſchance,
Is fitter to mature, and to advance
Their early hopes to the Inheritance
Of Titles, Honors, Riches, and Command,
Their Glorious Grandfir's Merits have obtain'd,
And which ſhines brighter than a Ducal Crown,
Of their Illuſtrious Family's Renown;
Oh, may there never fail of that brave Race,
A man as great, as the great *Oſſory* was,
To ſerve his Prince, and as ſucceſsful prove
In the ſame Valour, Loyalty, and Love;
Whilſt his own Vertues ſwell the cheeks of Fame,
And from his conſecrated Urn doth Flame
A Glorious Pyramid to *Botelers* Name.

Ode Bachique.
De Monſieur Racan.

NOW that the Day's ſhort and forlorn,
Dull Melancholy *Capricorn*
To Chimney-corners Men tranſlate,

Drown we our Sorrows in the glaſs,
And let the thoughts of Warfare paſs,
The Clergy, and the third Eſtate.

II.

Menard, I know what thou haſt writ,
That ſpritely iſſue of thy Wit
Will live whilſt there are men to read:

But, what if they recorded be
In Memory's Temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by Worms, and dead?

III.

Henceforth thoſe fruitleſs ſtudies ſpare,
Let's rather drink until we ſtare
Of this immortal juyce of ours,

Which

Which does in excellence precede
The Beverage which *Ganimede*
Into th' Immortals Goblet pours.

IV.

The Juyce that ſparkles in this glaſs
Makes tedious Years like Days to paſs,
Yet makes us younger ſtill become,

By this from lab'ring thoughts are chac't
The ſorrow of thoſe Ills are paſt,
And terrour of the Ills to come.

V.

Let us drink brimmers then, Time's fleet,
And ſteals away with winged feet,
Haling us with him to our Urn,

In vain we ſue to it to ſtay,
For Years like Rivers paſs away,
And never, never do return.

VI.

VI.

When the Spring comes attir'd in Green,
The Winter flies, and is not ſeen:
New Tydes do ſtill ſupply the Main;

But when our frolick Youth's once gone,
And Age has ta'ne poſſeſſion,
Time nere reſtores us that again.

VII.

Deaths Laws are Univerſal, and
In Princes Palaces command,
As well as in the pooreſt Hutt,

We're to the *Parcæ* ſubject all,
The threds of Clown's and Monarchs ſhall,
Be both by the ſame Cizors cut.

VIII.

Their rigours which all this deface,
Will raviſh in a little ſpace,
What ever we moſt laſting make,

And soon will lead us out to drink,
Beyond the pitchy Rivers Brink,
The waters of Oblivion's Lake.

Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, *then sitting in* Parliament.

WHEN from thy kind hand, my dearest, dear [brother,
Whom I love as th'adst been the Son of my Mother,
Nay, better, to tell you the truth of the story,
Had you into the World but two minutes before me;
I receiv'd thy kind Letter, good Lord, how it eas'd me
Of the villanous Spleen that for six days had seiz'd me:
I start from my Couch, where I lay dull and muddy,
Of my Servants inquiring the way to my Study,
For, in truth, of late days I so little do mind it,
Should one turn me twice about I never should find it:
But by help of direction, I soon did arrive at
The place where I us'd to sit fooling in private.

So soon as got thither, I straight fell to calling,
Some call it invoking, but mine was plain bawling;

I call'd for my Muſe, but no anſwer ſhe made me,
Nor could I conceive why the Slut ſhould evade me.
I knew I there left her, and lock't her ſo ſafe in,
There could be no likelihood of her eſcaping:
Beſides, had ſhe ſcap't, I was ſure to retrieve her,
She being ſo ugly that none would receive her:
I then fell to ſearching, ſince I could not hear her,
I ſought all the ſhelves, but never the nearer:
I tumbled my Papers, and rifled each Packet,
Threw my Books all on heaps, and kept ſuch a racket,
Diſordering all things, which before had their places
Diſtinct by themſelves in ſeveral Claſſes,
That who'd ſeen the confuſion, and look't on the ware,
Would have thought he had been at *Babylon* Fair:
At laſt, when for loſt I had wholly reſign'd her,
Where canſt thou imagine, dear Kit, I ſhould find her?
Faith, in an old Drawer, I late had not been in,
Twixt a courſe pair of ſheets of the Houſwifes own ſpinning,
A Sonnet inſtead of a coif her head wrapping,
Happily took her ſmall Ladiſhip napping.
Why how now, Minx, quoth I, what's the matter?
That you are ſo hard to be ſpoke with to day? pray,

Fy, fy on this Idleneſs, get up, and rowze you,
For I have a preſent occaſion to uſe you:
Our Noble *Mecœnas*, Sir *Clifford* of *Cud-con*,
Has ſent here a Letter, a kind and a good one:
Which muſt be ſuddenly anſwer'd, and finely,
Or the Knight will take it exceeding unkindly;
To which having ſome time ſat muſing and mute,
She anſwer'd ſh'ad broke all the ſtrings of her Lute;
And had got ſuch a Rheum with lying alone,
That her Voice was utterly broken and gone:
Beſides this, ſhe had heard, that of late I had made
A Friendſhip with one that had ſince bin her Maid;
One Proſe, a flatternly ill-favour'd toad,
As common as Hackney, and beaten as Road,
With whom I ſat up ſomtimes whole Nights together,
Whil'ſt ſhe was expoſed to the Wind and weather.
Wherefore, ſince that I did ſo ſlight and abuſe her,
She likewiſe now hop'd I would pleaſe to excuſe her.

At this ſudden reply I was baſely confounded,
I ſtar'd like a Quaker, and groan'd like a Round-head!
And in ſuch a caſe, what the Fiend could one do?
My conſcience convinc'd her Reproaches were true.

To

To ſwagger, I durſt not, I elſe could have beat her,
But what if I had, I'd been never the better,
To quarrel her then had been quite out of ſeaſon,
And ranting would ne'r have reduc'd her to reaſon;
I therefore was fain to diſſemble Repentance,
I diſclaim'd and forſwore my late new Acquaintance.
I kiſt her, and hugg'd her, I clapt her, and chuck't her,
I puſh't her down backward, and offer'd to have-----
But the Jade would not buckle, ſhe piſh't & ſhe pouted,
And wrigling away, fairly left me without it:
I caught her, and offered her Mony, a little,
At which, ſhe cry'd that were to plunder the Spittle:
I then, to allure her, propos'd to her, Fame,
Which ſhe ſo much deſpiſed, ſhe piſh't at the name;
And told me in anſwer, that ſhe could not glory at
The Sail-bearing Title of Muſe to a Laureat,
Much leſs to a Rhymer, did nought but diſguſt one,
And pretended to nothing but pittiful Fuſtion.
But oh, at that word, how I rated, and call'd her,
And had my Fiſt up, with intent to have maul'd her:
At which, the poor Slut, half afraid of the matter,
Changing her note, 'gan to wheedle and flatter;

Proteſting ſhe honour'd me, *Jove* knew her heart,
Above all the Peers o' th' Poetical Art:
But that of late time, and without provocation,
I had been extremely unjuſt to her Paſſion.
Me thought this ſounded, I then laid before her,
How long I had ſerv'd her, how much did adore her;
How much ſhe her ſelf ſtood oblig'd to the Knight,
For his kindneſs and favour, to whom we ſhould write;
And thereupon called, to make her amends,
For a Pipe and a Bottle, and ſo we were Friends.

Being thus made Friends, we fell to debating
What kind of Verſe we ſhould congratulate in:
I ſaid 't muſt be Doggrel, which when I had ſaid,
Maliciouſly ſmiling, ſhe nodded her head,
Saying Doggrel might paſs to a friend would not ſhow
And do well enough for a *Derbyſhire* Poet. (it,
Yet mere ſimple doggrel, ſhe ſaid, would not do,
It needs muſt be galloping doggrel to boot,
For Amblers and Trotters, tho' th' had thouſands of
Could never however be made to be fleet; (feet,
But would make ſo damnable ſlow a progreſſion,
They'd not reach up to *Weſtminſter* till the next Seſſion.

Thus

Thus then unto thee, my dear Brother, and Sweeting,
In *Canterbury* Verse I send health and kind greeting,
Wishing thee honour, but if thou bee'st cloy'd with
Above what thy Ancestry ever enjoy'd yet;
May'st thou sit where now seated, without fear of blushing,
Till thy little fat buttocks ben grow to the cushin.
Give his Majesty Money, no matter who pays it,
For we never can want it so long as he has it;
But, wer't Wisdom to trust lawcy Counsel in Letters,
I'de advise thee beware falling out with thy betters;
I have heard of two Dogs once that fought for a bone,
But the Proverb's so greazy, I'll let it alone;
A *word* is enough to the *wise*; then resent it,
A rash Act than mended is sooner repented:
And, as for the thing call'd a Traytor; if any
Be prov'd to be such, as I doubt there's too many;
Let him e'en be hang'd up, and never be pray'd for,
What a pox were blocks, gibbets, and gallowses made for?
But I grow monstrous weary, and how should I chuse,
This galloping Rhyme has quite jaded my Muse:

And I ſwear, if thou look'ſt for more poſting of hers,
Little Knt, thou muſt needs lend her one of thy Spurs.
Farewel then, dear Bully, but ne're look for a Name,
For, expecting no honour, I will have no ſhame:
Yet, that you may gheſs at the Party that writes t'ee,
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up theſe Lights t'ee.

For his Stature, he's but a contemptible Male,
And grown ſomething ſwab with drinking good Ale;
His Looks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,
Which gray hairs make every year whiter & whiter,
His Viſage, which all the reſt mainly diſgraces,
Is warp't, or by Age, or cutting of Faces.
So that, whether 't were made ſo, or whether 't were (marr'd,
In good ſooth, he's a very unpromiſing Bard:
His Legs, which creep out of two old-faſhion'd Knapſacks,
Are neither two Mill-poſts, nor yet are they trap-ſticks;
They bear him, when ſober, beſtir 'em and ſpare not,
And who the Devil can ſtand when they are not?

Thus much for his Perſon, now for his condition,
That's ſick enough full to require a Phyſician:

He

He always wants Mony, which makes him want ease,
And he's always besieg'd, tho himself of the Peace,
By an Army of Duns, who batter with Scandals,
And are Foemen more fierce than the *Goths* or the *Van-*
But when he does sally, as sometimes he does, (*dals.*
Then hey for *Bess Jackson*, and a Fig for his Foes:
He's good Fellow enough to do every one right,
And never was first that ask't, what time of Night:
His delight is to toss the Cann merrily round,
And loves to be wet, but hates to be drow'nd:
He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
Which gives him the trouble that other men ha' not.
He honours his Friend, but he wants means to show (it,
And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst Poet.
Yet among all these Vices, to give him his due,
He has the Vertue to be a true Lover of you.
But how much he loves you, he says you may ghess it,
Since nor Prose, nor yet Meeter, he swears can ex- (press it.

Stances

Stances de Monſieur Bertaud.

I.

WHilſt wiſhing, Heaven, in his ire,
Would puniſh with ſome Judgment dire,
This heart to Love ſo obſtinate;
To ſay I love her, is to lye,
Though I do love t' Extremity,
Since thus to love her, is to hate.

II.

But ſince from this my hatred Springs,
That ſhe neglects my Sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate;
My hatred is ſo full of flame,
Since from affection firſt it came,
That 'tis to love her, thus to hate.

III.

I wiſh that milder Love, or Death,
That ends our miſeries with our Breath,
Would my Afflictions terminate,
For to my Soul, depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worſe than theſe,
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

IV.

IV.

Let Love be gentle, or ſevere,
It is in vain to hope, or fear
His grace, or rage in this Eſtate;
Being I, from my fair ones Spirit,
Nor mutual Love, nor hatred merit,
Thus ſenceleſly to Love, and Hate.

V.

Or, if by my Example here
It juſt, and equal do appear,
She love, and loath who is my Fate;
Grant me, ye Powers, in this caſe,
Both for my puniſhment and grace,
That as I do, ſhe Love, and Hate.

Contentment.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

THou precious Treaſure of the peaceful mind,
Thou Jewel of Ineſtimable price,
Thou braveſt Soul's Terreſtrial Paradice,

Deareſt

Dearest Contentment, thou best happiness
That Man on Earth can know,
Thou greatest gift Heav'n can on Man bestow,
And greater than Man's Language can express;
(Where highest Epithets would fall so low,
As only in our dearth of words to show,
A part of thy perfection; a poor part
Of what to us, what in thy self thou art)
What Sin has banisht thee the World,
And in thy stead despairing Sorrow hurld
Into the breasts of Humane kind;
Ah, whether art thou fled! who can this Treasure find!

II.

No more on Earth now to be found,
Thou art become a hollow sound,
The empty name of something that of old
Mankind was happy in, but now,
Like a vain Dream, or Tale that's told,
Art vanisht hence we know not how.
Oh, fatal loss, for which we are
In our own thoughts at endless War,
And each one by himself is made a Sufferer!

III.

III.

Yet 'twere worth ſeeking, if a Man knew where,
Or could but gheſs of whom t'enquire:
But 'tis not to be found on Earth, I fear,
And who can beſt direct will prove a Lyar,
Or be himſelf the firſt deceiv'd,
By none, but who'd be cheated too, to be believ'd.

IV.

Shew me that Man on Earth, that does profeſs
To have the greateſt ſhare of happineſs,
And let him, if he can,
Forbear to ſhew the Diſcontented Man:
A few hours Obſervation will declare,
Hee is the ſame that others are.
Riches will cure a Man of being poor,
But oft creates a thirſt of having more,
And makes the Miſer ſtarve, and pine amidſt his ſtore.

V.

Or if a plentiful Eſtate,
In a good Mind, good Thoughts create,

A generous Soul, and free,
Will Mourn at leaſt, though not repine,
To want an overflowing Mine
Still to ſupply a conſtant Charity;
Which ſtill is Diſcontent, what e're the Motive be.

VI.

Th' ambitious, who to place aſpire,
When rais'd to that they did pretend,
Are reſtleſs ſtill, would ſtill be higher;
For that's a Paſſion has no end.
'Tis the minds Wolf, a ſtrange Diſeaſe,
That ev'n Saciety can't appeaſe,
An Appetite of ſuch a kind,
As does by feeding ſtill increaſe,
And is to eat, the more it eats, inclin'd.
As the Ambitious mount the Sky,
New proſpects ſtill allure the Eye,
Which makes them upwards ſtill to fly;
Till from the utmoſt height of all,
Fainting in their Endeavour, down they fall,
And lower, than at firſt they were, at laſt do lye.

VII.

VII.

I then would know where lies the happineſs
Of being Great,
For which we blindly ſo much ſtrive, and preſs,
Fawn, Bribe, Diſſemble, Toyl, and Sweat;
Whilſt the Mind Tortur'd in the doubtful queſt,
Is ſo Sollicitous to be at reſt;
Nay, when that Greatneſs is obtain'd, is yet
More Anxious how to keep, than t'was to get
Unto that glorious height of tickle Place,
And moſt, when unto honour rais'd, ſuſpects diſgrace.

VIII.

Were Men contented, they'd ſit ſtill,
Embrace, and hug their preſent ſtate,
Without contriving Good or Ill,
And have no conflicts with the Will,
That ſtill is prompting them, to Love, to Hate,
Fear, Envy, Anger, and I can't tell what,
All which, and more, do in the mind make War,
And all with Contentation inconſiſtent are.

IX.

And he who ſays he is content,
But hides ill nature from Mens ſight;
Nor can he long conceal it there,
Something will vent,
For all his cunning, and his care,
That will diſcloſe the Hypocrite.
A Man may be contented for an hour
Or two, or three; perhaps a Night;
But then his pleaſure wanting Power,
His taſt goes with his Appetite.
Frailty the peace of Humane life Confounds;
Fleſh does not know, Reaſon obeys no bounds.

X.

But 'tis our ſelves that give this frailty ſway,
By our own promptneſs to obey
Our Luſt, Pride, Envy, Avarice;
By being ſo confederate with vice,
As to permit it to Controul
The Rational immortal Soul,

Which

Which, whilſt by theſe ſubjected, and oppreſt,
Cannot enjoy it ſelf, nor be at reſt;
But, or tranſported is with Ire,
Puffʼt up with vain, and empty Pride;
Or languiſhes with baſe deſire,
Or pines with thʼ Envy it would hide.
And (the Grave Stoick let me not diſpleaſe)
All Men that we converſe with here,
Have ſome, or all of their diſturbances,
And rarely ſettled are, and clear.
If ever any mortal then could boaſt
So great a Treaſure, with that Man 'tis loſt;
And no one ſhould, becauſe none truly can,
Though ſometimes pleas'd, ſay, he's a contented Man.

Epigram.

FY, *Delia*, talk no more of Love,
It galls me to the Heart,
You Threeſcore are, I doubt above,
For all your plaiſt'ring Art.

And therefore ſpare your pains you may;
For though you preſs me Night and Day,
I can't do that my Soul abhors:
Or by your Art's aſſiſtance, though I might
Prevail upon my appetite,
I dur'ſt not couple, though I ſwear
With you, of all the World, for fear
Of Cuckolding my Anceſtors.

Scribere juſſit Amor.

Ad Candidum Scriptorem.

UT tibi verſiculos recito, tu, Candide, ſcribis:
Carmina ſi mea ſunt, ſunt tua ſcripta tamen.

In Mendacem.

EPIG.

Mendax, 'tis ſaid th'art ſuch a Lyar grown,
That th'haſt renounc't all *Truth*, and 'tis well done;
Lying beſt fits our *Manners* and our *Times*;
But, pray thee, *Mendax*, do not praiſe my *Rhymes*.

Dry-

Day-Break.

I.

STay, *Phœbus*, ſtay, and cool thy flaming Head
In the Green boſom of thy liquid Bed:
Betray not, with thine envious Light,
Th' embraces of an happy Night;
For her fair bluſhes, if thou dar'ſt to riſe,
Will, by Eclipſe, hoodwink thy ſawcy Eyes.

II.

Leſt Lovers do upbraid thy beamy *Car*,
With the pale glory of th' inferiour *Star*,
And henceforth dare to ſay, in ſcorn,
Sol's Ray is wain'd to *Phœbe's* horn,
And, for his Treaſon to a Lovers bliſs,
Suffers *Actæons Metamorphoſis.*

III.

Why ſhould we riſe t' adore the riſing *Sun*,
And leave the Rites to greater Lights undone?
Or quit her warm, and ſpicy neſt,
Becauſe the *Morn* peeps through the *Eaſt*,

To ſcortch in thy rude flames, to toyl, and ſweat,
When in *Loves* fire we melt without thy heat?

IV.

When from my paſſionate Embraces ſhe
Springs, as aſham'd to be ſurpriz'd by thee,
The pillows furrow'd brows deſcry
A wrath for thy diſcovery,
Swell, and wax pale at thy inſulting height,
For rage to be depriv'd of her dear weight.

V.

Then ſtay, or laſh thy Pamper'd Horſes ſtill,
To ſhew a ſwift obedience to her Will,
And bluſhing, bow as low as Night,
Leſt I purſue thee, by thy Light,
And lock the Morning-Doors to ſtop thy Race,
Impriſoning ſo in Clouds thy tell-tale Face.

SONG

SONG.

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I.

WHy, *Deareſt*, ſhould'ſt thou weep, when I re-(late
The ſtory of my wo?
Let not the ſwarthy Miſts of my black Fate,
O'recaſt thy Beauty ſo,
For each rich Pearl loſt on that ſcore,
Adds to miſchance, and wounds your *Servant* more.

II.

Quench not thoſe *Stars*, that to my bliſs ſhould Guide,
Oh, ſpare that precious Tear!
Nor let thoſe drops unto a deluge Tide,
To drown your Beauty there,
That cloud of Sorrow makes it Night,
You loſe your Luſtre, but the *World* its Light.

Forbidden Fruit.

I.

PIsh! 'tis an idle fond excuſe,
And *Love*, enrag'd by this abuſe,
Is deaf to any longer truce.

II.

My *Zeal*, to Luſt you ſtill impute,
And when I juſtifie my ſuit,
You tell me, '*Tis Forbidden Fruit.*

III.

What though your Face be Apple-round,
And with a Roſy colour Crown'd?
Yet, Sweet, it is no Apple found.

IV.

Nor have you ought reſembling more
That fatal Fruit the Tree once bore,
But that indeed your Heart's a core.

V.

'Tis true, the bliſs that I would taſt,
Is ſomething lower than the waſt,
And in your Gardens Centre plac't.

VI.

A Tree of Life too, I confeſs,
Though but Arbuſcular in dreſs,
Yet not forbidden ne'retheleſs.

VII.

It is a tempting golden tree,
Which all Men muſt deſire that ſee,
Though it concern'd Eternity.

VIII.

Then, ſince thoſe bleſſings are thine own,
Not ſubject to Contrition,
Then, *Faireſt*, *Sweeteſt*, grant me one.

IX.

Thy *Dragon*, wrapt in drowſineſs,
Ne're thinks whoſe bed thy beauties bleſs,
Nor dreams of his *Heſperides*.

The Picture.

Set by Mr. *Laws.*

HOW, *Chloris*, can I e're believe
The Vows of Woman-kind,
Since yours I faithleſs find,
So faithleſs, that you can refuſe
To him your *Shadow*, t' whom, to chuſe,
You ſwore you could the *Subſtance* give.

II.

Is't not enough that I muſt go
Into another Clime,
Where Feather-footed Time
May turn my Hopes into Deſpair,
My downy Youth to briſtled Hair,
But that you add this torment too?

III.

Perhaps you fear m' Idolatry
Would make the Image prove
A Woman fit for Love;

Or

Or give it ſuch a Soul, as ſhone
Through fond *Pigmalion*'s living bone;
That ſo I may abandon thee.

IV.

Oh, no! 'twould fill my *Genius*'s room,
Mine honeſt one, that when
Frailty would love again,
And faultring with new Objects burn,
Then, Sweeteſt, would thy Picture turn
My wandring Eyes to thee at home.

On One, who ſaid, He drank to clear his Eyes.

AS *Phœbus*, drawing to his Weſtern Seat,
His ſhining Face bedew'd with beamy Sweat,
His flaming Eyes at laſt grown blood-ſhot-red,
By Atoms ſprung from his hot Horſes ſpeed,
Drives to that Sea-green Boſom of his Love's,
And in her Lap his fainting Light improves;

So

So *Thyrſis*, when at th' unreſiſted flame
Of thy fair *Miſtreſs*'s eye, thine dull became,
In ſovereign Sack thou did'ſt an Eye-ſalve ſeek,
And ſtol'ſt a bleſt dew from her roſie Cheek:
When ſtraight thy lids a chearful vigour wore,
More quick and penetrating than before.

I ſaw the ſprightly Grape in glory riſe,
And with her Day thy drooping Night ſurprize,
So that, where now a giddy darkneſs dwells,
Brightneſs now breaks through liquid Spectacles.

Had *Adam* known this cure in *Paradise*,
He'd ſcap'd the Tree, and drunk to clear (his Eyes.

The Separation.

I.

I Ghes'd none wretched in his love,
But who his *Miſtreſs*'s ſcorn did prove,
Nor judg'd him happy, but whoſe fire
Was paid with mutual deſire:

But

But ſad Experience tells,
In both extreams there dwells
A deſtiny, which ſo malignant is
To make Man wretched in his greateſt bliſs.

II.

The brighteſt *Beauty* I adore,
That conſecrated Earth e're bore,
The ſweeteſt *Perſon*, faireſt *Mind*,
That ever met in Woman-kind;
And (which afflicts me) am
Met with an equal flame:
For, had ſhe hated me, her ſcorn might have
Condemn'd my Infant-love to its bleſt Grave.

III.

But ſuch 'tis nouriſht by her grace,
As Time, nor Objects can deface,
To ſuch a faith, as cannot be
Compell'd from its Integrity.
But oh, th' unwelcome cauſe,
Of ſuperſtitious *Laws*!
That us, from our mutual Embraces tear,
And ſeparates our bloods, becauſe too near.

Another

Another of the ſame.

I.

AT what a wild malicious rate,
Blind, cruel *Deity*,
Do thy keen Arrows fly!
Sure th' art not *God* of *Love*, but *Hate*,
Bold *Tyrant-Child*, that can'ſt endure
To make a Wound admits no Cure.

II.

An Happineſs can wait upon
Strangers, that diſtant are,
As *North* and *Southern Star*,
But we, though born under one *Zone*,
Who in one *Root*, one Cradle lay,
In Love muſt be leſs bleſt than they.

III.

Ah! that's the cauſe why we muſt run,
Like ſtreams ſprung from one Source,
Each in a various courſe,
The fiction *Inceſt* ſo to ſhun:

When

When better, that we mixt, it were,
Than other Rivers raviſh't her.

But I'll purſue her, till our floods agree,
Alpheus I, and *Arethuſa* ſhe.

On the great Eater of Grays-Inn.

OH! for a laſting wind! that I may rail
At this vile *Cormorant*, this *Harpey-male*:
That can, with ſuch an hungry haſt, devour
A years Proviſion in one ſhort liv'd hour.
Prodigious Calf of *Pharoah*'s lean-rib'd Kine,
That ſwalloweſt Beef, at every bit a Chine!
Yet art thy ſelf ſo meagre, Men may ſee
Approaching *Famine* in thy *Phys'nomy*.

The World may yet rejoice, thou wer't not one
That ſhar'd *Joves* mercy with *Deucalion*;
Had he thy grinders truſted in that boat,
Where the whole Worlds *Epitomy* did float,

Clean,

Clean, and Unclean had dy'd, th' *Earth* found a want
Of her irrational Inhabitant:
'Tis doubted, there their fury had not ceas'd,
But of the humane part too made a Feast;

How Fruitless then had been *Heaven*'s charity?
No Man on earth had liv'd, nor Beast, but thee.
Had'st thou been one to feed upon the fare
Stor'd by old *Priam* for the *Grecian* War;
He, and his Sons had soon been made a prey,
Troys ten years Siege had lasted but one day;
Or thou might'st have preserv'd them, and at once
Chop't up *Achilles*, and his *Mirmydons*.

Had'st thou been *Bell*, sure thou had'st sav'd the Lives
O' th' cheating *Priests*, their Children, and their Wives,
But at this rate, 'twould be a heavy tax
For *Hercules* himself to cleanse thy jakes.
Oh! that kind *Heav'n* to give to thee would please
An *Estridge-maw*, for then we should have peace.
Swords then, or shining Engines would be none,
No Guns, to thunder out Destruction:

No

No rugged Shackles would be extant then,
Nor tedious Grates, that limit free-born Men.
But thy Gut-pregnant womb thy paws do fill
With ſpoils of *Natures* good, and not her ill.

'Twas th' *Inns* of *Courts* improvidence to own
Thy Wolviſh Carcaſe for a Son 'o th' Gown:
The danger of thy jaws, they ne're foreſaw;
For, Faith! I think thou haſt devour'd the *Law*.

No wonder th' art complain'd of by the Rout,
When very Curs begin to ſmell thee out.
The reaſons *Southwark* rings with howlings, are,
Becauſe thou rob'ſt the Bull-Dogs of their ſhare.

Beaſtly *Conſumer*! not content to eat
The wholeſome quarters deſtin'd for Mens meat,
But Excrement, and all: nor wilt thou bate
One entrail, to inform us of thy *Fate*:
Which will, I hope, be ſuch an ugly Death,
As hungry *Beggars*, can in curſings breath,

But

But I have done, my *Muſe* can ſcold no more,
She to the Bearwards Sentence turns thee o're,
And, ſince ſo great's thy Stomach's tyranny,
For writing this, pray God, thou eat not me.

An Epitaph on my Dear Aunt, Mrs. Ann Stanhope.

FOrbear, bold *Paſſenger*, forbear
The verge of this ſad *Sepulchre*:
Put off thy ſhooes, nor dare to tread
The Hallowed Earth, where ſhe lyes dead:
For in this Vault the *Magazine*
Of Female virtue's ſtor'd, and in
This Marble *Caſket* is confin'd
The *Jewel* of all Woman-kind.

For here ſhe lies, whoſe *Spring* was Crown'd
With every grace in Beauty found;
Whoſe *Summer* to that *Spring* did ſuit,
Whoſe *Autumn* crackt with happy Fruit.

Whoſe

Whoſe *Fall* was like her Life, ſo ſpent,
Exemplary, and *Excellent*.

For here the faireſt, chaſteſt *Maid*,
That this *Age* ever knew, is laid:
The beſt of *Kindred*, beſt of *Friends*,
Of moſt *Faith*, and of feweſt Ends;
Whoſe *Fame* the Tracks of *Time* ſurvives;
The beſt of *Mothers*, beſt of *Wives*.

Laſtly, which the whole Sum of praiſe implies,
Here ſhe, who was the beſt of Women, lies.

SONG.

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I.

SEE, how like Twilight *Slumber* falls
To obſcure the glory of thoſe balls,
And, as ſhe ſleeps,
See how Light creeps

Thorow the Chinks, and Beautifies
The rayie fringe of her fair *Eyes*.

II.

Obſerve *Loves* feuds, how faſt they fly,
To every heart, from her clos'd Eye,
What then will ſhe,
When waking, be?
A glowing Light for all t' admire,
Such, as would ſet the *World* on fire.

III.

Then ſeal her Eye-lids, gentle *Sleep*,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep;
Lock up, I ſay,
Thoſe Doors of *Day*,
Which with the *Morn* for Luſtre ſtrive,
That I may look on her, and live.

An Epitaph on M. H.

IN this cold *Monument* lies one,
That I know who has lain upon,

The

The happier *He*: her Sight would charm,
And Touch have kept *King David* warm.
Lovely, as is the dawning *East*,
Was this Marble's frozen *Guest*;
As soft, and Snowy, as that Down
Adorns the *Blow-balls* frizled Crown;
As straight and slender as the *Crest*,
Or *Antlet* of the one-beam'd Beast;
Pleasant as th' odorous *Month* of *May*:
As glorious, and as light as *Day*.

Whom I admir'd, as soon as knew,
And now her Memory pursue
With such a superstitious Lust,
That I could fumble with her Dust.

She all Perfections had, and more,
Tempting, as if design'd a *Whore*,
Or so she was; and since there are
Such, I could wish them all as fair.

Pretty she was, and young, and wise,
And in her Calling so precise,
That Industry had made her prove
The sucking *School-Mistress* of *Love*:
And *Death*, ambitious to become
Her *Pupil*, left his Ghastly home,
And, seeing how we us'd her here,
The raw-bon'd *Rascal* ravisht her.

Who, pretty *Soul*, resign'd her Breath,
To seek new Letchery in Death.

The Retreat.

I.

I Am return'd, my *Fair*, but see
Perfection in none but thee:
Yet many *Beauties* have I seen,
And in that Search a *Truant* been,
Through Fruitless Curiosity.

II.

I've been to ſee each blear-ey'd *Star*,
Fond Men durſt with thy light compare;
And, to my admiration, find,
That all, but I, in Love are blind,
And none but Thee, divinely fair.

III.

Here then I fix, and now grown wiſe,
All *Objects*, but thy face, deſpiſe,
(Taught by my folly) now I ſwear,
If you forgive me, ne're to err,
Nor ſeek *Impoſſibilities*.

The Sleeper.

WHat a ſtrange lump of Lazineſs here lies,
That from the light of *Day* bolts up his Eyes!
Thou look'ſt, when *God* created thee, as if
He had forgot t'impart his breath of Life.

That th'art with Seven sleepy *Fiends* possest,
A man would judge, or that bewitcht at least.
It is a curse upon thee, without doubt,
And *Heav'n* for *Sin*, has put thy Candles out.

I could excuse thee, if this Sloth could be
Bred by the venom of *Infirmity*;
But 'tis in *Nature's* force impossible,
Her whole *Corruption* makes not such a spell,
Though thou an *Abstract* had'st ingrost of all
Ills, and Diseases *Apoplectical*.
Wer't thou not *Male*, I should gues thee the *Bride*
Cut out of sleeping *Adam's* senceless side;
But that I do this doubtful *Quære* find,
Whether such Sloth can spring from humane kind?
If so, thy *Mother* in conception,
With *Wine*, and *Dormice* fed her *Embrion*;
Or, when he did the penitential deed,
Thy drowsie *Father* voided *Poppy-seed*,

I should believe th'had'st drunk in *Lethes* deep
But that I see, th' ast not forgot to sleep.

Sleep without end, which juſtifies the *Theme*
That thus informs, *Mans life is but a Dream.*
Juſt ſuch is thine; and ſince 'tis ſo profound,
'Tis well if thou wak'ſt at the Trumpets ſound.

The Token.

I.

WEll, cruel *Miſtreſs*, though you'r too unkind,
Since thus my baniſhment's by you deſign'd,
I go, but with you leave my heart behind.

II.

A truer heart, I'me ſure you never wore,
'Tis the beſt Treaſure of the blind *God's* ſtore,
And, truly, you can juſtly ask no more.

III.

Then blame me not, if curious to know,
I ask, on what fair Limb you will beſtow
The Token, that my zeal preſents you now?

IV.

I ſhall expect ſo great an intereſt
For ſuch a *Gift*, as t'have that *Gemm* poſſeſt,
Not of your *Cabinet*, but of your *Breaſt*.

V.

There fixt, 'twill glory in its bleſt remove,
And flaming by degrees a *Vigil* prove,
Icy Diſdain to thaw, nay, kindle love.

Song. Montroſs.

I.

ASk not, why ſorrow ſhades my brow;
Nor why my ſprightly looks decay?
Alas! what need I Beauty now,
Since he, that lov'd it, dy'd to day.

II.

Can ye have Ears, and yet not know,
Mirtillo, brave *Mirtillo's* ſlain?
Can ye have Eyes, and they not flow,
Or Hearts, that do not ſhare my pain?

III.

III.

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my Breaſt, ſuch Wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me ſo
That the whole *World* appears my grave.

IV.

But I'le go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold Arms of *Death*:
And under yon ſad *Cypreſs-tree*,
I'le mourn, I'le mourn away my Breath.

SONG.

I.

PRe'thee, why ſo angry, Sweet?
'Tis in vain,
To diſſemble a Diſdain,
That Frown i' th' infancy I'le meet,
And kiſs it to a Smile again.

II.

II.

In that pretty Anger is
Such a grace,
As Loves fancy would embrace,
As to new Crimes may *Youth* entice,
So that Diſguiſe becomes that *Face*.

III.

When thy roſie Cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could ſin with a pretence:
Through that ſweet chiding Bluſh there breaks,
So fair, ſo bright an Innocence.

IV.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My deſire,
And inflame me to admire
That Eyes, dreſt in an angry ſhape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

A Journey into the Peak.

To Sir Aſton Cockain.

SIR, Coming home into this *Frozen Clime*,
Grown cold, and almoſt ſenceleſs, as my Rhyme,
I found that *Winters* bold impetuous rage
Prevented *Time*, and antidated *Age*,
For in my Veins, did nought but Cryſtal dwell,
Each Hair was frozen to an Icicle.
My fleſh was Marble, ſo, that as I went,
I did appear a walking *Monument*:
'T might have been judg'd, rather than Marble, Flint,
Had there been any ſpark of fire in't.
My Miſtreſs looking back, to bid *good Night*,
Was Metamorphos'd like the *Sodomite*.

Like *Sinon's* horſe, our horſes were become,
And ſince they could not go, they ſlided home;
The hills were hard, to ſuch a quality,
So beyond *Reaſon* in *Philoſophie*,

If

If *Pegasus* had kick'd at one of those,
Homer's Odysses had been writ in Prose.

These are strange stories, Sir, to you, who sweat
Under the warm *Sun's* comfortable heat;
Whose happy Seat of *Pooley* far out-vies
The fabled Pleasures of blest *Paradise*:
Whose *Canaan* fills your House with Wine and Oyl,
Till't crack with burdens of a fruitful Soil:
Which House, if it were plac'd above the *Sphere*,
Would be a Palace fit for *Jupiter*.

The humble Chappel, for *Religious Rites*,
The inner Rooms, for honest, free delights;
And *Providence*, that these miscarry loth,
Has plac'd the *Tower* a Centinel to both:
So that there's nothing wanting to improve
Either your *Piety*, or *Peace*, or *Love*.

Without, you have the pleasure of the Woods,
Fair Plains, rich Meadows, and transparent Floods;

With

With all that's good and excellent, beſide
The tempting Apples by *Euphrates* ſide;
But that which does above all theſe aſpire,
Is *Delphos* brought from *Greece* to *Warwick-ſhire.*

But oh, ungodly *Hodge*! that valued not
That ſaving juice o'th' œnigmatick pot.
Whoſe charming vertue made me to forget
T'enquire of *Fate*; elſe I had ſtaid there yet,
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on
The cutting Air of this our *Frozen Zone.*

But once again, dear Sir, I mean to come,
And thankful be, as well as troubleſom.

New Priſon.

YOU *Squires* o'th' ſhade, that love to tread
In gloomy Night, when *Day*'s in bed;
That court the *Moon*, ſuppoſing ſhe
Likes ſuch a watchful Induſtry:

Read

Read here a Story, it will make
Your Eye-lids droop, when ſhe's awake.
'Tis not the horrid noiſe of Wars,
Conſequent Chances, Wounds and Scars,
The dangers of the foaming Deep,
Nor all the *Bug-bear Fates*, that keep
Fond Men in awe, *Hobgoblins*, *Sprites*,
Dire Dreams in dark and tedious Nights,
A troubled Conſcience, nor the ſence
Of man's deſpairing Diffidence,
That can preſent ſo ſad a face
Of black Affliction, as this place.

The ſneaking *Raſcals*, lowſie *Whores*,
The creaking of the diſmal Doors,
That ſtink of ſtinks that fumes within,
(Symptoms of *Beaſts* that dwell therein)
So rot the Air, *Cameleons* cou'd
Not live unpoyſon'd with ſuch Food;
There's reaſon for't, no Mortal can
Step from the Excrement of Man;

And

And that which ſhould howe're be ſweet,
Is like the reſt; I mean, their meat;
The Locuſts of the wilderneſs
Are Sweet-meats to their Naſty Meſs.
I could ſay more; the Place provokes me,
But that the vile *Tobacco* choaks me.

Her Name.

I.

TO write your Name upon the Glaſs,
Is that the greateſt you'l impart
Of your Commands? when, *Dear*, alas!
'Twas long ſince graven in my Heart?
But you foreſee my Heart muſt break, and ſure
Think't in that brittle Quarry more ſecure.

II.

My Breaſt impregnable is found,
Which nothing, but thy Beauty, wracks,
Than this frail Metal far more ſound,
That every Storm and Tempeſt cracks.

And,

And, if you add Faith to my Vows and Tears,
More firm, and more tranſparent it appears.

III.

Yet, I obey you, when, behold!
I tremble at the forced fact,
My hand too ſawcy and too bold,
Timorouſly ſhivers at the act;
And 'twixt the wounded glaſs, and th' harder ſtone,
I hear a murmuring Emulation.

IV.

'Tis done; to which let all hearts bow,
And to the *Tablet* ſacrifice;
Incenſe of loyal Sighs allow,
And Tears from wonder-ſtrucken Eyes;
Which, ſhould the *Schiſmaticks* of *Sion* ſee,
Perchance they'd break it for Idolatry.

V.

But, curſed be that awkward hand
Dares raze the glory from this frame,
That, notwithſtanding thy Command,
Tears from this glaſs thy ador'd Name;
Whoe're he be, unleſs he do repent,
He's damn'd for breaking thy *Commandement*.

VI.

Yet, what thy dear will here has plac't,
Such is its unaſſured ſtate,
Muſt once, my *Sweeteſt*, be defac't,
Or by the ſtroke of *Time*, or *Fate*;
It muſt at laſt, howe're, diſſolve, and die,
With all the *World*, and ſo muſt thou, and I.

Epitaph

On Mr. Robert Port.

HEre lies he, whom the *Tyrants* rage,
Snatch't in a venerable Age;
And here, with him, intomb'd do lie
Honour, and *Hospitality*.

SONG.

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I.

BRing back my Comfort, and return,
For well thou know'st that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.
Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequestred joyes I had before.

II.

II.

Abſence, in moſt, that quenches Love,
And cools the warm deſire,
The ardour of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aſpire;
This *Opinion* therefore I deny,
And term it, though a *Tyranny*,
The Nurce to *Faith*, and *Truth*, and *Conſtancy*.

III.

Yet *Dear*, I do not urge thy ſtay,
That were to prove unjuſt
To my deſires; nor Court delay:
But ah! thy ſpeed I muſt;
Then bring me back the ſtol'n Delight
Snatch't from me in thy ſpeedy flight,
Deſtroy my tedious *Day*, my longing *Night*.

Sir William Davenant

To Mr. Cotton.

I.

UNlucky fire, which though from Heaven deriv'd
Is brought too late, like Cordials to the Dead
When all are of their Sovereign Sence depriv'd,
And Honour, which my rage should warm, is fled.

II.

Dead to Heroick Song this Isle appears,
The Antient Musick of victorious Verse,
They taste no more than he his Dirges hears,
Whose useless Mourners sing about his Herse.

III.

Yet shall this sacred Lamp in Prison burn,
And through the darksome Ages hence invade
The wondering World, like that in *Tully*'s Urn,
Which, though by Time conceal'd, was not decay'

I

IV.

nd *Charles*, in that more civil Century,
hen this ſhall wholly fill the voice of Fame,
he buſie Antiquaries then will try
o find amongſt their Monarchs coin, thy Name.

V.

ich they will bleſs thy Virtue, by whoſe fire
ll keep my Laurel warm, which elſe would fade,
nd, thus inclos'd, think me of Natures Quire,
hich ſtill ſings ſweeteſt in the ſhade.

VI.

o Fame, who rules the World, I lead thee now,
hoſe ſolid Power the thoughtful underſtand,
hom, though too late, weak Princes to her bow,
he People ſerve, and Poets can command.

VII.

nd Fame, the only Judge of Empire paſt,
ell to *Verona* lead thy Fancies Eyes,
here Night ſo black a Robe on Nature caſt,
Nature ſeem'd affraid of her diſguiſe.

To Sir William Davenant.

In Answer to the Seventh Canto, of the Third Book of his *Gondibert*, directed to my Father.

Written by Sir William, *when Prisoner in the* Tower. 1652.

I.

OH happy *Fire!* whose heat can thus controul
The rust of *Age*, and thaw the frost of *Death*,
That renders *Man* immortal, as his *Soul*,
And swells his *Fame* with everlasting *Breath*.

II.

Happie's that Hand, that unto *Honours Clime*
Can lift the *Subject* of his living praise,
That rescues *Frailty* from the Sythe of *Time*,
And equals glory to the length of days.

III.

Such, *Sir*, is yours, that, uncontroul'd as *Fate*,
In the black bosom of o're-shading Night,
Can *Sons* of immortality create,
To dazle *Envy* with prevailing Light.

IV.

In vain they strive your glorious *Lamp* to hide
In that dark Lanthorn to all noble minds,
Which, through the smallest cranny is descry'd,
Whose force united no resistance finds.

V.

Blest is my *Father*, that has found his Name
Amongst the *Heroes*, by your Pen reviv'd,
By running in *Time's* wheel his thriving *Fame*,
Shall still more youthful grow, & longer liv'd.

VI.

Had *Alexander's* Trophies thus been rear'd,
And in the circle of your *Story* come,
The spacious *Orb*, full well he might have spar'd,
And reap't his distant Victories at home.

VII.

Let Men of greater *Wealth* than *Merit* caſt
Medals of *Gold* for their ſucceeding part;
That paper-Monument ſhall longer laſt,
Than all the rubbiſh of decaying *Art*.

To my Friend Mr. John Anderſon.

From the Countrey.

I.

YOU that the *City*-Life embrace,
And in thoſe Tumults run your race,
Under the th'aſpect of the Celeſtial face
Of your bright *Lady*:
You, that to *Masks*, and *Plays* reſort,
As if you would rebuild the *Court*,
We here can match you with our *Countrey*-ſport,
As neer as may be.

II.

II.

For, though 'tis good to be ſo nigh
Rich wine, and excellent Company:
Yet, *John*, thoſe Pleaſures you full dear do buy
Some times, and ſeaſons.
For you but *Tributaries* are,
Aw'd by the furious men of War:
We *Countrey-Bumkins* then are happier far
For many reaſons.

III.

Firſt, we have here no bawling *Duns*,
Nor thoſe fierce things ycleped *Bums*,
No *Cuckold-Conſtable*, or *Watch* here comes
To apprehend us.
And then we've no unwholſome *Dames*
To broil us in their bawdy flames,
Nor need enquire after *Phyſicians* names,
That may befriend us.

IV.

IV.

And next, we have excelling *Ale*,
Moſt high, and mighty, ſtrong, and ſtale:
And, when we go, we need no other *Bail*
Than our own word, *Sir*,
When you all Day are fain to ſit,
Send Paper-pellets of ſmall wit,
Your Tickets; and, when none of them will hit,
Pawn Cloak, or Sword, *Sir*,

V.

Then we out-do your *Beauties*, that
You Entertain with Coſt, and Chat,
That make you ſpend your precious *Time* and *Fat*,
And yet are ſtedfaſt:
We here have homely willing *Winn*,
With buckſome *Beſs*, and granting *Jinn*,
All full and plump without, and warm within,
That crackt the Bed faſt.

VI.

And then, for Mirth, we have much more
Than you, for all your various ſtore,
For we prefer *Bag pipes*, ſo loud, before
Lute, or *Cremona*,

We caper with *Tom Thump*, i'th' *Hall*,
Meaſures beyond *Corant*, or *Brawl*;
And when we want a match for *Ciceley*, call
A roba bona.

VII.

We have too errant *Knights* ſo ſtout,
As honeſt *Hobinol* and *Clout*,
With many an other ſtiff and ſturdy Lout,
That play at waſters,
Shooe the wild Mare, and lick the board,
That for ſtiff Tuck, or cutting Sword,
For Man, or Woman, care not of a *Turd*,
But their own *Maſters.*

VIII.

Thus every of our petty toys
Outvies your greateſt dear bought joys:
Then to thy freedom from the *City*-noiſe,
I'll drink a *Beer-jack*:
And now the *Spring* comes on apace,
Sweet flowers crown the *Earth's* green face
Nor can I doubt, but thou wilt have the grace
To wiſh thee here, *Jack*.

Les Amours.

I.

SHe, that I purſue, ſtill flies me;
Her, that follows me, I fly;
She, that I ſtill court, denies me:
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one Web we're ſubtly wove,
And yet we mutiny in love.

II.

II.

She, that can ſave me, muſt not do it,
She, that cannot, fain would do:
Her love is bound, yet I ſtill woe it:
Hers by love is bound in woe.
Yet, how can I of *Love* complain,
Since I have love for love again.

III.

This is thy work, imperious *Child*,
Thine's this *Labyrinth* of love,
That thus haſt our deſires beguil'd,
Nor ſee'ſt how thine arrows rove.
Then pre'thee, to compoſe this ſtir,
Make *Her* love me, or me love *Her*.

IV.

But, if irrevocable are
Thoſe keen ſhafts, that wound us ſo;
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
That thou once more take thy *Bow*;
Wound *Her* hard heart, and by my troth,
I'll be content to take them both.

Elegy.

ELEGY.

HOw was I bleſt when I was free
From Mercy, and from Cruelty;
When I could write of *Love* at eaſe,
And gheſs at *Paſſions* in my peace;
When I could ſleep, and in my Breaſt
No love-ſick Thoughts diſturb'd my reſt:
When in my brain of her ſweet face
No Torturing *Idea* was,
Not *Planet-ſtruck* with her Eyes Light,
But bleſt with Thoughts as calm as Night!
Now I could ſit and gaze to Death;
And vaniſh with each ſigh, I Breath:
Or elſe in her victorious Eye
Diſſolve to tears, diſſolving dye,
Nor is my Life more pleaſant than
The Minutes of condemned Men,
Toſt by ſtrange Fancies, wrack't by Fears,
Sunk by Deſpair, and drown'd in Tears,

And

And dead to Hope; for, what bold *He*
Dares hope for ſuch a Bliſs as ſhe?
And yet I am in love; ah! who
That ever ſaw her, was not ſo?
What *Tigers* unrelenting Seed,
Can ſee ſuch Beauties, and not bleed?
Her eyes two ſparks of Heavenly fire,
To kindle, and to charm deſire,
Her Cheeks *Aurora*'s bluſh, her Skin
So delicately ſmooth, and thin,
That you my ſee each azure Vein,
Her Boſoms Snowy whiteneſs ſtain:
But with ſo rich a Tincture, as
China'bove baſer metals has,
She's crown'd with unreſiſted Light
Of blooming Youth, and vigorous Spr'ite,
Careleſs charms, unſtudied ſweetneſs,
Innate vertue, humble greatneſs,
And modeſt freedom, with each grace
Of *Body*, and of *Mind*, and *Face*,

So pure, that Men, nor *Gods* can find
Throughout that Body, or that Mind
A fault, but this, to diſapprove,
She cannot, or ſhe will not love.

Ah! then, ſome *God* poſſeſs her heart
With mine unceſſant vows, and ſmart,
Grant but one hour that ſhe may be
In love, and then ſhe'll pitty me.
Is it not pitty ſuch a gheſt,
As Cruelty, ſhould arm that Breaſt
Againſt a love aſſaults it ſo?
Can Heavenly minds ſuch rigour know?
Then make her know, her Beauties muſt
Decay, and molter into Duſt:
That each ſwift *Atome* of her glaſs,
Runs to the ruin of her face;
That thoſe fair bloſſoms of her Youth,
Are not ſo laſting as my truth,
My laſting firm Integrity:
Tell her all this, and, if there be

A *Leſſon* to preſent her Sence
Of more perſwading Eloquence,
Teach her that too, for all will prove
Too little to provoke her Love.
Thus dying people uſe to rave,
And I am grown my *Paſſions* ſlave;
For fall I muſt, my lot's Deſpair,
Since I'm ſo worthleſs, ſhe ſo fair.

Ὁ πλόκαμος ὑπερεφνίκειος.

Her Hair.

ODE.

I.

WElcome, bleſt Symptom of Conſent,
More welcome far,
Than if a *Star*,
In ſtead of this bright Hair,
Should beautifie mine Ear,
And light me to my baniſhment,

II.

Methinks I'm now all ſacred fire,
And wholly grown
Devotion:
Senſual Love's in chains,
And all my boiling Veins
Are blown with ſanctifi'd deſire.

III.

Sure ſhe is *Heaven* it ſelf, and I,
In fervent zeal,
This lock did ſteal,
And each Life-giving Thread,
Snatch't from her beamy Head,
As once *Prometheus* from the Sky.

IV.

No: 'tis a nobler Treaſure: *She*
(Won to believe)
Was pleas'd to give
Theſe rays unto my care:
The *Sphears* have none ſo fair,
Nor yet ſo bleſt a *Deitie*.

V.

et knows ſhe not what ſhe has done,
She'll hear my Prayers,
And ſee my Tears;
She's now a *Nazarite*
Rob'd of her vigorous Light,
or her reſiſting Strength is gone.

VI.

now could glory in my Power,
And in pretence
Of my ſuſpence,
Revenge, by kiſſing thoſe
Twins, that *Natures* pride diſcloſe,
y Languiſhing and tedious hours.

VII.

et I'll not triumph: but, ſince ſhe
Will that I go
Thus wrapt in woe,

I'll tempt my prouder Fate
T'improve my Eſtimate,
And juſtle with my *Deſtiny*.

VIII.

As well I may, thus being ſure,
Whether on *Land*
I firmly ſtand;
Or Fortunes footſteps trace,
Or *Neptunes* foamy face,
Miſchance to conquer; or endure.

IX.

If, on a ſwelling Wave I ride,
When *Eolus*
His winds lets looſe,
Thoſe winds ſhall ſilently,
And moiſt *Orion* dry,
By virtue of this charming guide.

X.

Or, if I hazard in a Field,
Where *Danger* is
The ſole *Miſtreſs*,
Where *Death*, in all his ſhapes,
Commits his horrid rapes,
And he, that but now ſlew, is kill'd;

XI.

Then in my daring Creſt I'll place
This plume of light
T'amaze the ſight
O'th' fierceſt *Sons* of *Mars*,
That rage in bloody Wars;
And make them fly my Conquering face.

XII.

Thus in her favour I am bleſt;
And, if by theſe
Few of her rays

I am exalted ſo,
What will my Paſſions do
When I have purchas'd all the reſt?

XIII.

They muſt continue in the ſame
Vigour, and force,
Better, nor worſe:
I lov'd ſo well before,
I cannot love her more,
Nor can I mitigate my Flame.

XIV.

In Love then perſevere I will
Till my hairs grow
As white as Snow:
And, when in my warm Veins
Nought but trembling cold remains
My youthful love ſhall flouriſh ſtill.

Song

SONG.

I.

JOIN once again, my *Celia*, join
Thy roſie Lips to theſe of mine,
Which, though they be not ſuch,
Are full as ſenſible of bliſs,
That is, as ſoon can taſt a kiſs,
As thine of ſofter touch.

II.

Each kiſs of thine creates deſire,
Thy odorous Breath inflames *Loves* fire,
And wakes the ſleeping coal:
Such a kiſs to be I find
The Converſation of the Mind,
And whiſper of the *Soul.*

III.

Thanks, *Sweeteſt*, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this laſt kiſs I'm undone;

Thou breatheſt ſilent Darts,
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous ſtratagem in Love,
And thou wilt blow up Hearts.

The Surprize.

I.

ON a clear River's flow'ry ſide,
When *Earth* was in her gawdy pride,
Defended by the friendly ſhade
A woven *Grove's* dark entrails made,
Where the cold clay, with flowers ſtrew'd,
Made up a pleaſing ſolitude;
'Twas there I did my glorious *Nymph* ſurprize,
There ſtole my paſſion from her killing Eyes.

II.

The happy *Object* of her Eye
Was *Sidney's* living *Arcady*;

Whoſe

Whoſe amorous tale had ſo betrai'd
Deſire in this all-lovely *Maid*;
That, whilſt her Cheek a bluſh did warm,
I read *Loves* ſtory in her form:
And of the *Siſters* the united grace,
Pamela's vigour in *Philoclea*'s Face.

III.

As on the brink this *Nymph* did ſit,
(Ah! who can ſuch a *Nymph* forget?)
The floods ſtraight diſpoſſeſt their foam,
Proud ſo her mirrour to become;
And ran into a twirling *Maze*,
On her by that delay to gaze;
And, as they paſt, by ſtreams ſucceeding force,
In loſing her, murmur'd t'obey their courſe,

IV.

She read not long, but clos'd the Book,
And up her ſilent Lute ſhe took,
Perchance to charm each wanton thought,
Youth, or her reading had begot.

The

The hollow Carcaſs eccho'd ſuch
Airs, as had birth from *Orpheus* touch,
And every ſnowy finger, as ſhe plai'd,
Danc't to the Muſick that themſelves had made.

V.

At laſt ſhe ceas'd: her odorous Bed
With her enticing Limbs ſhe ſpread,
With Limbs ſo excellent, I could
No more reſiſt my factious blood:
But there, ah! there, I caught the *Dame*,
And boldly urg'd to her my flame:
I kiſs'd: when her ripe Lips at every touch
Swell'd up to meet, what ſhe would ſhun ſo much.

VI.

I kiſs'd, and plai'd in her bright Eyes,
Diſcours'd, as is the Lovers guiſe,
Call'd her the *Authreſs* of my woe:
The *Nymph* was kind, but would not do,
Faith, ſhe was kind, which made me bold,
Grow hot, as her denials cold.

But,

But, ah! at laſt I parted wounded more
With her ſoft pitty, than her Eyes before.

The Viſit.

I.

DArk was the ſilent ſhade, that hid
The fair *Caſtanna* from my ſight:
The *Night* was black (as it had need,)
That could obſcure ſo great a light.
Under the concave of each Lid
A flaming ball of beauty bright,
Wrapt in a charming ſlumber lay,
That elſe would captivate the *Day*.

II.

(Led by a paſſionate deſire,)
I boldly did attempt the way;
And though my dull Eyes wanted fire,

My

My seeing Soul knew where she lay,
Thus, whilst I blindly did aspire,
Fear to displease her made me stay,
A doubt too weak for mine intent,
I knew she would forgive, and went.

III.

Near to her *Maiden-Bed* I drew,
Blest in so rare a chance as this;
When by her odorous Breath I knew
I did approach my *Love*, my *Bliss*:
Then did I eagerly pursue
My hopes, and found, and stole a kiss:
Such as perhaps *Pygmalion* took,
When cold his Ivory Love forsook.

IV.

Soft was the sleep sate on her Eyes,
As softest down, or whitest Snow;
So gentle rest upon them lies,
Happy to charm those Beauties so;

For

For which a thouſand thouſand dies,
Or living, live in reſtleſs Woe;
For all that ſee her killing Eye,
With Love, or Admiration dye.

V.

Chaſt were the Thoughts that had the power
To make me hazard this Offence;
I mark'd the ſleeps of this fair *Flower*,
And found them full of Innocence;
Wond'ring that hers, who ſlew each hour,
Should have ſo undiſturb'd a Sence;
But, ah! theſe Murders of Mankind
Fly from her Beauty, not her Mind.

VI.

Thus, while ſhe ſweetly ſlept, ſate I
Contemplating the lovely *Maid*,
Of every Tear, and every Sigh
That ſallied from my Breaſt, afraid.
And now the *Morning-ſtar* drew nigh,
When, fearing thus to be betray'd,
I ſoftly from my *Nymph* did move
Wounded with everlaſting Love.

De

De Lupo.

Epigram.

WHen *Lupus* has wrought hard all day,
And the declining *Sun*,
By ſtooping to embrace the *Sea*,
Tells him the *Day*'s nigh done;
Then to his young Wife home he hies
With his ſore labour ſped,
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray, *Husband*, come to bed.
Thanks, Wife, quoth he, but I were bleſt,
Would'ſt thou once call me to my reſt.

On Upſtart.

UPſtart laſt *Term* went up to *Town*,
There purchas'd *Arms* and brought them down,
With *Welborne*'s then he his compares,
And with a horrid loudneſs ſwears

That

That his are beſt; for look, quoth he,
How glorioufly mine gilded be;
Thine's but a Thred-bare *Coat*, he cry'd,
Compar'd to this, who then reply'd:
If my *Coat* be Thread-bare, or rent, or torn,
There's cauſe; than thine it has been longer worn.

Epitaph

On Mrs. Mary Draper.

I.

READER, if thou caſt thine Eye
On this weeping Stone below:
Know, that under it doth lye
One, that never Man did know.

II.

Yet of all Men full well known
By thoſe beauties of her Breaſt:
For, of all ſhe wanted none,
When *Death* call'd her to her reſt.

III.

III.

Then, the *Ladies*, if they would
Dye like her, kind *Reader* tell,
They muſt ſtrive to be as good
Alive, or 'tis impoſſible.

Cælia's *Fall.*

1.

CÆLIA, my faireſt *Cælia*, fell,
Cælia, than the faireſt, fairer,
Cælia, (with none I muſt compare her)
That all alone is all in all,
Of what we fair, and modeſt call,
Cælia, white as Alabaſter,
Cælia, than *Diana* chaſter,
This fair, fair *Cælia*, greif to tell,
This fair, this modeſt, chaſt one fell.

II.

My *Cælia*, ſweeteſt *Cælia*, fell,
As I have ſeen a Snow-white *Dove*
Decline her Boſom from above,
And down her ſpotleſs body fling
Without the motion of the wing,
Till ſhe arreſt her ſeeming fall
Upon ſome happy *Pedeſtal*:
o ſoft this ſweet, I love ſo well,
his ſweet, this Dove-like *Cælia*, fell.

III.

lia, my deareſt *Cælia* fell,
As I have ſeen a melting *Star*
Drop down its fire from its *Sphear*,
Reſcuing ſo its glorious ſight
From that paler ſnuff of light:
Yet is a Star bright and entire,
As when 'twas wrap't in all that fire:
bright this dear, I love ſo well,
is dear, this Star-like *Cælia* fell.

My

IV.

And yet my *Cælia* did not fall
As groſſer Earthly *Mortals* do,
But ſtoop't, like *Phœbus*, to renew
Her luſtre by her *Morning* riſe,
And dart new Beauties in the *Skies*.
Like a white *Dove*, ſhe took her flight,
And, like a *Star*, ſhe ſhot her Light;
This *Dove*, this *Star*, ſo lov'd of all,
My *Fair*, *Dear*, *Sweeteſt*, did not fall.

V.

But, if you'll ſay my *Cælia* fell,
Of this I'm ſure, that, like the Dart
Of *Love* it was, and on my Heart;
Poor Heart alas! wounded before,
She needed not have hurt it more:
So abſolute a Conqueſt ſhe
Had gain'd before of it, and me,
That neither of us have been well
Before, or ſince my *Cælia* fell.

Eclogue.

Damon. C. C. *Thyrſis.* R. R.

Dam. THyrſis, whilſt our Flocks did bite
The ſmiling Salads in our ſight,
Thou then wer't wont to ſing thy ſtate
In Love, and *Chloe* celebrate;
But where are now the *Love-ſick* laies
Whilom ſo ſung in *Chloe*'s praiſe?

Thyr. Las! who can ſing? ſince our *Pan* dy'd
Each *Shepherd*'s pipe is laid aſide:
Our flocks they feed on parched ground,
Shelter, nor Water's for them found:
And all our ſports are caſt away,
Save when thou ſing'ſt thy *Cælia.*

Dam. *Cælia*, I do confeſs alone
My object is of Paſſion,
My *Star*, my bright Magnetick *Pole*,
And only *Guidreſs* of my Soul.

Thyr. Let *Cælia* be thy *Cynoſure*,
Chloe's my *Pole* too, though th' obſcure:
For, though her ſelf's all glorious,
My Earth 'twixt us does interpoſe.

Dam. Obſcure indeed, ſince ſhe's but one
To mine a *Conſtellation*:
Her Lights throughout ſo glorious are,
That every part's a perfect *Star*.

Thyr. Then *Cælia*'s Perfections
Are ſcatter'd: *Chloe*'s, like the *Suns*
United Light, compacted lye,
Whence all that feel their force, muſt dye.

Dam. *Cælia*'s Beauties are too bright
To be contracted in one Light;
Nor does my fair, her Rays diſpence
With ſuch a ſtabbing Influence,
Since 'tis her leſs imperious Will
To ſave her Lovers, and not kill.

Thyr.

Thyr. Each beam of her united Light
Is, than the greateſt *Star* more bright;
And, if ſhe ſtay, it is from hence,
She darts too ſweet an Influence,
We Surfeit with't: weak Eyes muſt ſhun
The dazling Glories of the *Sun*.
Perhaps, if *Cælia* do not kill,
'Tis want of Power, not of Will.

Dam. I now perceive, thy *Chloe*'s Eyes
To be no Stars, but *Prodigies*:
Comets, ſuch as blazing ſtand
To threaten ruin to a *Land*:
Beacons of ſulph'rous Flame they are,
Symptoms not of Peace, but War,
And thou I gueſs, by ſinging thus,
Thence ſtoll'ſt thine *Ignis fatuus*.

Thyr. As th' vulgar are amaz'd at th' *Sun*,
When tripled by reflection;
Chloe's ſelf, and glorious Eyes
To thee ſeem *Comets* in the Skies.

And true, they may portend ſome Wars
Such as 'twixt *Venus*, and her *Mars*,
But chaſt: whoſe captivating Bands
Would People, and not ruin Lands.
With ſuch a *Going fire* I'll ſtray,
For who with it can loſe his way?

Dam. The *Vulgar* may perhaps be won
By thee to think her *Sun*, and *Moon*,
And ſo would I, but that my more
Convincing *Cælia* I adore.
Would we had both, that *Chloe* thine,
And my dear *Cælia* might be mine.
But if we ſhould thus mix with Ray,
In *Heav'n* would be no Night, but Day;
For we ſhould People all the Skies
With *Plannet-Girls*, and *Starry-Boyes*,
Chloe's a going-fire, we ſee,
Pray *Pan*, ſhe do not go from thee.

Thyr. Thanks, *Damon*, but ſhe does, I fear,
The *Shadows* now ſo long appear:
Yet, if ſhe do, we'll both find *Day*
Th' *Sun-ſhine* of thy *Cælia*.

Her Sigh.

I.

SHE ſighs, and has blown over now
The ſtorms that threat'ned in her brow:
The *Heaven*'s now ſerene and clear,
And baſhful bluſhes do appear,
Th' *Errour* ſh'has found
That did me wound,
Thus with her od'rous *Sigh* my hopes are crown'd.

II.

Now ſhe relents, for now I hear
Repentance whiſper in my Ear,

Happy repentance! that begets
By this ſweet Airy motion heats,
And does deſtroy
Her *Hereſie*,
That my *Faith* branded with *Inconſtancy*.

III.

When *Thisbe*'s *Pyramus* was ſlain,
This ſigh had fetcht him back again,
And ſuch a ſigh from *Dido*'s Cheſt
Wafted the *Trojan* to her Breaſt.
Each of her ſighs
My Love does prize
Reward, for thouſand, thouſand Cruelties.

IV.

Sigh on, my *Sweet*, and by thy Breath,
Immortal grown, I'll laugh at *Death*.
Had Fame ſo ſweet a one, we ſhou'd
In that regard learn to be good:
Sigh on, my *Fair*,
Henceforth, I ſwear,
I could *Cameleon* turn, and live by Air

On the Lamented Death
Of my Dear Uncle,
Mr. Radcliff Stanhope.

SUch is th' unſteddy ſtate of humane things,
And *Death* ſo certain, that their period brings,
So frail is *Youth*, and ſtrength, ſo ſure this ſleep,
That much we cannot wonder, though we weep.
Yet, ſince 'tis ſo, it will not misbecom,
Either perhaps our Sorrows, or his Tomb
To breath a Sigh, and drop a mourning Tear
Upon the cold face of his *Sepulcher*,
Well did his life deſerve it, if to be
A great *Example* of *Integrity*,
Honour, and *Truth*, *Fidelity*, and *Love*,
In ſuch perfection, as if each had ſtrove
T'out-do *Poſterity*, may deſerve our care,
Or to his Funeral command a Tear,
Faithful he was, and juſt, and ſweetly good
To whom ally'd in Virtue, or in Blood:

His Breaſt (from other converſation chaſt)
Above the reach of giddy *Vice* was plac't:
Then, had not *Death* (that crops in's Savage ſpeed
The faireſt flower with the rankeſt weed)
Thus made a beaſtly Conqueſt of his *Prime*,
And cut him off before grown ripe for Time,
How bright an *Evening* muſt this *Morn* purſue,
Is to his Life a Contemplation due.

Proud *Death*, t'arreſt his thriving *Virtue* thus!
Unhappy *Fate*! not to himſelf, but us,
That ſo have loſt him; for, no doubt, but he
Was fit for *Heav'n*, as years could make him be;
Age does but muſter Sin, and heap up woes
Againſt the laſt, and general *Rendezvous*;
Whereas he dy'd full of obedient Truth,
Wrap't in his ſpotleſs *Innocence* of Youth.

Farewell, *Dear Uncle*, may thy hop'd for Bliſs
To thee be real, as my Sorrow is;
May they be nam'd together, ſince I do
Nothing more perfect than my ſorrow know;
And, if thy *Soul* into mens minds have Eyes,
It knows I truly weep theſe *Obſequies*.

On

On the Lord Derby.

TO what a formidable greatneſs grown
Is this prodigious Beaſt *Rebellion*,
When *Sovereignty*, and its ſo ſacred *Law*,
Thus lies ſubjected to his *Tyrant* awe!
And to what daring impudence he grows,
When, not content to trample upon thoſe,
He ſtill deſtroys all that with honeſt flames
Of loyal Love would propagate their *Names*!
In this great ruin, *Derby*, lay thy *Fate*,
(*Derby*, unfortunately fortunate)
Unhappy thus to fall a *Sacrifice*
To ſuch an Irreligious Power as this;
And bleſt, as 'twas thy nobler ſence to dye
A conſtant Lover of thy *Loyalty*.
Nor is it thy Calamity alone,
Since more lye whelm'd in this Subverſion:
And firſt, the juſteſt, and the beſt of *Kings*,
Roab'd in the glory of his Sufferings,

By

By his too violent Fate inform'd us all,
What tragick ends attended his great fall,
Since when his *Subjects*, ſome by chance of War,
Some by perverted juſtice at the Bar
Have periſh't: thus, what th' other leaves, this takes,
And whoſo ſcapes the *Sword*, falls by the *Axe*:
Amongſt which throng of *Martyrs* none could boaſt
Of more fidelity, than the world has loſt
In loſing thee, when (in contempt of ſpite)
Thy ſteddy faith at th' exit crown'd with Light,
His Head above their malice did advance,
They could not murder thy *Allegiance*,
Not when before thoſe *Judges* brought to th' teſt,
Who, in the ſymptomes of thy ruin dreſt,
Pronounc't thy *Sentence*. *Baſilisks*! whoſe Breath
Is killing Poyſon, and whoſe Looks are Death.

Then how unſafe a *Guard* Man's virtue is,
In this falſe *Age*, (when ſuch as do amiſs
Controul the honeſt ſort, and make a prey
Of all that are not villanous as they)
Does to our *Reaſons* Eyes too plain appear
In the miſchance of this *Illuſtrious Peer*.

Blood-

Blood-thirſty Tyrants of uſurped *State*!
In facts of *Death* prompt, and inſatiate!
That in your Flinty Boſoms have no ſence
Of Manly *Honour*, or of *Conſcience*,
But do, ſince *Monarchy* lay drown'd in Blood,
Proclaim't by *Act*, high Treaſon to be good;
Ceaſe yet at laſt for ſhame: let *Derby*'s fall,
Great, and good *Derby*'s, expiate for all,
But if you will place your Eternity
In miſcheif, and that all good Men muſt dye,
When you have finiſh't there, fall on the reſt,
Mix your ſham'd ſlaughters with the worſt, and beſt;
And, to perpetuate your murthering Fame,
Cut your own Throats, deſpair, and dye, and damn.

Ainſi ſoit il.

On

On Marriot.

Tempus edax rerum.

THanks for this reſcue *Time*; for thou haſt won
In this more glory than the *States* have done
In all their *Conqueſts*; they have conquer'd *Men*,
But thou haſt conquer'd that would conquer them,
Famine; and in this *Parricide* haſt ſhown
A greater courage than their *Acts* dare own;
Thou'ſt ſlain thy eating *Brother*, 'tis a *Fame*
Greater than all paſt *Heroes* e're could claim:
Nor do I think thou could'ſt have conquer'd him
By force, it ſurely was by *Stratagem*.
There was a Dearth when he gave up the *Ghoſt*:
For, (on my life) his Stomack he ne're loſt,
That never fail'd him, and without all doubt
Had he been victual'd he had ſtill held out:
Howe're, it happen'd for the *Nation* well,
All fear of *Famine* now's impoſſible,

Since

Since we have ſcap't his reign; Bleſt were my Rhymes,
Could they but prove, that for the peoples Crimes
He an atonement fell; for in him dy'd
More *Bulls*, and *Rams*, than in all times beſide,
Though we the numbers of them all ingroſt,
Offer'd with antique *Piety*, and *Coſt*:
And 't might have well become the *Peoples* care
To have embowel'd him, if ſuch there were,
Who, in reſpect of their *Fore-fathers* peace,
Would have attempted ſuch a task as this,
For 'tis diſcreetly doubted he'll go hard
To eat up all his fellows i'th' *Church-yard*:
Then, as from ſeveral parts each mangled Limb
Meet at the laſt, they all will riſe in him;
And he (as once a *Pleader*) may ariſe
A general *Advocate* at the laſt *Aſſize*.

I wonder, *Death* durſt venture on this prize,
His jaws more greedy were, and wide than his,
'Twas well he only was compos'd of Bone,
Had he been Fleſh, this *Eater* had not gone;
Or had they not been empty *Skelletons*,
As ſure as Death he'd cruſh't his Marrow-bones;

And

And knockt 'em too, his ſtomack was ſo rife,
The *Rogue* lov'd Marrow, as he lov'd his life.
Behold! behold, O *Brethren*! you may ſee
By this late *Object* of *Mortality*,
'Tis not the lining of the *Inward Man*,
(Though ne're ſo ſoundly ſtuff't, and cramb'd) that can
Keep Life, and Soul together; for if that
Could have preſerv'd him, he had kick't at *Fate*
With his *High ſhooes*, and liv'd to make a prey
Of *Butchers* ſtinking Offal to this day.
But he is gone, and 't had been excellent ſport
When firſt he ſtalked into *Pluto's Court*,
Had one but ſeen with what an angry guſt
The greedy *Raſcal* worried *Cerberus*;
I know he'd do't before he would retreat,
And, he and's *ſtomack* are not parted yet;
But, that digeſted, how he'll do for meat
I can't imagine: for the *Devil* a bit
He'll purchaſe there, unleſs this tedious time
The tree of *Tantalus* was ſav'd for him;
Should it prove ſo, no doubt he would rejoyce,
Spight of the *Devil*, and *Hell's* horrid noiſe.

But

But then, could't not be touch't, 't would prove a curſe
Worſe than the others, or he'd bear it worſe:
Oh, would his Fortitude in ſuffering riſe
So much in glory above his *Gluttonies*,
That, rather than confeſs them to his *Sire*,
He would, like *Porcia*, ſwallow coals of Fire,
He might extinguiſh *Hell*, and, to prevent
Eternal pains, void aſhes, and repent;
For, without that, his torments ſtill would laſt,
It were damnation for him to faſt.

But how had I been like to have forgot
My ſelf, with raving of a thing is not,
Of his *Eternity*; I ſhould condole
His *Death*, and *Ruin*, had he had a *Soul*:
But he had none: or 't was meer ſenſitive;
Nor could the gormundizing Beaſt out-live;
So that 't may properly of him be ſaid,
Marriot the Eater of Grays-Inn is dead,
And is no more: *Dear Jove*, I thee intreat,
Send us no more ſuch *Eaters*, or more Meat.

To Cælia's *Ague.*

ODE.

I.

HEnce, fond *Diſeaſe*, I ſay forbear,
And ſtrive t'afflict my *Fair* no more,
In vain are thy attempts on her,
She was, alas! ſo cold before.

II.

Yet thou at once, by *Sympathy*,
Diſturb'ſt two *Perſons* in one *Ill*;
For when ſhe freezes, then I fry,
And ſo compleat her *Ague* ſtill.

III.

Sure thou my choice would'ſt fain diſgrace,
By making her look Pale, and Green,
Had ſhe no *Beauties*, but her face,
I never had a Lover been.

IV.

IV.

For ſparkling Eyes, and roſie Cheeks
Muſt, as her *Youth* does fade, decay:
But *Virtue*, which her Boſom decks,
Will, when they're ſunk, and wither'd, ſtay.

V.

Thou would'ſt eclipſe that *Virtue* too,
For ſuch a *Triumph* far too dear,
Making her tremble, as they do,
Whom jealous guilt has taught to fear.

VI.

Would thy Malice might ſo thrive
To my advantage, as to ſhake
Her Flinty Breaſt, that I might live,
And on that part a battery make.

VII.

But ſince *Aſſaults* without ſome fire
Are ſeldom to perfection brought,
May like thee baffled retire,
Thou haſt her burning fit forgot.

VIII.

Since thy attempts then never can
Atchieve the power to deſtroy
This wonder, and delight of Man,
Hence to ſome groſſer Body fly.

IX.

Yet, as returning ſtomacks do
Still covet ſome one Diſh they ſee:
So when thou from my Fair do'ſt go,
Kind Ague, make her long for me.

A Valediction.

I Go, I go, *Perfidious Maid*,
Obeying thee, my froward *Fate*,
Whether forſaken or betray'd,
By *Scorn*, or *Hate*.

I go, th'exact'ſt *Profeſſour* of
Deſire, in its Diviner ſence,
That ever in the School of *Love*
Did yet commence.

Cruel, and *False*, could'st thou find none
Amongst those *Fools* thy Eyes engrost,
But me to practise Falshood on,
That lov'd thee most.

Lov'd thee 'bove the *Day's bright Eye*,
Above mine own; who melting drop,
As oft, as opening they miss thee,
And 'bove my hope;

Till (by thy promise grown secure)
That hope was to assurance brought,
My *Faith* was such, so chastly pure,
I doubted not

Thee, or thy Vows, nor should I yet
(Such, *False one*, is my Loves extream)
Should'st thou now swear, the Breath's so sweet
That utters them.

Ah, *Syren*! why did'st t'me entice,
To that unconstant *Sea*, thy love
That ebbs and flows so in a trice?
Was it to prove

The power of each attractive ſpell
Upon my fond enamour'd *Youth*?
No: I muſt think of thee ſo well
Thou then ſpak'ſt truth.

Elſe amongſt overweening *Boyes*,
Or *Dotards*, thou had'ſt choſen one
Than me, methinks a fitter choice
To work upon.

Mine was no wither'd *Old man's* ſuit;
Nor, like a *Boys* juſt come from *School*,
Had'ſt thou been either deaf, or mute,
I'de been no *Fool*.

Faith! I was then, when I embrac't
A falſe belief thy Vows were true,
Or, if they were, that they could laſt
A day, or two.

Since I'de been told a Womans mind
Varies as oft, as *April's* Face:
But I ſuppos'd thine more refin'd,
And ſo it was,

Till (ſway'd by thy unruly Blood)
Thou changed'ſt thy uncertain will,
And 'tis far worſe to have been good,
Than to be ill.

Methinks thou 'rt blemiſht in each part,
And ſo, or worſe than others are,
Thoſe eyes grown hollow as thy heart,
Which two *Suns* were.

Thy Cheeks are ſunk, and thy ſmooth Skin
Looks like a *Conqueſt* now of *Time*,
Sure th'had'ſt an *Age* to ſtudy in
For ſuch a *Crime*.

Th'art ſo transform'd, that I in thee,
(As 'tis a general loſs) more grieve
Thy falling from thy ſelf, than me
Fool to believe!

For I by this am taught to prize
The inward beauties of the Breaſt,
Above all the gayeties of the Eyes
Where Treaſons reſt.

Whereas, grown black with this abuſe
Offer'd to *Love*'s commanding *Throne*,
Thou may'ſt deſpair of an excuſe,
And wiſh't undone.

Farewel thou pretty brittle piece
Of fine-cut Cryſtal, which once was
Of all my *Fortune*, and my *Bliſs*
The only *Glaſs*,

Now ſomething elſe: But in its ſtate
Of former luſtre, freſh and green
My *Faith* ſhall ſtand, to ſhew thee what
Thou ſhould'ſt have been.

Love's *Triumph.*

I.

GOD *Cupid's* Power was ne're ſo ſhown,
Since firſt the *Boy* could draw a bow,
In all paſt *Ages*, as this one,
This Love-ſick *Age* we live in now:
Now *He*, and *She*, from high to low,
Or Lovers are, or would ſeem ſo.

II.

His arrows now are every where,
In every Lip, and every Eye,
From *Young*, from *Old*, from *Foul*, and *Fair*,
This little *Archer* lets them fly:
He is a *Traytor* to *Love's* Throne,
That has no love, or ſeems t' have none.

III.

If he be young, and fair, we do
Think her the bleſſing of this Life,
And, out of that opinion woe
Her for a *Miſtreſs*, or a *Wife*,

An

And if they think us able Men,
The pretty Souls will love again.

IV.

Or, if ſhe be a *Wife*, and that
A jealous *Aſs* corrupts her Bed,
We build our pleaſures on his Fate,
And for her ſake do crown his Head,
So what he fears a Truth doth prove,
And what's this but a trick of Love?

V.

If ſhe be left a *Widdow*, then
Her firſt *Amours* have warm'd her Blood,
She'll think us *Puppies* or no Men
Should not her wants be underſtood,
Pitty then makes us Lovers prove,
And, *Pitty* is the child of *Love.*

VI.

If ſhe be wither'd, and yet itch
To do as once in time of old,
We love a little, for ſhe's rich,
Though, but to ſcare away the cold,

She has (no doubt) the gift t' aſſwage,
Then never ſtand upon her age.

VII.

Thus *Maid*, *Wife*, *Widdow* do all wound,
Though each one with a different Eye,
And we by Love, to love are bound,
Either in heat, or policy,
That is, we love, or ſay we do,
Women, we love our ſelves; or you.

VIII.

Cupid may now ſlacken his nerve,
Hang *Bow*, and *Quiver* in ſome place
As uſeleſs grown, uſeleſs they ſerve,
For *Trophies* of what once he was,
Love's grown a *Faſhion* of the mind,
And we ſhall henceforth love by kind.

IX.

Lord! what a Childiſh Ape was this,
How vain improvident an *Elf*,
To conquer all at once, when 'tis
Alas! a triumph ore himſelf?

He has uſurp'd his own fear'd *Throne*,
Since now there's nothing to be done.

X.

And yet there is, there is one prize
Lock'd in an adamantine Breaſt;
Storm that then, *Love*, if thou be'ſt wiſe,
A *Conqueſt* above all the reſt,
Her Heart, who binds all Hearts in chains,
Caſtanna's Heart untouch'd remains.

A Rogue.

READER, read this *Man*, than whom
Is none more vile in *Chriſtendom*:
Thou may'ſt know him, whereſoe're
Thou meet'ſt him, by his Character,
And, to begin firſt with his Face,
It is the worſt that ever was,
So Crab-like, wrinkled, and ſo ſoul,
His Mother ſhit him ſure at ſtool.

To

To that, his Limbs are ſuch, thou'dſt ſwear
No two of them could make a pair:
His Hands! Man never ſaw ſuch clutches,
Nor ſuch Feet walk without crutches;
The bulk to theſe fair branches is
A *Chaos* of confounded Vice:
A trunk of Tumours, and Diſeaſes,
Which a thouſand Ulcers eaſes,
With a ſtink that would infect us,
Did not kinder *Heaven* protect us.
Now how this hide of his is lin'd!
To this ſhape he has a mind
Of ſo damn'd a leprous taint
As the *Devil* himſelf would Saint.
Bloody, revengeful, trecherous:
A helliſh *Lyar*, covetous;
A curſed *Sycophanting Slave*,
A *Fool*, a *Coward*, and a *Knave*:
Lewdly debaucht (the *Devil* take him!)
As *Drabs*, and *Dice*, and *Drink* can make him:
Loudly profane 'bove Blaſphemy,
The abſtract of all Villany;

Ignorant

Ignorant of all things, but evil:
And now y'have warning of a *Devil.*

The Conteſt.

COme, my *Corinna*, let us try,
Which loves you beſt, of *You*, and *I*,
I know you oft have in your Glaſs
Seen the faint ſhadow of your Face;
And, conſequently, then became
A wond'ring Lover, as I am;
Though not ſo great a one, for what
You ſaw was but a glimpſe of that,
So ſweet, ſo charming *Majeſty*,
Which I in its full Luſtre ſee.
But if you then had gaz'd upon
Your ſelf, as your reflexion,
And ſeen thoſe Eyes for which I dye,
Perhaps you'd been as ſick as I.

Thus *Sweeteſt*, then it is conſeſt,
That of us Lovers I love beſt;
You'll ſay 'tis reaſon, that my ſhare
Be great as my *Affections* are,
When you inſenſibly are grown
More mine, by *Conqueſt*, than your own.
But, if this *Argument* I name
Seem light to ſuch a glorious claim;
Yet, ſince you love your ſelf, this do,
Love me, at leaſt, for loving you;
So my *Deſpair* you may deſtroy,
And you your loved ſelf enjoy;
Acting thoſe things, can ne're be done,
Whilſt you remain your ſelf alone:
So for my Sighs you make amends,
So you have yours, and I my *Ends*.

The

The False One.

In Imitation of that of *Horace.*

Non erat & Cælo, &c.

I.

BEhold, *False Maid*, yon horned Light,
Which in *Heav'ns* arched Vault doth range,
And view part of thy self in it;
Yet she but once a Month does change.

II.

The raging *Sea*, th' uncertain *Air*,
Or, what does yet more change admit,
Of variation *Emblems* are;
When thou, and only thou art it.

III.

Philosophers their pains may spare
Perpetual motion where to find;
If such a thing be any where,
'Tis *Woman*, in thy *Fickle* mind.

IV.

ow oft, incentred in thine Arms,
Big with betraying Sighs and Tears,
t thou ſecur'd me, by thy *Charms*,
From other Lovers natural *Fears*.

V.

s, that improv'd the honeſt *Flame*,
Which made my faithful Boſom pant;
l Tears ſo gentle, as might claim
Belief, from Hearts of Adamant.

VI.

ſe were the *Arts* ſeduc'd my *Youth*,
A *Captive* to thy wanton will:
t with a *Falſhood*, like to *Truth*,
In the ſame inſtant cure, and kill.

VII.

ell the next you will betray,
(I mean that *Fool* uſurps my room)
r for his ſake I'm turn'd away;
the ſame *Fortune* he muſt come.

VIII.

When I, reſtored to that Sence
Thou haſt diſtemper'd, ſound and free,
Shall, with a very juſt pretence,
Deſpiſe, and laugh at *Him*, and *Thee*.

ODE

Valedictory.

I.

I Go: but never to return:
With ſuch a killing Flame I burn,
Not all th'enraged waves that beat
My ſhips calk't ribs, can quench that heat:
Nor thy *Diſdains*, which colder are
Than *Climats* of the *Northern Star*,
Can freeze the Blood, warm'd by thine Eye:
But *Sweet*, I muſt thy *Martyr* dye.

II.

…! canſt thou know, that loſing thee,
…e *Univerſe* is dead to me,
…d I to it, yet not become
… kind, as to revoke my *Doom*?
…ntle *Heart*, do: if I remove,
…w can I hope t' atchieve thy love?
…not, I ſhall't a bleſſing call,
…at ſhe, who wounds may ſee my fall.

III.

…y ſay thou lov'ſt, and bid me go
…here never *Sun* his Face did ſhow:
…e to, what's worſe, want of thy Light,
…hich diſſipates the ſhades of *Night*;
…o dangers, *Death*, *Hell* dares not own,
…rcely to *Apprehenſion* known,
…ild with thy *Will*, (*deſpite of Fear*)
… ſeek them, as if *Thou* wer't there.

IV.

…t, if thou wilt I dye, and that,
…, worſe than thouſand deaths, thy hate;

When I am dead, if thou but pay
My Tomb a Tear; and ſighing ſay,
Thou do'ſt my timeleſs fall deplore,
Wiſhing th'had'ſt known my Truth before;
My *Deareſt Dear*, thou mak'ſt me then,
Or ſleep in peace, or live again.

To my friend Mr. Lely, *on his Picture of the Excellently Virtuous Lady,* Lady Iſabella Thynn.

Nature, and *Art* are here at ſtrife;
This Shadow comes ſo neer the Life,
Sit ſtill (*Dear Lely*) th'haſt done that
Thy ſelf muſt love, and wonder at;
What other *Ages* e're could boaſt,
Either remaining yet, or loſt,
Are trivial toys, and muſt give place
To this, that counterfeits her face:

I'll not ſay, but there have been,
every paſt *Age*, *Paintings* ſeen
th *Good*, and *Like* from every Hand,
t once had Maiſtry and command,
none like her; Surely ſhe ſate
Pencil thus to celebrate
ove all others that could claim
Ecchо from the voice of *Fame*.
he, that moſt, or with moſt cauſe,
aks, or may ſpeak his own applauſe,
t, when he ſhows his *Maſter-peice*,
g, he e're did a Face like this.
his thy chance to be the Man,
ne, but who ſhares thy honour, can;
ſuch another do ariſe,
ſteal more glory from her Eyes;
t 'twould improvident bounty ſhow
hazard ſuch a *Beauty* ſo;
ſtrange thy *Judgment* did not err,
want a *Hand*, beholding her,
oſe awing *Graces* well might make
aſſured'ſt *Pencil* to miſtake.

To *Her*, and *Truth* then, what a crime,
To *Us*, to all the *World*, and Time
(Who moſt will want her copy) 't were,
To have it then unlike appear!
But ſhe's preſerved from that *Fate*,
Thou know'ſt ſo well to imitate,
And in that *Imitation*, ſhow,
What *Oyl* and *Colour* mixt can do;
So well, that had this *Piece* the grace
Of motion, ſhe and none elſe has,
Or, if it could the Odour breathe,
That her departing ſighs bequeath,
And had her warmth, it then would be
Her glorious *Self*, and none but ſhe.
So well 'tis done; But thou canſt go
No farther than what *Art* can do:
And when all's done: this, thou haſt made,
Is but a nobler kind of *Shade*;
And thou, though thou haſt play'd thy part,
A Painter, no *Creator* art.

To Chloris.

ODE.

FArewel, *My Sweet*, until I come,
Improv'd in *Merit*, for thy ſake,
With *Characters* of *Honour* home,
Such, as thou canſt not then but take.

To *Loyalty* my love muſt bow,
My *Honour* too calls to the *Field*,
Where, for a *Ladies* buſk, I now
Muſt keen, and ſturdy Iron wield.

Yet, when I ruſh into thoſe *Arms*,
Where *Death*, and *Danger* do combine,
I ſhall leſs ſubject be to harms,
Than to thoſe killing *Eyes* of thine.

Since I could live in thy *Diſdain*,
Thou art ſo far become my *Fate*,
That I by nothing can be ſlain,
Until thy *Sentence* ſpeaks my *Date*.

But, if I ſeem to fall in *War*,
T' excuſe the murder you commit,
Be to my Memory juſt ſo far,
As in thy Heart t' acknowledg it;

That's all, I ask; which thou muſt give
To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee; and would not live
Sole *Prince* of all the world beſide.

Taking Leave of Chloris.

I.

SHE ſighs; as if ſhe would reſtore
The *Life*, ſhe took away before;
As if ſhe did recant my *Doom*,
And, ſweetly would reprieve me home;
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whiſper that he hears;

But what do ſuch vain hopes avail,
If thoſe ſweet ſighs compoſe a gale
To drive me hence, and ſwell my ſail?

II.

See, ſee! ſhe weeps! who would not ſwear
That *Love* deſcended in that Tear,
Boaſting him of his wounded prize,
Thus in the bleeding of her Eyes;
Or that thoſe Tears, with juſt pretence,
Would quench the fire that came from thence?
But, oh! they are (which ſtrikes me dead)
Chriſtal, her frozen Heart has bred,
Neither in *Love*, nor *Pitty* ſhed.

III.

Thus, of my merit jealous grown,
My happineſs I dare not own;
But wretchedly her favous wear,
Blind to my ſelf, unjuſt to her,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſighs and tears at leaſt diſcover,
She pitties, if not loves, her Lover,
And more betrays the *Tyrant*'s skill,
Than any blemiſh in her will,
That thus laments, whom ſhe doth kill.

IV.

Pitty ſtill, *Sweet*, my dying ſtate,
My *Flame* may ſure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee,
I gave my Life, and Liberty;
Howe're my Life's misfortune's laid,
By *Love* I'm *Pitties* object made.
Pitty me then; and if thou hear
I'm dead, drop ſuch another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

ODE.

I.

COme, let us drink away the time,
A pox upon this pelting *Rhyme*!
When Wine's run high, *Wit*'s in the prime.

II.

Drink, and ſtout drinkers are true joys,
Odes, *Sonnets*, and ſuch little toys,
Are exerciſes fit for *Boys*.

III.

Then to our *Liqour* let us ſit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit,
Who bears moſt drink, has the moſt wit.

IV.

The whining *Lover*, that does place
His wonder in a painted Face,
And waſts his ſubſtance in the chace,

V.

V.

Could not in *Melancholy* pine,
Had he *Affections* ſo divine,
As once to fall in love with *Wine.*

VI.

The *Gods* themſelves their revels keep,
And in pure *Nectar* tipple deep,
When ſlothful *Mortals* are aſleep.

VII.

They fudled once, for recreation,
In Water, which by all relation,
Did cauſe *Deucalions Inundation.*

VIII.

The ſpangled *Globe*, as it held moſt,
Their Bowl, was with Salt-water dos't,
The *Sun-burnt Centre* was the Toaſt.

IX.

In drink, *Apollo* always choſe
His darkeſt *Oracles* to diſcloſe,
'T was Wine gave him his *Ruby-Noſe.*

X.

The *Gods* then let us imitate,
Secure of *Fortune*, and of *Fate*,
Wine *Wit*, and *Courage* does create.

XI.

Who dares not drink's a wretched *Wight*;
Nor can I think that Man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night.

XII.

Fill up the *Goblet*, let it ſwim
In foam, that overlooks the brim,
He that drinks deepeſt, here's to him.

XIII.

Sobriety, and *Study* breeds
Suſpition of our *Thoughts*, and *Deeds*;
The down-right *Drunkard* no Man heeds.

XIV.

Let me have *Sack*, *Tobacco* ſtore,
A *Drunken Friend*, a *Little Wh---re*,
Protector, I will ask no more.

Ode

ODE.

I.

THE *Day* is ſet did *Earth* adorn,
To drink the brewing of the *Main*,
And, hot with travel, will e're Morn
Carouſe it to an ebb again,

Then let us drink, *Time* to improve,
Secure of *Cromwel* and his Spies,
Night will conceal our *Healths*, and *Love*
For all her thouſand thouſand *Eyes*.

Cho: *Then let us drink ſecure of ſpies*
To Phœbus, *and his Second riſe.*

II.

Without the Evening dew, and ſhow'rs,
The *Earth* would be a barren place,
Of *Trees*, and *Plants*, of *Herbs*, and *Flow'rs*,
To crown her now enamell'd *Face*;

Nor

Nor can *Wit* spring, or *Fancies* grow,
Unless we dew our heads in Wine,
Plump *Autumn's* wealthy overflow,
And sprightly Issue of the *Vine.*

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies
To Phœbus, *and his Second rise.*

III.

Wine is the cure of *Cares*, and *Sloth*,
That rust the Metal of the *Mind*,
The *Juice*, that *Man* to *Man* does, both
In *Freedom*, and in *Friendship* bind.

This clears the *Monarchs* cloudy brows,
And chears the Hearts of sullen *Swains*,
To wearied Souls repose allows,
And makes *Slaves* caper in their chains.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies
To Phœbus, *and his Second rise.*

IV.

IV.

Wine, that distributes to each part
Its heat and *Motion*, is the *Spring*,
The *Poets* Head, the *Subjects* Heart,
'T was Wine made old *Anacreon* sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the *Night*
Serves but to hide such guilty Souls,
As fly the beauty of the *Light*;
Or dare not pledge our *Loyal Bowls*.

Cho: Then let us Revel, Quaff, and Sing,
Health, and his Scepter to the King.

ODE.

O D E.

I.

FAir *Isabel*, if ought but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love;
If other *Beauties* but approve
To sweeten my Captivity:
I might those Passions be above,
Those Pow'rful *Passions* that combine
To make, and keep me only thine.

II.

Or, if for tempting treasure I
Of, the *World's God*, prevailing *Gold*,
Could see thy *Love*, and my *Truth* sold,
A greater, nobler *Treasury*;
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

III.

But when I vow to thee, I do
Love thee above or *Health* or *Peace*,
Gold, *Joy*, and all ſuch toys as theſe,
'Bove *Happineſs* and *Honour* too:
Thou then muſt know, this love can ceaſe,
Nor change for all the glorious ſhow
Wealth and *Diſcretion* bribes us to.

IV.

What ſuch a love deſerves, thou, *Sweet*,
As knowing beſt, may'ſt beſt reward;
I, for thy bounty well prepar'd,
With open arms my *Bleſſing* meet.
Then do not, *Dear*, our joys detard;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

An

An Old Man's Gift to a Fair Lady.

POX o' your doting *Coxcomb!* was there ever
So old a *Lover*, and ſo young a *Giver?*
A pair of *Spectacles!* who the *Devil*, but thee,
Could have found out ſuch a diſparity?
There were, t'oblige thy *Love*, far better ways,
A lump of Sugar, or her Name in Baies,
A row of Pins, a Baby, or a Purſe,
Or what as fit had been, a Hobby-horſe,
A Valentine, had'ſt thou not wanted bloud
To paint it with, would have been full as good.
Thy *old Seal-ring*, thy *Grandam's pleated Gown,*
A Boon-grace to preſerve her from the Sun.
Or any thing, rather than a dull pair
Of ſecond Eyes, theſe muſt deform thy *Fair.*
I ſee, thou fain would'ſt blaſt her in her prime
To parallel thy Age before her Time.
What do'ſt thou think thy *Miſtreſs* cannot ſee,
Without ſuch helps, thy full *Deformity;*

Thy ſhaking *Noddle*, and thy dropping *Noſe*,
Whence the moiſt *Philtre* is ſalt Rheum that flows.
Thy ſtooping *Shoulders*, and thy trembling *Hands*,
Thy burſten *Belly*, and thy crinkling *Hamms*,
Thy ſpider's *Legs*, and thy club'd corny *Feet*,
That ſtink, though grown ſo dry they cannot ſweat?
Or would'ſt thou have thy *Love* a *Bug-bear* be,
To fright the Boys in ſnavelling like thee?
Or is't to ſtop her ſenſe ſhe may not ſmell
The tainted Winds, that in thy Bowels ſwell,
Until they burſt in cracks: nor ſnuff the ſent,
Thy naſty, ſuppurated Iſſues vent?

I am content to think this gift was bought
In mirth, and given her for a *Merry-thought*.
Are they to mend her Sight, or dimm her Eyes,
So to eclipſe her Sight from ſeeing theſe?
'Twas thy good *Nature* made thee give ſuch ware,
And ſo, in troth, the *Preſent* was moſt rare.
For the great kindneſs of this gift implies,
Thou lov'ſt thy Miſtreſs better than thine Eyes.

If to find out, thou ever had'ſt deſign
A *Preſent* fit to offer at her *Shrine*;

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt have bought the *Sun* that *Day* of light,
And all the twinkling *Beauties* of the *Night*,
And yet, thoſe glories of that arched Scene
Had been for her an Offering too mean.
Embroider'd Waſte-coats, Spaniſh Gloves, or Plate,
Watches, or Jewels might become her State.
But couldſt thou find out no allurement elſe?
A pair of naſty horn-ſet *Spectacles!*
Where were thy Wits, *Old Fool?* ſhe might have born
With them, if ſet in *Amalthea*'s horn:
And had thoſe green-glaſs Orbs been cut from ſome
Oth' cryſtal *Sphear*, they might her Eyes become.
The Caſe might have paſt too if made it were
Of the *Embroider'd Girdle* o'th' next *Sphear*;
But ſuch a wretched *Rogue*, with ſuch an itch,
Never made love to any wrinkled *Witch*.
Sure thou haſt heard, that *Love* is blind, and thou
By this device would'ſt be a *Cupid* too.
A pleaſant Plot i' faith! thou would'ſt be then
A pretty Boy of Fourſcore years, and ten.
Or thou had'ſt laid 'em by, and wanting light
Beſtow'dſt them for ſome Gemm, as well thou might,

Or else amaz'd by th'lustre of her Face
Mistaking gav'st them for a Looking glass.
Howe're, whether thou didst, or didst not see,
I wish instead of them th' hadst given her me.

In Amorem Medicum.

EPIG.

FOR *Cares* whilst *Love* prepares the *Remedies*,
The main Disease in the Physitian lies.

The Legend of the Famous, Furious, Expert, and Valiant Gittar-Masters, Caveliero Comer, *and* Don Hill.

BALLAD.

YOU, that love to read the Tracts,
Of tall *Fellows* Fights, and Facts,
In this *Song* will hear a wonder,
How two *Fiddlers* fell asunder,

Lampon, &c.

Comer

Comer had the firſt abuſe,
Which admitted no excuſe;
But, ſince *Hill* ſo ill did treat him,
Dick, in wrath, reſolv'd to beat him,
Lampon, &c.

Straight a Broom-ſtaff was prepar'd,
Which *Don Hill* no little ſcar'd;
But he reſolv'd if *Dick* did baſt him,
That his patience ſhould out-laſt him.
Lampon, &c.

Whilſt (good Chriſtian) thus he me'nt,
To deſpiſe his puniſhment,
And firſt to appeaſe his *Foe* ſend,
Loe! in ſight, was *Dick's fierce Noſe-end*;
Lampon, &c.

Whom, in terrour, *Hill* did ask,
If he durſt perform his task,
Dick, in wrath, reply'd, *God dam me!*
To that purpoſe now come am I,
Lampon, &c.

And withal, with main, and might,
Up he trips this proper *Knight*,
And with ſuch fury he quel'd *Hill*,
That to the *Ground* he level'd *Hill*;
Lampon, &c.

This ſhews *Muſick* diſcord has,
Which the cauſe of this *War* was,
And, that *Hill*'s beaten, is a token,
That their ſtring of Friendſhip's broken;
Lampon, &c.

Now behold! this mortal cauſe,
Is referr'd to *Harry Laws*,
And ſince he's beaten *Hill* does tell tho,
Law ſhall give him ſalve for's *Elbow*.
Lampon, &c.

On

On Annel-ſeed Robin, *the Hermophrodite.*

EPITAPH.

HEre, *Reader*, lyes, bereft of life,
The *Embleme* ſtrange of *Man* and *Wife*,
Who, if they pay their Vows aright,
Make up a true *Hermophrodite*;
And in this *Cheſt Entombed* are,
The wonder of a ſingle pair;
So that here thou may'ſt bewail,
Either the *Female*, or the *Male*.
Though the diſtracted grief of *Friends*,
Ever in ſingle *Robin* ends.
No Rib was taken from his ſide,
Robin Bridegroom was, and *Bride*,
And, of his *Marriage tye* ſo tender,
He only did, with *She* engender;
Robin, with *Robin* ſo far won,
That the *Male* half begot a *Son*,

The

The *Female half*, a few years after,
Happily brought forth a *Daughter*,
So like, you from their looks might gather,
That *Robin Mother* was, and *Father*;
From *Robin* only diff'ring thus,
That neither was *Amphibious*,
Heav'n did so happily combine
This *Doubtful Gender Masculine*,
That they were *Married* at their Birth,
And both together laid in *Earth*,
Where let them lye, and no *Man* thwart 'em;
If they must part, the *Devil* part 'em.

O D E.

To Chloe.

I.

False one, farewell, thou hast releast
The *Fire*, imprison'd in my breast,
Your beauties make not half the show
They did a year or two ago;

For

For now I find,
The *Beauties* thoſe fair walls enſhrin'd,
Foul, and deform'd appear,
Ah! where
In *Woman* is a ſpotleſs mind?

II.

I would not now take up thine Eyes,
But in revenge to tyrannize;
Nor ſhould'ſt thou make me blot my skin,
With the black thou wear'ſt within;
If thou would'ſt meet,
As *Brides* do, in the *Nuptial Sheet*,
I would not kiſs, nor play;
But ſay,
Thou nothing haſt that can be ſweet.

III.

I was betray'd, by that fair *Sign*,
To entertainment cold within;
But found that fine built *Fabrick* lin'd,
With ſo ill contriv'd a *Mind*,

That

That now I muſt,
For ever (*Chloe*) leave to truſt
The face that ſo beguiles
With ſmiles;
Falſehood's a charm to love, or luſt.

ODE.

To Chloris *from* France.

I.

PItty me *Chloris*, and the flame
Diſdain, and *Diſtance*, cannot tame;
And pitty my neceſſity,
That makes my *Court-ſhip*, wanting thee,
Nothing but fond *Idolatry*.

II.

In dark, and melancholy *Groves*,
Where pretty Birds diſcourſe their loves,

I daily

I daily worſhip on my knee,
Thy *Shadow*, all I have of thee,
And ſue to that to pity me.

III.

I vow to it the ſacred *Vow*,
To thee, and only thee, I owe
When (as it knew my true intent)
The ſilent *Picture* gives conſent,
And ſeems to mourn my *Baniſhment*.

IV.

Preſaging thence my love's ſucceſs,
I triumph in my happineſs,
And ſtraight conſider how each Grace,
Adorns thy *Body*; or thy *Face*,
Surrender up to my embrace.

V.

I think this little *Tablet* now
Becauſe leſs cruel, fair as *Thou*;

I do

I do from it mercy implore,
'Tis the ſole *Saint* I do adore,
I do not think I love thee more.

VI.

Yet be not jealous, though I do
Thus dote of it, in ſtead of you;
I love it not, for any line
Where captivating beauties ſhine:
But only (*Chloris*) as 'tis thine.

VII.

And, though thy *Shaddow* here take place,
By intimating future grace,
It goes before, but to impart
To thee, how beautiful thou art,
And ſhew a reaſon for my ſmart.

VIII.

Nor is't improper, *Sweet*, ſince thou,
Art in thy Youthfull *Morning* now,

Whilſt I, depriv'd of thine eyes light,
Do drooping live a tedious Night
In *Paris*, like an *Anchorite*.

IX.

Recall me then, that I may ſee,
Once more, how fair, and kind you be;
Into thy *Sun-ſhine* call again
Him, thus exil'd, by thy diſdain,
And I'le forget my loſs, and pain.

An Invitation to Phillis.

COme live with me, and be my love,
And thou ſhalt all the pleaſures prove,
The *Mountains* towring tops can ſhow
Inhabiting the *Vales* below.
From a brave height my *Star* ſhall ſhine
Illuminate the defart *Clime*.
Thy *Summer*'s bower ſhall overlook,
The ſubtil windings of the *Brook*,

For

For thy delight which only ſprings,
And cuts her way with *Turtles* Wings.
The Pavement of thy Rooms ſhall ſhine,
With the bruis'd Treaſures of the *Mine*,
And not a *Tale* of Love but ſhall
In *Minoture* adorn thy wall.
Thy cloſet ſhall *Queens* Caskets mock
With ruſtick *Jewels* of the *Rock*,
And thine own light ſhall make a *Gemm*,
As bright of theſe, as *Queens* of them.
From this thy *Sphear* thou ſhalt behold
Thy ſnowy *Ewes* troop o're the mold,
Who yearly pay my *Love* a-piece
A tender *Lamb*, and ſilver *Fleece*.
And when *Sols Rayes* ſhall all combine
Thine to out-burn, though not outſhine,
Then, at the foot of ſome green *Hill*,
Where cryſtal *Dove* runs murm'ring ſtill,
We'll angle for the bright-ey'd Fiſh,
To make my *Love* a dainty diſh;
Or, in a *Cave*, by *Nature* made,
Fly to the covert of the ſhade,

Where all the pleaſures we will prove,
Taught by the little God of love.

And when bright *Phœbus* ſcorching beams,
Shall ceaſe to guild the Silver ſtreams,
Then in the cold arms of the *Flood*
We'll bathing cool the factious Blood,
Thy beautious Limbs the *Brook* ſhall grace,
Like the reflex of *Cynthia*'s Face,
Whilſt all the wond'ring *Fry* do greet
The welcome Light, adore thy Feet,
Suppoſing *Venus* to be come
To ſend a kiſs to *Thetis* home.
And following Night ſhall trifled be
Sweet; as thou know'ſt I promis'd thee,
Thus ſhall the Summers *Days*, and *Nights*,
Be dedicate to thy delights.
Then live with me, and be my love,
And all theſe pleaſures ſhalt thou prove.

But when the ſapleſs *Seaſon* brings
Cold *Winter*, on her ſhivering Wings,
Freezing the *Rivers* liquid face,
Into a cryſtal Looking-glaſs,

And that the *Trees* their naked bones,
Together knock, like *Skeletons*,
Then, with the ſofteſt, whiteſt Locks,
Spun from the tribute of thy *Flocks*,
We will o're-caſt thy whiter Skin,
Winter without, a *Spring* within.
At the firſt peep of *Day* I'le riſe,
To make the ſullen *Hare* thy prize,
And *Thou* with open Arms ſhalt come,
To bid thy *Hunter* welcome home.
The *Partridge*, *Plover*, and the *Poot*,
I'le with the ſubtle *Mallard* ſhoot;
The *Fell*-fare, and the greedy *Thruſh*
Shall drop from ev'ry *Haw-thorn* Buſh,
And the ſlow *Heron* down ſhall fall,
To feed my *Faireſt Fair* withall,
The feather'd *People* of the *Air*,
Shall fall to be my *Phillis* fare,.
No Storm ſhall touch thee, Tempeſt move;
Then live with me, and be my love.

But from her *Cloiſter* when I bring,
My *Phillis* to reſtore the *Spring*,

The ruffling *Boreas* ſhall withdraw,
The *Snow* ſhall melt, the *Ice* ſhall thaw;
The *Aguiſh Plants* freſh Leaves ſhall ſhew,
The earth put on her verdant hue,
And thou (*Fair Phillis*) ſhalt be ſeen
Mine, and the Summers beautious *Queen.*
Theſe; and more pleaſures ſhalt thou prove;
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Entertainment to Phillis.

NOW *Phœbus* is gone down to ſleep
In cold embraces of the deep,
And Nights Pavillion in the Sky,
(Crown'd with a Starry *Canopy*)
Erected ſtands, whence the pale *Moon*
Steals out to her Endimion;
Over the *Meads*, and o're the Floods,
Thorough the ridings of the *Woods*,
Th' enamour'd *Huntreſs* ſcours her ways,
And through *Night*'s vail her horns diſplays,

I have a *Bower* for my Love,
Hid in the Center of a Grove
Of aged *Oaks*, close from the sight
Of all the prying Eyes of *Night*.
The polish'd Walls of *Marble* be
Pillaster'd round with porphyry,
Casements of *Chrystal* to transmit,
Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it,
Fine silver Locks to *Ebon* Doors,
Rich gilded Roofs, and *Cedar* Floors,
With all the Objects may express
A pleasing Solitariness.
Within my Love shall find each room,
New furnish'd from the Silk-worms Loom,
Vessels of the true antick mold,
Cups cut in *Amber*, *Myrrh*, and *Gold*;
Quilts blown with Roses, Beds with Down,
More white than *Atlas* aged Crown,
Carpets where Flowers woven grow,
Only thy sweeter steps to strew,
Such as may emulation bring,
To the wrought mantle of the Spring.

There ſilver Lamps ſhall ſilent ſhine,
Supply'd by Oyls of *Jeſſamine*,
And miſts of Odours ſhall ariſe
To air thy little *Paradiſe*.
I have ſuch Fruits too, for thy taſte,
As teeming *Autumn* never grac't,
Apples, as round, as thine own Eyes;
Or, as thy Siſter Beauties prize,
Smooth, as thy ſnowy Skin, and ſleek
And ruddy as the *Morning*'s cheek,
Grapes, that the *Tyrian* purple wear,
The ſpritely *Matrons* of the Year,
Such, as *Lyæus* never bare,
About his drowſy Brows, ſo fair,
So plump, ſo large, ſo ripe, ſo good,
So full of flavour, and of blood.
There's Water in a Grot hard by,
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
Sweet, as the *Milk* of Sand-red *Cow*,
Brighter than *Cynthia's* ſilver Bow,
Cold, as the *Goddeſs* ſelf e're was,
And clearer than thy Looking-glaſs.

But oh! the ſumm of all delight
For which the *Day* ſubmits to *Night*,
Is that my *Phillis* thou wilt find,
When we are in embraces twin'd.
Pleaſures that ſo have tempted *Jove*,
To all his *Maſquerades* of Love;
For them the *Prince* his purple waves,
And ſtrips him naked as his Slaves.
'Tis they that teach humanity
The thing we love, the reaſon why:
Before we live; but ne'er 'till then,
Are females Women; or males Men:
This is the way, and this the trade,
That does perfect what nature made,
Then go; but firſt thy beauties skreen,
Leſt they that revell on the Lawns
The *Nymphs*, the *Satyrs*, and the *Fawns*,
Adore thee for *Nights* horned *Queen*.

To Cœlia.

O D E.

I.

WHen *Cœlia* muſt my old *Days* ſet,
And my young morning riſe,
In beams of Joy, ſo bright, as yet
Ne're bleſt a Lover's eyes.
My ſtate is more advanc'd than when
I firſt attempted thee;
I ſtrd to be a Servant then,
But now to be made free.

II.

I've ſerv'd my time faithfull, and true
Expecting to be plac't,
In happy freedom, as my due
To all the joys thou haſt:
Ill husbandry in love is ſuch
A ſcandal to Loves pow'r,

We ought not to miſpend ſo much,
As one poor, ſhort-liv'd hour.

III.

Yet think not (ſweet) I'me weary grown,
That I pretend ſuch haſte,
Since none to ſurfeit ere was known,
Before he had a taſte;
My infant love could humbly wait,
When young it ſcarce knew how
To plead; but grown to *Man*'s eſtate
He is impatient now.

To Cupid.

O D E.

I.

FOnd *Love*, deliver up thy Bow,
I am become more Love than thou,
I am as wanton grown, and wild,
Much leſs a Man, and more a Child,

From

From *Venus* born, of chaſter kind,
A better Archer, though as blind.

II.

Surrender without more ado,
I am both *King* and *Subject* too,
I will command, but muſt obey,
I am the Hunter, and the Prey,
I vanquiſh, yet am overcome,
And, ſentencing, receive my doom.

III.

No ſpringing *Beauty* ſcapes my Dart,
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my Heart;
Thus whilſt I wound, I wounded am,
And firing others turn to flame,
To ſhew how far love can combine
The Mortal part with the Divine.

IV.

Faith! quit thine *Empire*, and come down
That thou, and I may ſhare the *Crown*,

I've

I've try'd the worſt thy arms can do,
Come then, and taſte my power too,
Which (howſoe're it may fall ſhort)
Will doubtleſs prove the better ſport.

V.

Yet do not; for in Field, and Town,
The Females are ſo loving grown,
So kind; or elſe ſo luſtful, we
Can neither err, though neither ſee:
Keep then thine own *Dominions*, *Lad*,
Two Loves would make all Women mad.

The Tempeſt.

I.

STanding upon the Margent of the main,
Whilſt the high boiling tyde came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain,
As great an *Ocean*, and as rude within,

As

As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,
As that, which daily laves her chalky bounds.

II.

Soon could my ſad imagination find,
A parallel to this half world of Flood,
An *Ocean* by my walls of *Earth* confin'd,
And *Rivers* in the chanells of my blood,
Diſcov'ring Man, unhappy Man, to be
Of this great Frame, *Heavens Epitome.*

III.

There pregnant *Argoſies* with full Sails ride
To ſhoot the *Gulphs* of ſorrow and deſpair,
Of which the Love no *Pilot* has to Guide,
But to her *Sea-born Mother* ſteers by pray'r,
When oh! the *Hope her* anchor loſt, undone,
Rowls, at the mercy of the *Regent Moon.*

IV.

'Tis my ador'd *Diana*, then muſt be
The Guidreſs to this beaten Bark of mine,

'Tis

'Tis ſhe muſt calm, and ſmooth this troubled *Sea*,
And waſt my hope over the vaulting *Brine*,
Call home thy venture *Dian*, then at laſt,
And be as merciful, as thou art chaſt.

The Litany.

I.

FRom a Ruler that's a curſe,
And a Government that's worſe;
From a Prince that rules by awe,
Whoſe Tyranick Will's his Law;
From an armed Councel board,
And a Scepter that's a Sword,
Libera nos, &c.

II.

From a Kingdom, that from health
Sickens to a Common-wealth;

From

From ſuch Peers as ſtain their blood,
And are neither wiſe; nor good;
From a Gentry ſteept in Pots,
From unkennellers of Plots,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From a Church without Divines,
And a Presbyter that whines;
From *John Calvin*, and his Pupils,
From a Sentence without Scruples,
From a Clergy without Letters,
And a Free-State bound in Fetters,
Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From the buſtle of the Town,
And the Knaviſh Tribe o'th' Gown,
From long Bills where we are Debters,
From Bum-Bailiffs, and their Setters,

From the tedious City Lectures,
And Thanksgivings for Protectors,
Libera nos, &c.

V.

From ill Victuals when we dine,
And a Tavern with ill Wine;
From vile Smoke in a ſhort Pipe,
And a Landlord that will gripe,
From long Reck'nings, and a Wench
That Claps in Engliſh; or in French,
Libera nos, &c.

VI.

From Demeans whoſe barren ſoil
Ne're produc'd the Barley Oyl;
From a Friend for nothing fit,
That nor Courage has; nor Wit:
From all Lyars, and from thoſe
Who write nonſence Verſe; or Proſe,
Libera nos, &c.

VII. From

VII.

From a Virgin that's no Maid,
From a kicking, ſtumbling Jade,
From falſe Servants, and a Scold,
From all Women that are old,
From loud Tongues that never lye,
And from a domeſtick Spy,

Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From a domineering Spouſe,
From a ſmoky, durty Houſe,
From foul Linnen, and the noiſe
Of young Children, Girls or Boys,
From ill Beds, and full of Fleas,
From a Wife with Eſſences,

Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From Trapans of wicked Men,
From the Intereſt of Ten,

From

From Rebellion, and the ſenſe
Of a wounded Conſcience;
Laſtly, from the Poets Evil,
From *his Highneſs, and the Devil,

*O. Cromwell.

Libera nos, &c.

To ſome Great Ones.

EPIGRAM.

POets are great Mens Trumpets, Poets feign,
Create them Vertues, but dare hint no ſtain:
This makes the Fiction conſtant, and does ſhew
You make the Poets, not the Poets you.

To the Memory of my worthy Friend Colonel Richard Lovelace.

TO pay my Love to thee, and pay it ſo,
As honeſt Men ſhould what they juſtly owe,
Were to write better of thy Life than can
Th'aſſured'ſt Pen of the moſt worthy Man:
Such was thy Compoſition, ſuch thy Mind
Improv'd to *Vertue*, and from *Vice* refin'd.
Thy Youth, an abſtract of the *World*'s beſt parts,
Enur'd to Arms, and exercis'd in Arts;
Which with the vigour of a Man became
Thine, and thy *Countries Pyramids* of Flame;
Two glorious Lights to guide our hopefull Youth
Into the paths of *Honor*, and of *Truth*.
Theſe parts (ſo rarely met) made up in thee,
What *Man* ſhould in his full perfection be;
So ſweet a temper into every ſence,
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As ſmooth'd them to a *Calm*, which ſtill withſtood
The ruffling Paſſions of untamed Blood,

Without a wrinkle in thy Face, to ſhow
Thy ſtable Breaſt could a diſturbance know.
In *Fortune* humble, conſtant in *Miſchance*,
Expert of both, and both ſerv'd to advance
Thy Name, by various tryals of thy Spirit,
And give the teſtimony of thy Merit;
Valiant to envy of the braveſt Men,
And Learned to an undiſputed *Pen*,
Good as the beſt in both, and great; but yet
No dangerous *Courage*; nor offenſive *Wit*:
Theſe ever ſerv'd, the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy Friend:
Under which title I have found my Name
Fixt in the living *Chronicle* of *Fame*,
To times ſucceeding; yet I hence muſt go
Diſpleas'd I cannot celebrate thee ſo.
But what reſpect, acknowledgment, and love,
What theſe together, when improv'd, improve;
Call it by any Name (ſo it expreſs
Ought like a Tribute to thy worthineſs,
And may my bounden Gratitude become,)
Lovelace I offer at thy honour'd Tomb.

And though thy *Vertues* many Friends have bred
To love thee Living, and lament thee Dead,
In *Characters* far better coucht than theſe,
Mine will not blot thy *Fame*; nor theirs increaſe;
'Twas by thine own great Merits rais'd ſo high,
That, maugre *Time*, and *Fate*, it ſhall not die.

To Poet E. W.

Occaſion'd for his Writing a Panegyrick on Oliver Cromwell.

FRom whence, vile *Poet*, did'ſt thou glean the Wit,
And Words for ſuch a vitious *Poem* fit?
Where could'ſt thou Paper find was not too white;
Or Ink, that could be black enough to write?
What ſervile *Devil* tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own *Slavery*?
To kiſs thy *Bondage*, and extol the deed,
At once that made thy *Prince*, and *Country* bleed?
I wonder much thy falſe Heart did not dread,
And ſhame to write, what all Men bluſh to read;

Thus with a baſe ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy *Maſter*'s Murtherer?
Who call'd thee Coward (—) much miſtook
The characters of thy pedantick Look;
Thou haſt at once abus'd thy ſelf, and us;
He's ſtout that dares flatter a *Tyranne* thus.
Put up thy Pen, and Ink, muzzle thy *Muſe*
Adulterate *Hag* fit for a common Stews,
No good Man's Library; writ thou haſt
Treaſon in Rhime has all thy Works defac't:
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A puniſhment of the ſevereſt kind,
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater; than, once to commit the ſame.
Where was thy reaſon then, when thou began
To write againſt the ſenſe of *God*, and Man?
Within thy guilty breaſt Deſpair took place,
Thou would'ſt deſpairing Die in ſpite of Grace.
At once th' art *Judge*, and *Malefactor* ſhown,
Each Sentence in thy *Poem* is thine own.
Then, what thou haſt pronounc'd go execute,
Hang up thy ſelf, and ſay, I bid thee do't;

Fear

Fear not thy memory, that cannot dye,
This *Panegyrick* is thy *Elegy*,
Which ſhall be when; or whereſoever read,
A living *Poem* to upbraid thee dead.

DIALOGUE.

Geron *and* Amarillis.

Gr. STay, ſtay, fair *Nymph!* oh! whither Flies
The love, and wonder of all Eyes?
Stay, and to ſee be now beſought
The Miracle thy Charms have wrought;
Age turn'd to youth at Love's command,
And thine which nothing can withſtand.

Am. Be gon, old Fool, why doſt thou ſtay
My better thoughts, and croſs my way?
Fly, fly, and quit my ſhady walk,
Nature will bluſh to ſee us talk,

Who all conjunction muſt diſclaim
Betwixt her glory, and her ſhame.
Prefer thy ſuit to ſome one fit,
If not to grant, to pardon it.
Thou wrong'ſt my youth, by thy pretence,
And ev'ry Pray'r is violence.
Love has on thee no wonder wrought,
Thou only art transform'd in thought,
Nor art thou quick'ned by my Eyes,
But dream'ſt of Metamorphoſies.
Thou art the ſame old thing thou waſt,
Without, or ſight, or touch, or taſte,
Hearing, or ſmell, or any ſenſe,
That beauties grace ſhould recompenſe.
And only haſt a tongue to move
Contempt, and laughter, but no Love.

Ge. Sweet, do not ſcorn me, though I ſeem
Old, and unfit for thy eſteem;
Though hoary grown, and ſhrunk I am,
I feed within, perhaps, a flame;

As hot as can the youngeſt he,
That hourly Sighs, and ſues to thee.
As I am old, I ſhould be wiſe,
And better know the thing I prize,
Than twenty Younglings that do light
Their Torches only at the ſight.

Am. I ſhun thee not for any part
Of what thou ſeem'ſt, but what thou art.
And that, thou doſt a flame believe,
Is but enough to make thee live:
For if thy Heart a flame ſhould turn,
The bulk's ſo dry thy frame would burn.
I know thee old, and wiſh thee wiſe,
A younger Man, and younger Eyes;
On publick Faith thou courteſt me,
For troth, I think thou canſt not ſee.

Ge. Would I were deaf! I might not hear
This confirmation of my fear.
I doubted thou would'ſt ſcornful prove,
But look'd for no reproach for love.

I come perhaps with full delight
T'outbid thy wary appetite;
I can diſtinguiſh Beauty too,
And taſte the Fruit for which I ſue.
Know all Love's ends, and all his ways,
Womens reproaches, and delays,
And furniſh'd 'em with able Arms
To force the Fortreſs of thy charms.
Scorn then, ingrate, my love, and me;
Thy Spring will one day Winter be.
When ev'ry youthfull Shepherd Swain,
As thou doſt me, will thee diſdain.

Am. Old Man, why ſhould'ſt thou think me nice?
Becauſe I cannot hug thy Ice?
Or tell me I ſhall Winter grow,
Becauſe thy ſelf art turn'd to Snow?
No heats ſo wild in my Blood play,
As need th' exceſs of thy allay:
Nor can the judgment of thy dim,
Erroneous ſight, raiſe my eſteem;

And

And that ſtiff blade of thine may in,
Attempts, but no performance, ſin.
Go Dotard, and impartial look
Thy Shadow in the frozen Brook,
In that congeal'd mirror behold,
How ſhrunk thou art, wither'd, and old,
Thy Leaf dropt off from thy bald Crown,
And all an antick Statue grown;
Then ſay if ought thou there canſt ſee
Fit to preſent my youth, and me.

Ge. I have (fair *Nymph!*) conſider'd all,
Thy Youth may tax my Age withall,
And on my ſelf ſome Lectures read:
But cannot find that I am dead:
For furrow'd though my Skin appears,
Becauſe old Time theſe threeſcore Years,
Has plow'd it up, I'me fruitfull ſtill,
And want no power to my will.
And though my Leaf be fall'n, each Vein
Does a proportion'd heat retain.

One

One yielding Glance from thy fair Eyes
Would make my luſty Sap to riſe;
My wanton Pulſes ſtrongly beat,
And glow with germinating heat.
Create me then, and call me thine,
We then will in Embraces twine,
As ſweet, and fruitfull, as the Pair
That in their *April* coupled were.

Am. Stay Shepherd, ſtay, you run too faſt,
This fury is too hot to laſt;
And by the crackling Flame, I doubt,
The Fire will be ſoon burnt out.
Leave me, and ſtumble to thy Bed,
Where dream thou haſt me; and thou'rt ſped.

Ge. Fair, and inflexible, will Love,
Pray'rs, Tears, and Suff'rings nothing move?
Thus then I leave thee, and am gone,
To die for an ungratefull one.
When I am dead if thou repent,
And ſigh over my Monument,

y that ſweet Breath, I ſhall reſpire,
d Dead enjoy my Life's deſire.

Am. Stay, ſtay, for now I better ſee
Unblemiſh't truth that ſhines in thee.
Thou conquer'd haſt, I am o'recome,
Then lead me, Shepherd, Captive home.

CHORUS.

JOlly Shepherds, quit your Flocks
To the greedy Wolf, or Fox;
Though no Shepherd them attend,
Hecate *will all defend.*
For another Cynthia's *led*
To a luſty old Man's Bed.
Tune your Oaten Pipes and Play;
This is Hymen's *Holy-day.*
To one Night a Years mirth bring,
Winter's marry'd to the Spring.
Therefore it becomes each one
To Crown the revolution.

An

An Epitaph on Robert Port, *Esq; design'd for a Monument:*

And now set up in Elum *Church, in the County of* Stafford.

VErtue in thoſe good times that bred good Men
No teſtimony crav'd of Tongue; or *Pen*:
No marble *Columns*; nor engraven Braſs,
To tell the World that ſuch a *Perſon* was:
For then each *Pious Act*, to fair deſcent,
Stood for the worthy Owner's *Monument*:
But in this change of Manners, and of States,
Good Names, though writ in Marble, have their fates:
Such is the barb'rous, and irrev'rent rage
That arms the Rabble of this impious *Age*.

Yet may this happy Stone that bares a *Name*,
(Such as no bold Surviver dares to claim)
To *Ages* yet unborn unblemiſh't ſtand,
Safe from the ſtroke of an inhumane Hand.

Here

Here, *Reader*, here a *Port*'s ſad Reliques lye
To teach the careleſs World Mortality;
Who while he Mortal was unrivall'd ſtood
The *Crown*, and *Glory* of his Antient blood:
Fit for his *Princes*, and his *Countries* truſt,
Juſt to *God*, and to his *Neighbour juſt*.
A loyal Husband to his lateſt end,
A gracious Father, and a faithfull Friend.
Belov'd he liv'd, and dy'd o'recharg'd with Years,
Fuller of Honour than of Silver Hairs.
And, to ſum up his *Vertues*, this was he
Who was what all we ſhould, but cannot be.

To Cupid, *a fooliſh Poet, occaſion'd by as fooliſh a Poem of his to a* bona Roba.

I.

GOod *Cupid*, I muſt tell you truly,
Had it not been for *Abram Cowley*,
You, and your *Ode*, had come off blewly.

II. With

II.

With other Thefts, that ſhall be nameleſs,
Becauſe their *Authors* ſhould be blameleſs;
Although your Worſhip's ſomewhat ſhameleſs.

III.

Could ſuch a ſpatious Beauty want
Matter her native worth to paint,
That thy Dull *Muſe* was grown ſo ſcant?

IV.

As thus to ſteal from other *Muſes*,
When thine own Wit, at need, refuſes,
Elogies for ſuch pious Uſes?

V.

Out of her Shoulders, or her Haunches,
Thou ſurely might'ſt have *Collopt Fancies*,
Enough for Millions of *Romances*.

VI. Fro

VI.

n any part thou might'ſt find matter,
ough the brighteſt ſhe to flatter;
that ſhe cannot hold her Water,

VII.

s ſuch a Saying of a *Bard*,
(doubtleſs) yet was never heard,
Man that Verſes made; or mar'd.

VIII.

hou ſhould'ſt have told her ſhe was tight,
rong built, well tackled, new and light;
ted for *Stoage*, and for Fight.

IX.

on what *Mount* was thy *Muſe* Nurſt?
Block-heads thou art ſure the worſt,
o ſay ſhe ſprang a Leak at firſt!

X. *Cupid*,

X.

Cupid, I doubt me (not to flatter)
By your ill handling of the Matter,
You're but a ſimple *Navigator*.

XI.

She's ſuch a *Veſſel* that who'll ſwim her,
Steer, and Man out, *Carine*, and trim her,
Muſt be no Youth of your ſmall Timber.

XII.

Then leave thy Rhiming, and be Quiet,
I tell the She's not for thy Diet,
Thou haſt another *Hulk* to ply out:

XIII.

And hope (thou Dunce) for no rewarding,
She's not ſo lean to need thy larding,
And thou a *Poet* worth a Farthing.

Philoxip

Philoxipes *and* Policrite.

An Eſſay to an Heroick Poem.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

THis Canto *ſerves firſt to relate,*
Philoxipes *his Birth, and parts,*
His Princes *Friendſhip* Wealth ; *and State,*
His Youth, *his* Manners, Arms, *and* Arts ;
His ſtrange contempt of Love's *dread Dart :*
Till a meer Shadow *takes his Heart.*

I.

In *Thetis* lap, and by her Arms embrac't,
Betwixt the *Syrian*, and *Cilician* Coasts;
The *Poets Cyprus* fortunately plac't,
Like *Nature's* Casket, all her Treasure boasts:
An *Isle*, that once for her renowned Loves;
Stood consecrate to *Venus*, and her *Doves*.

II.

From whose fair Womb, once sprung as fair a Seed
To shame the brood of the corrupted World,
The graceful Sexes of her happy Breed,
In one another chast Embraces curl'd:
Nor other difference knew, than did arise
From em'lous Vertue, for the Vertues prize.

III.

And these were Strifes, where *Envy* had no place;
She was not known in such a vertuous War;
Nor had *Ambition*, with her *Gyant Race*,
In such Contentions a malignant share:

Love

Love was the cauſe, and *Vertue* was the claim,
That could their honeſt, gentle Hearts enflame.

IV.

But none, amongſt that never failing *Race*,
Could match *Philoxipes*, that noble *Youth*,
In Strength, and *Beauty*, *Fortitude*, and *Grace*
In gentle *Manners*, and unblemiſht *Truth*
In all the *Vertues*, and the *Arts* that ſhow'd
Embelliſh *Manhood*; or ennoble *Blood*.

V.

A *Prince* deſcended from the Royal *Lines*
Of *Greece*, and *Troy* united in one Bed,
Where merit, and reward did once combine
The Seeds of *Æacus*, and *Leomed*,
And in a brave Succeſſion did agree
Bold *Felamon*, and fair *Heſione*.

VI.

From this illuſtrious Pair fam'd *Teucer* ſprung,
Who, when return'd from *Ilium*'s fun'ral Fire,
Without due Vengeance for his Brother's Wrong;
Was baniſht home by his griev'd *Father*'s *Ire:*
And into *Cyprus* fortunately came
To build a *City* to his Country's Name.

VII.

Great *Salamis*, whoſe poliſht Turrets ſtood
For many *Ages* in the courſe of *Time*,
T'orelook the ſurface of the ſwelling Flood,
The ſtrength and glory of that fruitful Clime,
Was His great Work, from whoſe brave Iſſue, ſince,
The World receiv'd this worthy, matchleſs *Prince.*

VIII. Worthy

VIII.

Worthy his *Anceſtors*, and that great Name,
His own true Merits, with the publick Voice,
Had won throughout the *Iſle*, as his juſt claim,
Above whatever paſt a gen'ral Choice:
A Man ſo perfect, none could diſapprove,
Save that he could not; or he did not love.

IX.

Books were his Buſineſs, his *Diverſion Arms*,
His *Practice*, *Honor*, his Atchievements *Fame*,
He had no time to love; nor could the Charms,
If any *Cyprian Nymph* his Blood enflame:
He thought the faireſt print of Womankind
Too ſmall a Volume to enrich his Mind.

X.

He lov'd the tawny *Lyon*'s dang'rous Chace,
The ſpotted *Leopard*; or the tusked Boar;
Their bloody Steps would the young Hunter trace,
And having lodg'd them, their tough Entrails gore:

Love was too ſoft to feed his gen'rous Fire,
And *Maids* too weak to conquer his Deſire.

XI.

In all his intervals of happy Truce,
Knowledge, and *Arts* which his high Mind endow'd,
Where ſtill his Objects, and what they produce
Was the brave *Iſſue* of his ſolitude:
He ſhun'd diſſembling *Courts*, and thought leſs Praiſe,
Adhear'd to *Diadems*, than Wreaths of *Baies*.

XII.

Although betwixt him, and the youthful *King*,
Who, at this time, the *Paphian Scepter* ſway'd;
A likeneſs in their Manners, and their Spring
Had ſuch a true, and laſting Friendſhip made,
That, without him, the *King* did ſtill eſteem
His Court a Cottage, and her Glories dim.

XIII. One

XIII.

One was their *Country*, one the happy *Earth*,
That (to its Glory) theſe young *Heroes* bred;
One year produc't eithers auſpicious Birth,
One ſpace matur'd them, and one councel led:
All things in fine, wherein their Vertues ſhone,
Youth, Beauty, Strength, Studies, and Arms were one.

XIV.

This, ſo eſtabliſh't Friendſhip, was the cauſe,
That when this modeſt *Prince* would fain retire,
From the fond *World*'s importunate applauſe
Oft croſt the Workings of his own Deſire;
And made him, with a Fav'rites love, and skill,
Devote his Pleaſures to his *Maſter*'s Will.

XV.

But once his Preſence, and Aſſiſtance ſtood
In ballance with this hopeful *Monarch*'s Bliſs,
Love's golden Shaft had fir'd his youthful Blood;
Nor any Ear muſt hear his Sighs but his;
Artiphala his Heart had overthrown,
Maugre his *Sword*, his *Sceptre*, and his Crown.

XVI.

From her bright Eyes the wounding Light'ning flew,
Through the reſiſtance of his Manly Breaſt,
By none, but his *Philoxipes* that knew
Each motion of his Soul to be expreſt:
He muſt his Secrets keep, and Court ſhips bear,
Conceal them from the World, but tell them her.

XVII.

This held him moſt to ſhine in the *Court*'s Sphere,
And practiſe Paſſion in another's Name,
To dally with thoſe *Arms* that levell'd were
His high, and yet victorious Heart t'enflame:

He

He ſigh, and wept, expreſſing all the Woe
Deſpairing Lovers in their Frenzy ſhew.

XVIII.

And, with ſo good Succeſs, that in ſome ſpace
The magick of his *Eloquence*, and *Art*,
Had wrought the *King* into this *Princeſs* Grace,
And laid the paſſage open to her Heart:
Such Royal Suiters could not be deny'd,
The whole World's Wonder, and one *Aſia*'s pride

XIX.

The *King* thus fixt a *Monarch* in his Love,
And in his Miſtriſs's fair ſurrender crown'd,
Could ſometimes now permit his Friends remove,
As having other Converſation found.
And now reſign him to the Peace he ſought
To practiſe what the wiſe *Athenian* taught.

XX. *Solon*

XX.

Solon, that *Oracle* of famous *Greece*,
Could in the courſe of his experience find,
None to bequeath his knowledge to but this,
This glorious *Youth* bleſt with ſo rich a Mind,
So brave a Soul, and ſuch a ſhining Spirit,
As *Vertue* might, by lawful claim, inherit.

XXI.

It was his *Precept*, that did firſt diſtil
Vertue into this hopeful young Man's Breaſt;
That gave him *Reaſon* to conduct his *Will*,
That firſt his Soul in ſacred *Knowledg'd* dreſt;
And taught him, that a wiſe Man, when alone,
Is to himſelf the beſt Companion.

XXII.

He taught him firſt into himſelf retire,
Shunning the greatneſs, and thoſe gaudy Beams,
That often ſcorch their Plumes who high aſpire,
And wear the ſplendor of the *World*'s extreams,

To

To drink that *Nectar*, and to taſt that Food,
That to their *Greatneſs*, make Men truly *Good*.

XXIII.

Had his unerring Eye had aptly choſe
A place ſo ſuited to his Mind, and Birth,
For the ſweet Scene of his belov'd Repoſe:
Is all the various Beauties of the *Earth*,
Contracted in one plot, could nere outvie
To nouriſh *Fancy*; or delight the *Eye*.

XXIV.

From the far fam'd *Olympus* haughty Crown,
Which, with curl'd *Cypreſs*, Periwigs his Brow
The chryſtal *Lycus* tumbles headlong down,
And thence unto a fruitful Valley flows;
Twining with am'rous Crooks her verdant
Was't that ſmiles to ſee her Borders ſo embrac't.

XXV. Upon

XXV.

Upon whoſe flowry Banks a ſtately *Pile*,
Built from the marble Quarry ſhining ſtood:
Like the proud Queen of that *Elizean Iſle*,
Viewing her front in the tranſparent Flood:
Which, with a murm'ring Sorrow, kiſs'd her baſe,
As loth to leave ſo beautiful a place.

XXVI.

Lovely indeed; if tall, and ſhady Groves,
Enamel'd *Meads*, and little purling *Springs*,
Which from the *Grots*, the *Temples* of true Loves,
Creep out to trick the *Earth* in wanton rings:
Can give the name of Lovely to that place,
Where Nature ſtands clad in her chiefeſt Grace.

XXVII.

This noble Structure, in her Sight thus bleſt,
Was round adorn'd with many a curious piece;
By ev'ry cunning *Maſter*'s hand expreſt,
Of famous *Italy*; or *Antick Greece*:

As

As *Art*, and *Nature* both together ſtrove,
Which ſhould attract, and which ſhould fix his love.

XXVIII.

There whilſt the Statue, and the Picture vie
Their ſhape, and colour, their deſign, and life;
They Value took from his judicious Eye,
That could determin beſt the curious ſtrife:
For naught, that ſhould a Prince's Vertues fill,
Eſcap't his knowledge, or amus'd his skill.

XXIX.

But in that brave Collection there was one,
That ſeem'd to lend her light unto the reſt;
Wherein the maſtry of the Pencil ſhone
Above, whatever *Painter's Art* expreſt;
A *Woman* of ſo exquiſite a Frame;
As made all Life deform'd, and *Nature* lame.

XXX. A piece

XXX.

A Piece ſo wrought, as might to *Ages* ſtand
The work and likeneſs of ſome *Deity*;
To mock the labours of a humane hand:
So round, ſo ſoft, ſo airy, and ſo free,
That it had been no leſs, than to prophane,
To dedicate that Face t'a mortal Name.

XXXI.

For *Venus* therefore *Goddeſs* of that *Iſle*,
The cunning *Artiſt* nam'd this brave Deſign,
The critick Eyes of Wond'rers to beguile;
As if, inſpired, had drawn a Shape divine:
Venus Vrania, *Parent* of their bliſs,
Could be expreſt in nothing more than this.

XXXII.

And ſuch a power had the lovely Shade,
Over this *Prince*'s yet unconquer'd Mind;
That his indiff'rent Eye full oft it ſtay'd,
And by degrees his noble Heart enclin'd

To ſay, that could this Frame a *Woman* be;
She were his *Miſtriſs*, and no Fair but ſhe.

Cætera deſunt.

To Mr. Alexander Brome.

EPODE.

NOW let us drink, and with our nimble Feet,
The Floor in graceful meaſures beat;
Never ſo fit a time for harmleſs Mirth
Upon the Sea-guirt *ſpot* of Earth.
The *King*'s return'd! Fill *Nectar* to the brim,
And let *Lyæus* proudly ſwim:
Our Joys are full, and uncontrouled flow,
Then let our Cups (my Hearts) be ſo:
Begin the Frolick, ſend the Liquor round,
And as our *King*, our Cups be crown'd.
Go Boy, and peirce the old *Faternian* Wine,
And make us Chaplets from the Vine.

Range

Range through the drowſy Veſſels of the Cave,
Till we an Inundation have,
Spare none of all the Store, but ply thy Task,
Till *Bachus Throne* be empty Cask;
But let the *Muſt* alone, for that we find
Will leave a *Crapula* behind.
Our Griefs once made us thirſty, and our *Joy*,
If not allay'd, may now deſtroy.
Light up the ſilent Tapers, let them ſhine,
To give Complexion to our Wine;
Fill each a Pipe of the rich *Indian* Fume,
To vapour Incenſe in the Room,
That we may in that artificial Shade
Drink all a *Night* our ſelves have made.
No Cup ſhall be diſcharg'd, whilſt round we ſit,
Without a ſmart report of Wit,
Whilſt our Inventions quickned thus, and warm,
Hit all they fly at, but not harm;
For it Wit's maſtry is, and chiefeſt *Art*
To tickle all; but make none ſmart.
Thus ſhall our Draughts, and Converſation be,
Equally innocent, and free,

Ou

Our *Loyalty* the Center, we the *Ring*,
Drink round, and Changes to the *King*;
Let none avoid, diſpute, or dread his Cups,
The ſtrength, or quantity he ſups:
Our Brains of Raptures full, and ſo divine,
Have left no room for fumes of Wine;
And though we drink like Free-men of the *Deep*,
We'll ſcorn the frail ſupport of Sleep;
For whilſt with *Charles* his preſence we are bleſt,
Security ſhall be our reſt.
Anacreon come, and touch thy jolly Lyre,
And bring in *Horace* to the *Quire*:
Mould all our Healths in your immortal *Rythme*,
Who cannot ſing, ſhall drink in time.
We'll be one Harmony, one Mirth, one Voice,
One Love, one Loyalty, one Noiſe,
Of Wit, and Joy, one Mind, and that as free
As if we all one Man could be.
Drown'd be paſt Sorrows, with our future Care,
For (if we know how bleſt we are)
A knowing *Prince* at laſt is waſted home,
That can prevent, as overcome.

Make then our Injuries, and Harms to be
The *Chorus* to our Jollity,
And from thoſe Iron times, paſt Woes recall,
Extract one *Mirth* to ballance all.

On Tobacco.

WHat horrid ſin condemn'd the teeming Earth,
And curſt her womb with ſuch a monſtrous Birth?
What Crime *America*, that *Heav'n* would pleaſe
To make thee Mother of the *World*'s diſeaſe?
In thy fair Womb what accidents could breed,
What *Plague* give root to this pernicious Weed?
Tobacco! Oh, the very name doth kill,
And has already fox't my reeling Quill:
I now could write Libels againſt the *King*,
Treaſon; or Blaſphemy; or any thing
Gainſt *Piety*, and *Reaſon*; I could frame
A Panegyre to the *Protector*'s Name:

ch ſly infiction does the World infuſe
o the Soul of ev'ry modeſt *Muſe*,
What politick *Peregrine* was't firſt could boaſt,
e bought a *Peſt* into his native Coaſt?
r abſtract of Poyſon in a ſtinking Weed,
he ſpurious Iſſue of corrupted Seed;
ed belch't in Earthquakes from the dark Abyſs,
hoſe Name a blot in *Nature*'s *Herbal* is.
hat drunken *Fiend* taught Engliſh-men the Crime,
hus to puff out, and ſpawl away their time?
Pernicious *Weed* (ſhould not my *Muſe* offend,
o ſay *Heav'n* made ought for a cruel end)
ſhould proclaim that thou created wer't,
o ruin Man's high, and immortal part.
hy *Stygyan* damp obſcures our Reaſon's Eye,
ebauches Wit, and makes *Invention* dry;
eſtroys the *Memory*, confounds our Care;
e know not what we do, or what we are:
enders our Faculties, and Members lame
o ev'ry office of our *Country*'s claim.
ur Life's a drunken Dream devoy'd of Senſe,
nd the beſt Actions of our time offence.

Our Health, Diſeaſes, *Lethargies*, and *Rhume*,
Our Friendſhip's Fire, and all our Vows are Fume
Of late there's no ſuch things as Wit, or Senſe,
Councel, Inſtruction, or Intelligence:
Diſcourſe that ſhould diſtinguiſh Man from Beaſt
Is by the vapour of this VVeed ſuppreſt;
For what we talk is interrupted ſtuff,
The one half *Engliſh*, and the other *Puff*:
Freedom, and Truth are things we do not know
VVe know not what we ſay, nor what we do:
VVe want in all, the Underſtanding's light,
We talk in Clouds, and walk in endleſs Night.

VVe ſmoke, as if we meant conceal'd by ſpell
To ſpy abroad, yet be inviſible:
But no diſcovery ſhall the Stateſman boaſt,
VVe raiſe a miſt wherein our ſelves are loſt,
A ſtinking ſhade, and whilſt we pipe it thus,
Each one appears an *Ignis fatuus*.
Courtier, and *Peſant*, nay the *Madam* Nice
Is likewiſe fall'n into the common Vice,
VVe all in dusky Error groping lye,
Rob'd of our *Reaſons*, and the days bright Eye.

VVhil

Whilſt *Sailers* from the *Main-top* ſee our Iſle
Wrapt up in Smoak, like the *Ætnean Pile.*
VVhat nameleſs Ill does its Contagion ſhrow'd
the dark Mantle of this noiſom Cloud?
re 'tis the *Devil:* Oh, I know that's it,
oh! How the Sulphur makes me Cough and Spit?
Tis he; or elſe ſome Fav'rit Feind at leaſt,
all the Miſchief of his Malice dreſt;
ch deadly Sin that lurks t'intrap the Soul;
es here conceal'd in curling Vapours rowl:
d for the Body ſuch an unknown ill,
s makes *Phyſitians* reading, and their skill:
e undiſtinguiſht *Peſt* made up of all
at Men experienc'd do Diſeaſes call.
oughs, *Aſtma's*, *Apoplexies*, *Fevers*, *Rhume*,
l that kill dead; or lingeringly conſume;
dy, and *Madneſs*, nay the *Plague*, the *Pox*,
d ev'ry Fool wears a *Pandora's* Box.
om that rich Mine, the ſtupid Sot doth fill,
okes up his Liver, and his Lungs, until
s reeking Noſtrils monſtr'ouſly proclaim,
s Brains, and Bowels are conſuming Flame.

VVhat noble Soul would be content to dwell
In the dark Lanthorn of a ſmoky *Cell*?
To proſtitute his Body, and his Mind,
To a Debauch of ſuch a Stinking kind?
To ſacrifice to *Molech*, and to fry,
In ſuch a baſe, dirty *Idolatry*;
As if frail life, which of its ſelf's too ſhort,
VVere to be whift away in drunken ſport.
Thus, as if weary of our deſtin'd years,
VVe burn the Thread ſo to prevent the Shears.

VVhat noble end, can ſimple Man propoſe
For a reward to his all-ſmoking Noſe?
His purpoſes are levell'd ſure amiſs,
VVhere neither Ornament, nor Pleaſure is.
VVhat can he then deſign his worthy hire?
Sure 'tis t'innure him for eternal fire:
And thus his aim muſt admirably thrive,
In hopes of Hell, he damns himſelf alive.

But my infected *Muſe* begins to choke,
In the vile ſtink of the encreaſing Smoke,
And can no more in equal numbers chime,
Unleſs to ſneeze, and cough, and ſpit in *Rythme*.

Half stifled now in this new times Disease,
She must in *fumo* vanish, and decease.
This is her faults excuse, and her pretence,
This *Satyr*, perhaps, else had lookt like Sense.

Laura *Sleeping*.

O D E.

I.

WInds whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
VVhilst she her drops of Beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd Springs.

II.

Glide over Beauties Field her Face,
To kiss her Lip, and Cheek be bold,
But with a calm, and stealing pace;
Neither too rude; nor yet too cold.

III.

Play in her beams, and criſp her Hair,
With ſuch a gale, as wings ſoft *Love*
And with ſo ſweet, ſo rich an Air,
As breaths from the *Arabian* Grove.

IV.

A Breath as huſh't as Lovers ſigh;
Or that unfolds the Morning door:
Sweet, as the Winds, that gently fly,
To ſweep the *Springs* enamell'd Floor.

V.

Murmur ſoft *Muſick* to her Dreams,
That pure, and unpoluted run,
Like to the new-born Chriſtal Streams,
Under the bright enamour'd Sun.

VI.

But when ſhe waking ſhall diſplay
Her light retire within your bar,
Her Breath is life, her Eyes are day,
And all Mankind her Creatures are.

Laura *Weeping.*

O D E.

I.

CHaſt, lovely *Laura*, 'gan diſcloſe,
Drooping with ſorrow from her Bed,
As with ungentle Show'rs the Roſe,
O'recharg'd with wet, declines her head.

II. With

II.

With a dejected look, and pace,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear,
When meeting with her tell-tale Glass,
She saw the Face of sorrow there.

III.

Sweet sorrow drest in such a look,
As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded Leaf in Beauties Book,
Charact'red with clandestine Fire.

IV.

Down dropt a Tear, to deck her Cheeks
With orient Treasure of her own;
Such, as the diving *Negro* seeks
T'adorn the *Monarch*'s mighty Crown.

V. Then

V.

Then a full ſhowr of pearly Dew,
Upon her ſnowy Breaſt 'gan fall:
As in due Homage to beſtrew;
Or mourn her *Beauties* Funeral.

VI.

So have I ſeen the ſpringing Morn
In dark and humid Vapours clad,
Not to eclipſe but to adorn
Her glories by that conquer'd ſhade.

VII.

Spare (*Laura*) ſpare thoſe Beauties twins
Do not our World of Beauty drown,
Thy Tears are Balm for other Sins,
Thou know'ſt not any of thine own.

VIII.

Then let them ſhine forth to declare
The ſweet Serenity within,
May each day of thy Life be fair,
And to eclipſe one hour be Sin.

SONNET.

CHloris, whil'ſt thou and I were free,
Wedded to nought but Liberty,
How ſweetly happy did we live?
How free to promiſe, free to give?

Then *Monarch's* of our ſelves, we might
Love here, or there, to change delight,
And ty'd to none, with all diſpence,
Paying each love its recompence.

But

But in that happy freedom we
Were ſo improvidently free,
To give away our Liberties;

And now in fruitleſs Sorrow pine,
At what we are, what might have been,
Had thou, or I, or both been wiſe.

SONNET.

WHy doſt thou ſay thou lov'ſt me now,
And yet proclam'ſt it is too late,
When bound by folly, or by fate,
Thou canſt no further grace allow?

Repeat no more that killing Voice,
Thou beautious *Victrice* of my Heart;
Or find a way to eaſe my ſmart,
Maugre thy now repented choice.

'Tis

'Tis not too late to love, and do
What love and nature prompt thee to,
Whilſt thus thou triumph'ſt in thy prime;

Thou may'ſt diſcreetly love, and uſe,
Thoſe pleaſures thou didſt once refuſe:
But to profeſs it were a Crime.

SONNET.

WHy doſt thou ſay thy Heart is gon;
And no more mine, no more thine own;
But paſt retrieve for ever wed,
By ſacred Vow t'another's Bed?

Why doſt thou tell me that I lye
Bound in the ſame perplexed tye;
And that our now divided Souls
Are cold, and diſtant, as the *Poles?*

Doſt

Doſt thou not know when firſt our Loves
Were plighted in the ſecret *Groves*,
Our hearts were chang'd with equal flame:

Say, *Chloris* then, how can it be?
Couldſt thou give me; or I give thee?
No, no, our ſelves are ſtill the ſame.

SONNET.

HOw ſhould'ſt thou Love, and not offend!
Why, *Chloris*, I will tell thee how:
As thou did'ſt once, ſo Love me now,
And lye with me, and there's an end.

Thou only art enjoyn'd (my Sweet)
To keep thy Reputation high,
And that indeed, is ſecrecy,
Since all do err, thou all not ſee't.

Then

Then fairest *Fearless* of all blame,
That sacred Treasure of thy Name
Into my faithful *Arms* commit.

Thou once did'st trust me, with thy fame,
I then was just, and true to it;
And, *Chloris*, I am still the same.

To Sir Aston Cockayne, *on Captain* Hanniball.

EPIG.

YOur Captain *Hanniball* does snort and puff,
Arm'd in his Brazen-face, and Greazy Buff
'Mongst Puncks, and Panders, and can rant, and rout
With *Cacala* the Turd, and his poor Whore.
But I would wish his Valour not mistake us,
All Captains are not like his Brother *Dacus*;

Advi

Adviſe him then be quiet; or I ſhall
Bring Captain *Hough*, to bait your *Hannibal.*

In imitation of a Song in the Play of Rollo.

TAke, O take, my Fears away,
Which thy cold Diſdains have bred;
And grant me one auſpicious Ray,
From thy Morn of Beauties ſhed.
But thy killing Beams reſtrain,
Leſt I be by Beauty ſlain.

II.

Spread, O ſpread, thoſe orient Twins
Which thy ſnowy Boſom grace,
Where Love in Milk, and Roſes ſwims,
Blind with Luſtre of thy Face.
But let Love thaw them firſt, leſt I
Do on thoſe frozen Mountains dye.

To Sir Aſton Cockayne, *on his Tragedy of* Ovid.

LOng live the *Poet*, and his lovely *Muſe*,
The Stage with Wit, and Learning to infuſe,
Embalm him in immortal *Elegy*,
My gentle *Naſo*, for if he ſhould dye,
Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again purſu'd,
And baniſht *Heaven* for Ingratitude.
Transform again thy *Metamorphoſis*
In one, and turn thy various ſhapes to his,
A Twin-born *Muſe* in ſuch Embraces curl'd,
As ſhall ſubject the Scriblers of the World,
And ſpite of time, and Envy, henceforth ſit,
The ruling *Gemini* of Love and Wit.
So two pure Streams in one ſmooth Channel glide
In even motion, without Ebb, or Tide:
As in your Pens *Tybur*, and *Anchor* meet,
And run *Meanders* with their ſilver Feet.

Both

Both ſoft, both gentle, both tranſcending high,
Both skill'd alike in charming *Elegy*;
So equally admir'd the *Laurels* due,
Without diſtinction both to him and you:
Naſo was *Rome*'s fam'd *Ovid*, you alone
Muſt be the *Ovid* to our *Albion*;
In all things equal, ſaving in this caſe,
Our Modern *Ovid* has the better Grace.

Philodramatos.

De *Die* Martis, & *Die* Veneris.

E P I G.

Saturn and *Sol*, and *Luna* chaſt,
'Twixt *Mars* and *Venus* ſtill are plac't,
Whilſt *Mercury* and *Jove* divide,
The Lovers on the other ſide.

What may the hidden Myſtery
Of this unriddled Order be?
The Gods themſelves do juſtly fear,
That ſhould they truſt theſe two too near;
Mars would be drown'd in *Venus*, and ſo they
Should loſe a Planet, and the Week a Day.

ALIUD.

SHould *Mars* and *Venus* have their Will,
Venus would keep her *Friday* ill.

O D E

To Love.

I.

GReat Love I thank thee, now thou haſt
Paid me for all my Suff'rings paſt;
And wounded me with *Nature's* Pride,
For whom more Glory 'tis to dye,
Scorn'd, and neglected, than enjoy
All Beauty in the World beſide.

II.

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whoſe very Scorns are recompence,
The Regent of my Heart is crown'd,
And now the Sorrows, and the Woe,
My Youth, or Folly, helpt me to,
Are buried in this Friendly Wound.

III.

Led by my Folly; or my Fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what,
And threw my Thoughts I knew not where;
With Judgment now I love, and ſue,
And never yet Perfection knew,
Until I caſt mine Eyes on her.

IV.

My Soul that was ſo mean before,
Each little Beauty to adore;
Now rais'd to Glory, does deſpiſe,
Thoſe poor and counterfeited Rays,
That caught me in my childiſh Days,
And knows no Power but her Eyes.

VI.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,
Almighty Love, now to implore
Of my auſpicious Stars; on thee:
Than, that thou bow her noble Mind,
To be as mercifully kind:
As I ſhall ever faithful be.

TRANSLATIONS
Out of ſeveral
POETS.

Horace *his ſecond* Epod *Tranſlated.*

HAppy's that Man that is from *City*-Care
Sequeſtred, as the *Ancients* were;
That with his own Oxe, ploughs his *Father*'s Lands,
Untainted with uſurious *Bands:*
That from Alarms of War in quiet ſleeps;
Nor's frighted with the raging *Deeps:*
That ſhuns litigious *Law*, and the proud State
Of his more potent *Neighbour*'s Gate.
Therefore, he either is imploy'd to joyn
The *Poplar* to the ſprouting *Vine*,
Pruning

Pruning luxurious Branches, grafting ſome
More hopeful Offſpring in their room:
Or elſe, his ſight in humble Valleys feaſts,
With ſcatter'd troops of lowing *Beaſts*;
Or refin'd Hony in fine Veſſels keeps;
Or ſhears his ſnowy, tender *Sheep*:
Or, when *Autumnus* ſhews his fruitful head
I'th' mellow Fields with Apples covered,
How he delights to pluck the grafted *Pear*,
And *Grapes*, whoſe Cheeks do Purple wear!
Of which to thee, *Priapus*, Tythes abound,
And *Silvan Patron* of his Ground.
Now, where the aged *Oak* his green Arms ſpreads,
He lies; now in the flowry Meads:
Whilſt through their deep-worn Banks the murmuring *Flouds*
Do glide, and Birds chant in the *Woods*:
And bubling Fountains flowing Streams do weep,
A gentle Summons unto Sleep.
But when cold *Winter* does the Storms prepare,
And Snow of thundering *Jupiter*;

Then

Then with his Dogs the furious *Boar* he foils,
Compell'd into objected Toils:
Or, on the Forks extends his mashy Net,
For greedy *Thrushes* a deceit.
The fearful *Hare* too, and the Stranger *Crane*
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such Diversions would remove
All the malignant Cares of Love?
But, if to these he have a modest *Spouse*,
To nurse his *Children*, keep his *House*,
Such, as the *Sabin Women*, or the tan'd
Wife o'th' painful *Apulian*,
To make a good Fire of dry Wood, when come
From his hard Labour weary home.
The wanton Cattle in their Booths to tye,
Stripping their stradling Udders dry,
Drawing the Must from forth the cleanly Fats,
To wash down their unpurchas'd Cates;
Mullet, or *Thorn-back* cannot please me more,
Nor *Oysters* from the *Lucrine* shore,
When by an *Eastern* Tempest they are tost,
Into the *Sea*, that sweeps this *Coast*.

The

The *Turky* fair of *Africk* ſhall not come,
Within the confines of my Womb:
As *Olives* from the fruitfull'ſt Branches got,
Ionian Snites ſo ſweet are not.
Or *Sorrel* growing in the Meadow Ground,
Or *Mallows* for the Body ſound.
The *Lamb* kill'd for the *Terminalia*;
Or *Kid* redeem'd from the *Wolf*'s Prey.
Whilſt thus we feed, what Joy 'tis to behold
The paſtur'd Sheep haſte to their Fold!
And th' wearied *Ox* with drooping Neck to come
Haling th' inverted *Culter* home;
And ſwarms of *Servants* from their Labour quit
About the ſhining Fire ſit:
Thus when the *Uſurer Alphius* had ſaid,
Now purpoſing this Life to lead,
Pth' *Ides* call'd in his Mony; but for gain
Pth' *Kalends* put it forth again.

Ho-

Horat. *Ode IX. Lib. III.* *Ad* Lydiam.

Hor. WHilſt I was acceptable unto thee,
And that no other youthful Arm might cling
About thy ſnowy Neck, than mine more free,
More bleſt I flouriſht than the *Perſian King.*

Lyd. And, for no other Womans Beauty, when
Thou ſigh'dſt; and when thy *Chloe* did not come
Before thy *Lydia*, thy *Lydia* then
Flouriſht more fam'd than *Ilia* of *Rome.*

Hor. Now *Thracian Chloe* is my only *Dear*,
Skill'd on the *Harp*, and skilful in an *Air!*
For whom to die I not at all ſhould fear,
If gentle *Fate* my Soul in her would ſpare.

Lyd.

Lyd. The Son of *Ornithus* the *Thurine*, me
With equal violence of heat doth move:
For whom, with all my Heart, I twice would die,
So *Fate* would ſpare the gentle *Boy*, my *Love*.

Hor. What if our Friendſhip ſhould renew,
And link our Loves in a more laſting Chain?
Yellow-hair'd *Chloe*, ſhould I ſlight for you,
Should my acceſs to thee be free again?

Lyd. Though than a glorious Star *He* is more bright,
And thou than is the *Adriatick Sea*
More raging, and than ſpungy Cork more light,
Yet ſhould I love to live and die with thee.

Martial

Martial, *Epig. Lib. I. Ep. XX.*

AS I remember, *Ælia* cought full ſore;
She cought out twice two Teeth, ſhe had but four.
Now ſhe may ſafely cough for ever: Why?
Her Mouth's not charg'd to let ſuch Bullets fly.

Stances de Monſieur Theophile.

I.

WHen thy nak'd Arm thou ſee'ſt me kiſs
Upon the ſnowy Sheet diſplay'd,
Which whiter than the Linnen is;
And, when my glowing Hand's betray'd,
Wandring about thy Paps: Thy Senſe may prove,
Chloris, that with a burning heat I love.

II. As

II.

s Zealots Eyes to *Heaven* tend,
So mine Eyes unto thine are turn'd,
Then to thy Couch my Knees I bend,
With thouſands of warm Paſſions burn'd,
My Lips from whiſpering Murmurs then are free,
And ſuffer my Delights to ſleep with thee.

III.

Morpheus glad of the ſurpriſe,
In his black *Empire* thee detains;
And hides from ſeeing me thine Eyes
With ſo dull, ſo heavy Chains,
That thy ſoft ſlumber'd-charmed Spirits lye
Dumb, without murmur at his *Tyranny*.

IV. In

IV.

In breathing her perfume the *Roſe*,
In ſhooting forth his heat the *Day*,
The *Chariot*, where *Diana* goes,
And *Naiad's*, when in Flouds they play,
The ſilent *Graces* in a Picture to
Make more of noiſe, than thy ſoft Breathings do

V.

Then by thee did I breathe a Sigh,
And when thy reſt I had deſcryed;
The ſweet Repoſe, that ſeal'd thine Eye:
With Paſſion then; *Oh Heaven!* I cryed;
How canſt thou from ſuch excellent Limbs, as theſe
Extract ſo great an ill, as my Diſeaſe.

Her Heart and Mine.

Out of Aſtrea.

MADRIGALL.

I.

WEll may I ſay that our two *Hearts*
Compoſed are of flinty Rock;
Mine as reſiſting rigorous Darts;
Yours as it can indure the ſhock
Of *Love*, and of my *Tears*, and *Smart*.

II.

But when I weigh the griefs, whereby
My *Suffrings* I perpetuate,
I ſay, in this extremity,

In *Conſtancy*, that I am that
Rock, which you are in *Cruelty*.

To Charinus, *an ugly Womans Husband.*

Epig. out of Johannes Secundus.

CHarinus, 'twas my hap of late
To have a ſight of thy dear *Mate*,
So white, *ſo flouriſhing*, *ſo fair*,
So trim, *ſo modeſt*, *debonair*;
That if good *Jove* would grant to me
A leaſh of *Beauties*, ſuch as ſhe:
I'de give the *Devil* at one Word
Two that he'd take away the third.

An

An Ode of Johannes Secundus *Tranſlated.*

To my dear Tutor Mr. Ralph Rawſon.

THE *World* ſhall want *Phœbean* light,
And th' Icy *Moon* obſcured lye,
And ſparkling *Stars* their Rooms ſhall quit
I' th' gloomy Sky:

The *Crab* ſhall ſhorter cut the Day,
The *Capricorn* prolong its Hours,
And t' abridge *Nights* unpleaſant ſtay,
Command the Powers:

Earth ſhall be plow'd by crooked Ships,
And Carrs ſhall rowl upon the *Seas*,
Fiſhes in Woods, *Bores* in the Deep
Shall live and Graze:

Before I'le lay aſide that care
Of thee, that's in my Boſom bred,
Whether i'th' *Centre*, or i'th' *Air*,
Alive, or *dead*.

EPIG.

Tranſlated out of Hieron; Amaltheus.

A *Con* his right, *Leonilla* her left Eye
Doth want; yet each in Form the *Gods* outvie.
Sweet *Boy*, with thine thy *Siſters* light improve;
So ſhall ſhe Venus *be*, *and thou blind Love.*

Love's

Love's World.

Tranſlated out of Aſtrea.

I.

THat *Artiſt Love* another World has made,
To which in'ts Centre fixt my *Faith*'s the *Earth:*
And as on *Earth* the *Worlds* Foundation's laid,
My *Faith* the ground-ſell is to this fair Birth.

II.

If any jealous *Fears* are there diſclos'd, (ſhake,
This conſtant *Faith* within my Breaſt to
'Tis like thoſe *Winds* within the *Earth* inclos'd,
Which with their riots make her Entrails quake.

III.

My *Tears* the *Ocean* are: to dry thoſe tears
A task no leſs, than to exhauſt the *Main*:
'Cauſe of my *Sighs*, that I'me not lov'd the ſear:
Thoſe ſighs the *Storm*, that ſtirs the *Watry Plain*.

IV.

Bitter's this *Sea*; although its liquid courſe
Is but of *Rivers* ſweet a concourſe great;
More bitter are my *Tears*, pleaſant their ſourſe
As ſprung from you unto my Heart more ſweet.

V.

My *Will's* the *Air*, which in her power free
About my *Faith* in conſtant motion roves
The *Winds Deſires* hot from their infancy,
By which, as *Air* by *Winds*, my will ſtill moves.

VI. And

VI.

And as th'unruly Winds diverſly ſtray
Though lock'd in *Mountains*, whence they dare not part:
So my *Deſires* unto *Reſpect* obey,
And dare not break that *Priſon* of my heart.

VII.

The hidden *Fire*, which compaſſeth the *Air*,
Is th'undiſcover'd *Flame*, wherewith I burn;
And, as that great *Fire* does to none appear,
So to Mens Eyes a borrow'd Face I turn.

VIII.

My *Hope*'s the waxing and the waining *Moon*,
Borrowing from you alone her glorious hue:
But when it darkly in the Clouds doth run,
'Tis doubtfull thought, that vainly follows you.

IX.

Your *Eye*'s the *Sun* incomparably bright,
Fair Eye Love's Sun, which to us all Light gives:
If th'other *Sun* gives the World living Light,
What Lover can deny by you he lives?

X.

Why with ſuch beauty has *Love* furniſh'd you,
As that your ſight's his *Day*, your abſence *Night*,
If not t'injoy that bleſſing of your view?
Then let us rather live, than periſh by't.

XI.

The *Summer*'s my hot Blouds redundancy;
And frozen *Fear* my cold, chill *Winter* brings.
But what of this, if ſtill my *Autumn* be
As void of Fruit, as void of Flowers my Spring?

Martial,

Martial, *Ep.* 84. *Lib.* 10.

DO'ſt muſe to ſleep, why *Aſer* does not go?
Pre'thee, Cæcilian, look at's Bedfellow.

Id. Ep. 93. *Lib.* 11.

WHo ſays, thou'rt Vitious, *Zoilus*, lies;
Thou art not Vitious, but a Vice.

Id. Ep. 58. *Lib.* 1.

Ad Flaccum.

FLaccus, thou ask'ſt, what kind of Girl I prize?
I like not one too Eaſy, nor too Nice.
I beſt with one betwixt theſe could diſpenſe,
Not to afflict me, nor to glut my Senſe.

Id.

Id. Ep. 48. *Lib.* 1.

De Diaulo Medico *Paraph.*

Diaulus Sextan from *Phyſitian* is
Of late become, and 'tis not much amiſs:
For now, t'interr, his care he may apply
In this, thoſe kill'd in that capacity.

Id. Lib. Ep. 65.

Ad Fabullam ambitioſam.

THou'rt fair, we know't, a *Maid*, 'tis true,
And rich, why, we will grant that too.
But whilſt too oft by thee 'tis ſaid,
Thou'rt neither fair, nor rich, nor Maid.

Id. Lib. 1. *Ep.* 3.

Ad Velocem.

My Epigrams *are long thou doſt report,*
For thy part, thou writ'ſt none: Thine are more ſhort.

Id. Lib. 2. *Ep.* 88.

In Mamercum.

THou nought repeat'ſt, yet *Poet* wouldſt be thought;
Be what thou wilt, ſo thou repeateſt nought.

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. *Ep.* 9.

In Cinnam.

CInna writes Verſes againſt me, 'tis ſaid,
He does not write whoſe Verſe by none is read.

Id. Lib. 3. *Ep.* 28.

In Neſtorem.

THou wondreſt, *Marius* has a ſtinking Ear:
Neſtor, *'tis long of thee, thou whiſper'ſt there.*

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. *Ep:* 26.

In Candidum.

THou, *Candidus*, alone enjoy'ſt th' eſtate;
Alone thy *Money*, *Myrrhe*, and *Golden plate*,
Maſſican, *Cecuban* Wine alone thou taſt'ſt
Alone thou Wit, and Underſtanding haſt.
Alone thou'ſt all things: *I deny this one*,
Thou haſt a Wife too, but not thine alone.

Id. Lib. 3. *Ep.* 32.

In Matriniam.

THou ſay'ſt, I cannot fit an old Wife's Bed,
I can, *Matrinia*, thou'rt not old, but dead.
Hecube, or *Niobe* I could be prone,
But when ſhe was no Bitch, and ſhe no Stone.

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. *Ep.* 52.

Ad Chloen.

CHloe, thy Face I do not prize,
Neither thy Neck, thy Hands, nor Thighs,
Nor Breasts, Hips, Hanches, Legs, nor Feet,
Nor what thou think'ſt more tempting yet;
And not t' inſiſt on every part,
I could want all, with all my heart.

Id. Lib. 4. *Ep.* 78.

In Varum.

VArus of late to Supper did me call
His Plate was ſumptuous his Victuals ſmall:
With Gold, not Victuals, was his Table ſpread.
Our Eyes his Servants, not our Palats fed.

Fo

In Meat, not Sights, I came, then did I ſay,
Or bring us Meat, or take thy Plate away.

Id. Lib. 4. *Ep.* 86.

In Ponticum.

WE drink in Glaſs, thou *Myrrh*, *Ponticus*; why?
Leſt Glaſs of two Wines make diſcovery.

Id. Lib. 5. *Ep.* 46.

In Baſſam.

BAſſa, thou ſay'ſt, thou'rt fair, and a *Maid* too;
Baſſa, thou often ſay'ſt what is not ſo.

Id.

Id. Lib. 5. *Ep.* 44.

De Thaide, *&* Lecania.

THais her Teeth are black, as jet, or Crow:
Lecania's Teeth are white, as driven ſnow.
The reaſon of it eaſily is known,
Lecania *bought Teeth wears*, Thais *her own.*

Id. Lib. 7. *Ep.* 32.

In Cinnam.

SInce thy dagg'd Gown's ſo dirty, when thy Shoe,
Cinna, is whiter than the Virgin-ſnow:
Why with thy Garment do'ſt t' thy Feet abuſe?
Cinna, tuck up thy Gown, thou ſpoil'ſt thy Shoes.

Id.

Id. Lib. 10. *Ep.* 47.

Ad Seipſum.

THeſe, pleaſant *Martial*, are the things
That to Man's life contentment brings;
Wealth by ſucceſſion got, not toil,
A glowing Hearth; a *fruitfull Soil*;
No *Strife*; few *Suits*; a Mind not drown'd
In cares; *clean Strength*; a *Body ſound*;
Prudent Simplicity; equal *Friends*;
No *Diet*, that to laviſh tends:
A *Night* not ſteept in Drink, yet freed
From Care; a chaſt, and peacefull Bed;
Untroubled Sleeps, that render Night
Shorter, and ſweeter till the light;
To be beſt pleas'd with thine own ſtate,
Neither to wiſh, nor fear thy Fate.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 3.

Ad Muſam.

IT was enough five, ſix, ſeven *Books* to fill,
Yea and too much; why, *Muſe*, doſt ſcribble ſtill?
Ceaſe, and be modeſt. *Fame* no farther grace
Can add; *My Book*'s worn out in every place.
When raz'd *Meſſalla*'s *Monumentals* muſt
Lye with *Licinus*'s loſty *Tomb* in duſt
I ſhall be read, and *Travellers* that come
Tranſport my Verſes to their *Father*'s home.
Thus I had once reſolv'd (Her Clothes, and Head
Beſmear'd with Ointment) when *Thalia* ſaid,
Canſt thou, Ungrateſull, thus renounce thy *Rhime*?
Tell me; how would'ſt thou ſpend thy Vacant time?
To *Tragick buskins* would'ſt thy *Sock* transfer,
And in *Heroick Verſe* ſing bloudy *War*?
That tyrannous *Pedants* with awfull Voice
May terrify *Old Men*, *Virgins*, and *Boys*:

Let

Let rigid *Antiquaries* such things write,
Who by a blinking Lamp consume the Night,
With *Roman air* touch up thy *Poems Dress*,
That th'*Age* may read its manners, and confess:
Thou'lt find thou may'st with trifling Subjects play,
Until their Trumpets to thy Reed give way.

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 19.

De Cinna.

Cinna would fain be thought to need,
And so he does, he's poor indeed.

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 23.

Ad Ruſticum.

TO thee I gluttonous and cruel ſeem
About my *Cook*, becauſe I baſted him
For ſupper; *Ruſticus*, the cauſe was great:
What ſhould a Cook be beaten for, but's meat?

Id. Lib. Ep. 47.

In variè ſe tondentem.

PArt of thy *Beard* is clipt, part ſhav'd, anothe
place
Is pull'd: who'd think this could be all one *Face*

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 21.

Ad Luciferum.

Hoſpher, appear; why doſt our joys delay
When *Cæſar's* coming only waits for *Day?*
me begs thy haſte; on ſlow *Boots's Carr*
ſt thou not ride, thou mov'ſt ſo ſlowly, *Star?*
ift-footed *Cyllarus*, thou might'ſt have took,
dor his ſaddle now would have forſook.
hy do'ſt thou longer ſtop the longing Sun?
Inthus, and *Æthon* beat, and ſnort to run:
d Memnon's Mother watches till you come.
r will the *Stars* give place to greater Light,
t ſtay with th' *Moon* expecting *Cæſars* ſight.
w, *Cæſar*, come by Night, we ſhall have Ray;
r People cannot, where thou art, want Day.

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 35.

In peſſimos Conjuges.

SInce y'are a-like in Manners, and in Life,
A wicked *Husband*, and a wicked *Wife*,
I wonder much you are ſo full of ſtrife!

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 53.

In Catullam.

THE *Fair'ſt* of *Women*, that have been, or are
Thou art, yet *Cheaper* than them all by far;
To me *Catulla*, what a triumph 't were
That thou wer't, or more Honeſt, or leſs Fair.

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 59.

In Vacerram.

BUT *Antick Poets* thou admireſt none,
And only prayeſt them are dead, and gone.
I beg your pardon, good *Vacerra*, I
Can't on ſuch terms find in my Heart to die.

Id. Lib. 7. *Ep.* 100.

De Vetula.

THou'rt ſoft to touch; charming to hear; unſeen
Thou'rt both: but neither, take away the Screen.

Id. Lib. 8. *Ep.* 41.

Ad Fauſtinum.

SAd *Athenagoras* nought preſents me now,
As in *December* he was wont to do.
If *Athenagoras* be ſad, or no,
I'll ſee: *I'me ſure, that he has made me ſo.*

Id. Lib. 11. *Ep.* 103.

In Lydiam.

HE did not lye, that ſaid, thy *Skin* was fair,
But not thy *Face*; ſo one, and th' other are.
Thy *Face*, if thou ſit'ſt mute, and hold'ſt thy peace
Even as in one *Emboſt*, or *Painted* is.

But,

But, as thou talk'ſt, thou looſeſt off thy *Skin*
And no ones Tongue more hurts themſelves than thine:
Take heed the *Ædile* thee, nor hear, nor ſee,
As oft as Statues ſpeak 'tis a Prodigie.

Id. Lib. 12. *Ep.* 7.

De Ligia.

IF by her Hairs *Ligia*'s Age be told,
'Tis ſoon caſt up, than ſhe is three years old.

Id. Lib. 12. *Ep.* 20.

Ad Fabullam.

THat *Themiſon* has no Wife, how't comes to paſs,
Thou ask'ſt: why *Themiſon*, a Siſter has.

Horat.

Horat: *Lib* 1: Carmin. *Ode* 8.

Ad Lydia.

TEll me, for *God's ſake, Lydia*, why
Thy *Sabaris* thou do'ſt with love deſtroy.
The Glorious *Field* why ſhould he ſhun,
Grown now impatient of the *Duſt*, and *Sun*
Why not in *War-like* bravery ride,
Curbing with bits the *Gallick* Horſes pride
Why fears he *Tybers* yellow Floud,
And flies the *Olive* more than *Vipers Bloud*
Why not ſtill cruſht with *Arms*, whoſe art
Was fam'd for clean delivery of his *Dart*?
Why does he, *Lydia*, now lye hid,
As once, they ſay, the *Son* of *Thetis* did
Before *Troy's* wept for *Funerall*,
Leſt in his own Apparel he might fall
Subject to *Slaughter*, and the *Harms*
Of bloudy *Lycians* unrelenting *Arms*?

D

De Fortuna: an ſit cæca.

Epig. ex Johann. Secundo.

WHY do they ſpeak the *Goddeſs Fortune* blind?
Becauſe *She's* only to th' *unjuſt* inclin'd;
This *Reaſon* nought *Her blindneſs* does declare,
They only Fortune need who Wicked are.

Tria Mala ex eodem.

THE three great *Evils* of *Mans* life,
Are Fire, Water, and a Wife.

Id.

Id. Lib. Ep. 15.

In Neæram.

'TWas Night, and *Phœbe* in a *Heaven* bright
Shone 'mongſt the leſſer *ſparks* of Light,
When, thou (to wound the *Gods*) vowd'ſt to fulfill
The ſtricteſt tenures of my will,
With ſtraighter Arms, than ever th' *Ivy* tall
Embrac'd the aged *Oak* withall;
Whilſt *Wolves* devour, and whilſt *Orion* ſtirs
The Winter *Main* to *Mariners*;
And that this Love ſhould mutual laſt, whilſt air
Wanton'd with *Phœbus*'s uncut Hair.
Neæra falſe on my good Nature wan
Too much; were *Flaccus* ought of Man,
He'd not t' another yield thee Night by Night;
But ſeek another Love in ſpight:
Nor would his Anger ſo provok'd give place,
To th' *Charms* of thy offenſive Face.

But,

But, *Thou*, who ere more happy, and now grown
Proud uſher'ſt my *Affliction*,
Thou mayſt be rich in *Cattle*, and in *Land*,
Pactolus may flow to thy Hand;
Thou mayſt be too a *Pythagorean*
O'recome with Beauty *Nerean*.
Yet thou, alas! wilt mourn her change to ſee,
When I by turn ſhall laugh at thee.

O D E

De Theophile.

Par.

I.

THy Beauties, *Deareſt Iſis*, have
Diſturbed *Nature* at their ſight,
Thine Eyes to *Love* his blindneſs gave,
Such is the vigour of their light:

The

The *Gods* too only minding thee,
Let the *World* err at liberty.

II.

And having in the *Suns* bright Eye
Thy glances counterfeited seen,
Even their Hearts, my *Sweet*, thereby
So sensibly have wounded been:
That, but they're fixt, they'd come to see,
And gaze upon their *Creature* thee.

III.

Beleive me, in this humor *They*
Of things below have little Care,
Of good, or ill, we do; or say,
Then since, *Heaven* lets thee love me, *Dear*,
Without revenging on thine Eye,
Or striking me in *Jealousy*.

IV. Thou

IV.

Thou mayſt ſecurely in mine Arms
And warm Womb of my wanton bed,
Teach me t' unravel all thy *Charms*;
Thou nothing, *Iſis*, needeſt dread:
Since *Gods* themſelves had happy been,
Could all their power have made thee Sin.

Elegy de Theophile.

SInce that ſad Day, a ſadder *Farewell* did
My Eyes the object of my flame forbid,
My Soul, and Senſe ſo diſunited are,
That being thus deprived of thee, *My Fair*,
I find me ſo diſtractedly alone,
That from my ſelf, methinks my ſelf am gone.
To me inviſible's the *Sun's* fair Light,
Nor do I feel the ſoft repoſe of Night:

I Poyſon

I Poyſon taſt in my repaſt moſt ſweet;
And ſink where-ever I diſpoſe my feet;
My *Life* all company, but *Death*, has loſt,
Chloris, ſo dear the love I bear thee coſt.
Oh Gods! who all the joys we have beſtow,
Do you with them always give torments too?
Can that, we call *Good Fortune* never hit
Humane deſigns, but ill muſt follow it?
If equally you interweave the *Fate*
With good, and ill of thoſe you love, and hate.
In vain I ſue to her, I ſo adore,
In vain her help that has no Power implore.
For, as black Night purſues the glorious *Sun*,
The greateſt *Good* does but ſome *Ill* fore-run.
When handſome *Paris* liv'd with *Helen* fair,
He ſaw his *Fortune* rais'd above his *Care*;
But *Fate* ſeverely did revenge that bliſs,
For (as with time his *Fortune* changed is.)
From his Delights ſprang a debate, that Fire
Brought to old *Troy*, and maſſacred his *Sire*.
And though in that ſubverſion there appears
Such ſad miſhaps of Bloud, of Fire, and Tears;

Yet

Yet by that *Heavenly Face I ſo adore*,
I ſwear, for love of thee, I ſuffer more.
For ſo long abſent from thy gracious Eyes,
Methinks I baniſht am the *Deities*.
And that from *Heaven* with *Thunder* wrapt in *Flame*,
To th' *Centre* I precipitated am.
Since I left thee, my Pleaſures in their Tomb
Lye dead, and I their *Mourner* am become.
With all Delights my Thoughts diſtaſted are,
And only to diſlike the *World* take care;
Which as complying with my peeviſh Will,
Does nothing, *I proteſt*, but vex me ſtill.
In *Paris*, like an *Hermit*, I retire,
And in one *Object* limit my Deſire.
Where e're my Eyes ſeek to divert my Mind,
I bear the Priſon, where I am confin'd.
My Blood is fir'd, and my Soul wounded lies,
By th' golden Shaft ſhot from thy killing Eyes.
All the *Temptations*, that I daily ſee,
Serve only to confirm my Faith to thee.
The uſual helps, that humane *Reaſon* bleſs,
To render a Man's Paſſion ſomething leſs,

Stir mine up more to ſuffer chearfully
Th' obliging Torments, that do make me dye.
My *Prudence*, by my *Courage*, is withſtood,
As by a rock the fury of the Floud.
I love my *Frenzy*, and I could not love
Him of my Friends, that ſhould it diſapprove;
Nor do I think, my reaſonable part
Will e're approach me, whilſt thou abſent art.
I find my Thoughts unceſſantly approve
The torturing effects of faithful Love.
I find, that *Day* it ſelf ſhares in my pain;
The *Air*'s o'reſpread with Clouds, the *Earth* with Rain;
That horrid *Viſions* in my ſtarting Sleep,
My *Soul* in their illuſions tangled keep:
That all the apprehenſions in my Head
Are *Madneſs*, by my feveriſh Paſſion bred,
That at huſht midnight I imagine Storms,
And ſee a *Ship-wrack*, in its dreadfull'ſt Forms,
Fall from the top of an high precipice
Into the Jaws of an obſcure Abyſs:

And

And there a thouſand ugly *Serpents* ſee,
Hiſſing t'advance their ſcaly Creſts at me.
I cannot once dream of a falſe Delight,
But cruel *Death* ſtraight ſeizes me in ſpite.
But when *Heaven* (weary to have gone thus far)
Gives, that I live under a better *Star*;
And when th' unconſtant *Stars*, by their chang'd power,
Preſent me for my Pains one happy hour;
My *Soul* will find it ſelf chang'd at thy ſight,
And of all paſt mishaps revenged quite.
Though in *Nights* Sleep my Spirits buried lay,
Thy ſight, my *Dear*, would lend them beams of *Day*.
Thy Voice has over me the ſelf ſame power,
With *Zephyr*'s Breath over th' Earth's wither'd Flower:
The vigorous *Spring* makes all things freſh and new;
The blowing *Roſe* puts on her bluſhing hue;
The *Heavens* more gay, the *Days* more fair appear,
Aurora dreſſing to the Birds gives ear,
The wild Beaſts of the Forreſt free from Care,
Do feel their Bloud, and Youth renewed are,

And naturally obedient to their Senſe,
Without remorſe, their Pleaſures recommence.
I only in the ſeaſon all are bleſt,
With cruel, and continual Griefs oppreſt,
Alone in *Winter*, ſad, and comfortleſs,
See not the glorious *Spring*, that we ſhould bleſs.
I only ſee the *Forreſt* fair forſook,
'Th' *Earths* ſurface Deſart, and the frozen Brook,
And, as if charm'd, cannot once taſt the Fruit,
That in this ſeaſon to all Palats ſuit.
But when thoſe *Suns* my adoration claim,
Shall with their Rays once reinforce my Flame,
My *Spring* will then return more ſweet, and fair
By thouſand times than thoſe, *Heavens Lamp* gives, are,
If ever *Fate* allow mine Eyes that grace,
My Joys will tranſcend thoſe of humane Race,
Nothing, but that, *Oh Gods!* nothing but that
Do I deſire to baffle Death, and Fate.

Out

Out of Aſtrea.

MADRIGALL.

I Think I could my Paſſions ſway,
Though great, as Beauties power can move
To ſuch obedience, as to ſay,
I cannot; or I do not love.
But to pretend another Flame,
Since I adore thy conqu'ring Eye,
To thee, and Truth, were ſuch a ſhame,
I cannot do it, though I dye.

If I muſt one, or th'other do,
Then let me die, I beg of you.

Stanzes upon the Death of Cleon.

Out of Aſtrea.

I.

THE Beauty which ſo ſoon to Cinders turn'd,
By Death of her Humanity depriv'd,
Like Light'ning vaniſht, like the Bolt it burn'd:
So great this Beauty was, and ſo ſhort liv'd.

II.

Thoſe Eyes ſo practis'd once in all the Arts,
That loyal Love attempted; or e're knew:
Thoſe fair Eyes now are ſhut, that once the hearts
Of all that ſaw their luſtre, did ſubdue.

III. If

III.

If this be true, Beauty is raviſht hence,
Love vanquiſht droops, that ever conquered,
And ſhe who gave Life by her influence,
Is, if ſhe live not in my Boſom, dead.

IV.

Henceforth what happineſs can Fortune ſend,
Since Death, this abſtract of all Joy has won;
Since Shadows do the Subſtance ſtill attend,
And that our good does but our ill fore-run?

V.

It ſeems (my *Cleon*) in thy riſing morn,
That Deſtiny thy whole Days courſe had bound,
And that, thy Beauty, dead, as ſoon as born,
Its fatal Hearſe, has in its Cradle found.

VI.

No, no, thou ſhalt not die, I Death will prove,
Who Life by thy ſweet Inſpiration drew;
If Lovers live in that which doth them love,
Thou liv'ſt in me, who ever lov'd moſt true.

VII.

If I do live, Love then will have it known,
That even Death it ſelf he can controul,
Or, as a God, to have his Power ſhown,
Will that I live without or Heart, or Soul.

VIII.

But, *Cleon*, if Heav'ns unreſiſted will
'Point thee, of Death th' inhumane Fate to try,
Love to that Fate equals my Fortune ſtill,
Thou by my mourning, by thy Death I dye.

IX.

Thus did I my immortal Sorrows Breath,
Mine Eyes to Fountains turn'd of ſpringing Woe;
But could not ſtay the wounding Hand of Death,
Lament; but not leſſen misfortune ſo.

X.

When Love with me having bewail'd the loſs
Of this ſweet Beauty, thus much did expreſs,
Ceaſe, ceaſe to weep, this mourning is too groſs,
Our Tears are ſtill than our misfortune leſs.

Song

Song of the inconſtant Hylas.

Out of Aſtrea.

I.

IF one diſdain me, then I fly
Her Cruelty, and her Diſdain;
And e're the Morning guild the Sky,
Another Miſtriſs do obtain.
They err who hope by force to move
A Womans Heart to like; or love.

II.

It oft falls out that they, who in
Diſcretion ſeem us to deſpiſe,
Nouriſh a greater Fire within,
Although perhaps conceal'd it lies.
Which we, when once we quit our rooms,
Do kindle for the next that comes.

III.

The faithful Fool that obſtinate
Purſues a cruel *Beauty's* Love,
To him, and to his Truth ingrate
Idolater does he not prove?
That from his pow'rleſs, *Idol*, never
Receives a Med'cine for his Fever.

IV. They

IV.

They ſay the unweary'd Lovers pains
By inſtance meet with good ſucceſs;
For he by force his end obtains:
'Tis an odd method of Addreſs,
To what Deſign ſo e're't relate,
Still, ſtill to be importunate.

V.

Do but obſerve the hourly Fears
Of your pretended faithful Lover,
Nothing but Sorrow, Sighs, and Tears,
You in his chearfull'ſt Looks diſcover;
As though the Lovers *Sophiſtry*
Were nothing but to whine, and cry.

VI.

ught he by a Man's Name be ſtyl'd,
hat (loſing th' Honor of a Man)
hines for his Pepin, like a Child
hipt and ſent back to School again,
Or rather *Fool* that thinks amiſs,
He loves, but knows not what Love is?

VII.

r my part, I'll decline this Folly,
y others harms (thank *Fate*) grown wiſe,
ch Dotage begets Melancholly,
muſt profeſs *Loves* Liberties;
And never angry am at all
At them who me inconſtamt call.

SON-

SONNET.

Out of Aſtrea.

SInce I muſt now eradicate the Flame,
Which, ſeeing you, Love in my Boſom plac't,
And the Deſires which thus long could laſt,
Kindled ſo well, and nouriſht in the ſame.

Since Time, that firſt ſaw their Original,
Muſt triumph in their end, and Victor be,
Let's have a brave Deſign, and to be free,
Cut off at once the Briar-roſe, and all.

Let

Let us put out the Fire Love has begot,
Break the tough Cord tied with ſo faſt a knot,
And voluntary take a brave adieu.

So ſhall we nobly conquer Love and *Fate*,
And at the Liberty of choice do that,
Which time its ſelf, at laſt, would make us do.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE Beauty that muſt me delight,
Muſt have a Skin, and Teeth Snow white:
Black arched Brows, black ſprightly Eyes,
And a black Beauty 'twixt her Th--ghs;
Soft bluſhing Cheeks, a Perſon tall,
Long Hair, long Hands, and Fingers ſmall;
Short Teeth; and Feet that little are,
Dilated Brows, and Haunches fair:

Fine

Fine ſilken Hair, Lips full, and red,
Small Noſe, with little Breaſt and Head:
All theſe in one, and that one kind,
Would make a Miſtriſs to my Mind.

An Eſſay upon Buchanan's *Firſt Book* de Sphæra. *Never perfected.*

HOW various are the *World's* great parts I ſing,
And by what League the jarring Seeds of things
Agree in one, the Cauſes Motion breed
Why *Darkneſs* Light, and Coldneſs Heat ſucceed,
And why the *Suns*, and the *Moons* horned Light
Suffer *Eclipſes* of o're-ſhading *Night*.

Thou who the *Temples*, wall'd with ſacred Light,
(Impenetrable to our weaker ſight)
Inhabit'ſt, holy *Father* of the Skies,
Propitious be to this bold Enterprize,
Whilſt to the *World* we do *Thy* Acts reveal,
And the immenſe Work of the *Pole* unſeal;

That

That people ignorant of Truth, a Mind
From Sloth, and long-liv'd Error ſo refin'd)
May lift to *Heav'n*, and whilſt amaz'd, the Ball
They ſo embraced with a Flaming Wall,
And wheeling times return in certain courſe,
May own the *Mover*, and admire his Force,
That props ſo great a Pile, that with the bit
Of his Eternal Law doth govern it;
And in *His* ſecret Council has decreed
It fit for Man's innumerable Need.

And thou, young *Mercury Tymolion*,
Thy *Father*'s, and thy *Country*'s hopeful Son,
So, my Companion, in thy tender Years,
Caſtalion Woods, and ſacred *Founts* draw near,
Frequent that unknown Peace, and *Nymphs* ſoft Choires
Subject to loſs; nor avaritious Fires.

The time will come (when time has giv'n thee Force)
That thou ſhalt bravely, with thy foaming Horſe,
Ruſh into War, and glorioufly advance
In duſty Fields thy Country's threatning Launce:

Till then, thy *Syre*, either ſhall *Lombards* deign
T'orecome, wild *Germans*, and the Warlike *Spain*
By Force; or Conduct: Or with *Gallick* ſpoil,
Dazling the *Sun*, deck *Calidonia's* Soyl.

Cætera deſunt.

Cn. Cornelii Galli; vel potius Maximiani Elegia 1. *Tranſ.*

WHY, envious Age, doſt thou my End delay?
Why in this wearied Trunk delight to ſtay
My captive Life from ſuch a Priſon free,
Death now is Reſt, when Life is Miſery.
I'm no more what I was, but ſunk, and old,
And what remains is languiſhing and cold.
The day that young Men chears, offends mine Eye
And (which is worſe than Death) I wiſh to die.

I was my Youth, whilſt Wit, and Beauty crown'd,
An Orator throughout the World renown'd.

Th

The Poets charming lies full oft I feign'd,
And by fictitious Tales, true Titles gain'd.
In all Disputes of Wit the Wreath bore I;
And have my Eloquence reputed high,
High, and immortal. Oh! what then remains
Worthy an old Man's Living; or his Pains?
Nor less than these the Beauty of my Face,
Which (though the rest are wanting) wins much Grace.
Manhood to that, which richer far than Gold,
Makes Wit a greater price, and Lustre hold.
If I, with Dogs, the Thickets would surround,
The conquer'd Prey fell at my Launces Wound;
Or would I loose Shafts from the bending Yew,
With great applause untamed Beasts I slew;
Or with the sinewy Wrestlers if I try'd,
With my strong Nerves their oyly Limbs I ty'd:
Now at the Race I all that came out-run;
And now in Tragick Song the Buskin won.
This mixture of good things my worth increast,
Still various Works of Art advance us best:

For whatſoever things ſimply delight,
Joyn'd to another Grace, ſhine out more bright;
With ſuch a Mine of Fortitude adorn'd,
All threatning Dangers I contemn'd, and ſcorn'd.
Bare-head I made the Winds and Storms retreat,
Feeling no Winters Cold; nor Summer's Heat;
I ſwam the yellow *Tyber's* gelid Stream,
And fearleſs would the doubtful Current ſtem.
With the leaſt Sleep I could forſake my Bed,
And with the ſlend'reſt fare be amply fed.
Or if a drunken Gueſt ſurpriz'd my Walls,
To waſte the forlorn day in Bacchanals;
Lyæus ſelf ſtruck Sail, amaz'd, and dumb,
And he that always conquer'd, fell o'recome.
Nor is't an eaſy thing the Mind to bend
At once with two Oppoſers to contend.
And in this kind of ſtrife they ſay of Yore,
Great *Socrates* the Victor's Trophy bore.
And thus they ſay the rigid *Cato* won;
Things are not ill themſelves, unleſs ill done.
To all things dreadleſs I oppos'd my Face,
And to my conſtant Mind Miſchance gave place.

Wit

With little pleas'd I ſtill lov'd to be poor,
And being Lord of all, could wiſh no more.
Thou only, wretched Age, doſt me ſubdue,
To whom who conquers all things elſe muſt bow.
'Tis into thee we fall, and what at laſt
Decays, and withers, thou alone doſt waſt.
Hetruria raviſht with theſe parts of mine,
Wiſh'd that I would with her fair Daughters twine:
But Liberty to me was far more ſweet,
Than all the Pleaſures of the Nuptial Sheet.
In my gay Youth I walk'd about proud *Rome*,
To view what Virgins there might overcome,
Which might be won; or which was fit to ſeek;
When at their ſight, ſoft bluſhes ſtain'd my Cheek.
Now runs a ſmiling Girl her ſelf to hide,
And yet not ſo, as not to be deſcry'd;
But by ſome ſingle part to be reveal'd,
Gladder by much to be ſo ill conceal'd.
Thus did I fare, and acceptable paſs
To all, and thus a luſty Suiter was,
And only ſo: For Nature my ſtrong Breſt,
In Modeſty and Chaſtity had dreſt.

For whilſt I ſtrove the choiceſt Fair to wed,
I wore out Cold ev'n to a Widdow'd Bed.
They all to me ill bred, or ugly ſeem'd,
And I none worthy my Embraces deem'd.
I hated lean ones, fat were a Diſeaſe;
Neither the low; nor yet the tall would pleaſe.
With middle Forms I ever lov'd to play,
And in the midſt moſt Graces ever lay.
Here of our ſofteſt parts lies all the bliſs,
And in this part Loves Mother ſeated is.
A ſlender Laſs not lean, I lov'd to chuſe,
For Fleſh is fitteſt for a fleſhy uſe:
One whoſe moſt ſtrait Embraces would delight,
Not one whoſe Bones ſhould goar my Ribs in Fight.
I lov'd no Fair, unleſs her Cheeks were ſpread
With native Roſes of the pureſt red.
This Tincture *Venus* owns above the reſt,
And loves the Beauty in her Flower dreſt.
A long white Neck, and golden flowing Hair,
Have long been known to make a Woman fair.
But black Brows, and black Eyes catch my Deſire,
And ſtill, when ſeen, have ſet my Heart on fire.

I ever

I ever lov'd a red, and ſwelling Lip,
Where a full Bowl of Kiſſes I might ſip,
A long round Neck than Gold appear'd more rare,
And the moſt wealthy Gem outſhone by far.
Ill fits it Age, to ſpeak his wanton prime,
And what was decent then, is now a Crime:
For various things do diff'rent Men delight,
Nor yet are all things for all Ages right;
Things apt for one Age, at the laſt may grow
Uncomely for the ſelf-ſame Man to do.
The Child by play, th' old Man's by ſtead'neſs ſeen,
But the young Man's Behaviour lies between.
This ſilent ſadneſs beſt becomes, and that,
Is better lik'd of for his Mirth, and Chat:
For rolling times does all things turn, and ſway,
And ſuffers none to run one certain way.

Now that a long unprofitable Age,
Lies heavy on me, I would quit the Stage.
Life's hard Condition gripes the Wretched ſtill;
Nor is Death ſway'd by any humane Will.

The Wretch wiſhes to die, but Death retires,
Yet when Men dread him, then the Slave aſpires.
But I alaſs, that maugre all my Arts,
Have been ſo long dead in ſo many parts,
On Earth I think ſhall never end my Days,
But enter quick the dark Tartarean ways.
My Taſt, and Hearing's ill, mine Eyes are ſuch,
Nay I can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by my Touch:
No Smell is ſweet; nor Pleaſure; who'd believe
A Man could ſenſibly his Senſe out-live?
Lethe's Oblivion does my Mind embrace,
And yet I can remember what I was.
The Limbs diſeas'd, the Mind no Work contrives,
The thought of ills all other aim deprives.
I ſing no Lyricks now, that dear Delight,
With all my Voices Grace, is periſh'd quite;
Frequent no Exerciſe, no Odes rehearſe,
And only with my Pains, and Griefs converſe;
The Beauty of my Shape and Face are fled,
And my revolted Form 'fore-ſpeaks me dead.
For fair, and ſhining Age has now put on
A bloodleſs, Funeral Complexion.

My

My Skin's dry'd up, my Nerves unpliant are,
And my poor Limbs my Nails plow up, and tear,
My chearful Eyes, now with a conſtant Spring,
Of Tears bewail their own ſad Suffering;
And thoſe ſoft Lids that once ſecur'd mine Eye,
Now rude, and briſtled grown, does drooping lie,
Bolting mine Eyes, as in a gloomy Cave,
Which there on Furies, and grim Objects rave.
'Twould fright the full-blown Gallant to behold
The dying Object of a Man ſo old;
Nor can you think that once a Man he was,
Of humane reaſon, who no portion has.
The Letters ſplit, when I conſult my Book,
And ev'ry Leaf I turn'd does broader look.
In Darkneſs do I dream I ſee the Light,
When Light is Darkneſs to my periſh'd Sight.
Without a Night t'oreſhade him, the bright Day
Is from my Senſe depriv'd, and ſnatch'd away.
Who can deny, that wrap'd in Nights Embrace,
I groping lie in the Tartarean place?
What mad Adviſer would a Man perſwade
By his own Wiſh to be more wretched made?

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes now invade, and Dangers ſwarm,
Sweet Banquets now, and Entertainments harm.
We're forc'd to wean our ſelves from grateful things,
And though we live, avoid the ſweets Life brings.
And me, whom late, no accident could bend,
Now the meer Aliments of Life offend.
I would be full, am ſick when I am ſo,
Should faſt, but abſtinence is hurtful too.
'Tis chang'd to ſurfeit now what once was Meat,
And that's now nauſeous, which before was ſweet.
Venus, and *Bacchus*'s Rites, now fruitleſs are,
That uſe to lull this Life's contingent Care.
Nature alone panting, and proſtrate lies,
Caught in the ruin of her proper Vice.
Julip; nor Cordial now no Comfort give;
Nor ought that ſhould a Patient ſick relieve:
But with their Matter their Corruption have,
And only ſerve to importune my Grave.
When I attempt to prop my falling Frame,
The Letts oppos'd, make my Endeavours lame,
Until my Diſſolutions tardy day
All helps of Arts do with the thing decay.

And

And by th'appearance ſince th'afflicted Mind
Can no diverſion, nor advantage find;
'Tis not hard we may not from Mens Eyes
Cloak, and conceal Ages Indecencies.
Unſeeming Spruceneſs th'old Man diſcommends;
And in old Men only to live offends.
With Mirth, Feaſts, Songs, the old muſt not diſpenſe,
O wretched they whoſe Joys are an offence!
What ſhould I do with Wealth, whoſe uſe being tane,
Although I ſwim in ſtore, I poor remain:
Nay 'tis a Sin to what we have got to truſt,
And what's our own to violate unjuſt.
So thirſty *Tantalus* the neighbour Stream,
And Fruit would taſt, but is forbidden them.
I but the Treaſ'rer am of my own Pelf,
Keeping for others what's deny'd my ſelf:
And like the Fell *Heſperian* Dragon grown,
Defend that golden Fruit's no more my own.
This above all is that augments my Woes,
And robs my troubl'd Mind of all Repoſe.
I ſtrive to keep things I could never gain,
And ignorantly hold ſome things in vain.

Con-

Continu'd Fears do credulous age invade;
And th' old Man dreads the ills himſelf has made,
Applauds the paſt, condemns the preſent Years;
And only what he thinks Truth, Truth appears:
He only learned is, has all the skill,
And thinking himſelf wiſe, is wider ſtill.
Who though with Trouble he much Talk affords,
Faulters, forgets, and dribbles out his Words;
The Hearer's tir'd, but he continues long;
O wretched Age, only in prating ſtrong!
Idly he talks, and ſtrains his feeble Voice,
Whilſt thoſe he pleas'd before, laugh at his noiſe.
Their Mirth exalts him, he ſtill louder grows,
And dotingly his own Reproach allows:
Theſe are Death's Firſtlings, Age does this way flow,
And with ſlow pace creeps to the Shades below.
Whilſt the ſame Colour Meen, nor pace appear
In the poor Traveller that lately vvere.
My Garment from my vvither'd Limbs hangs down,
And vvhat before too ſhort, too long is grovvn.
We ſtrangely are contracted, and decreaſe,
A Man vvould think our very Bones vvere leſs.

Our

Our burthen'd Age cannot the Heav'ns behold,
But prone ſtill looks upon the parent Mold.
On three Feet firſt vve halt, on four next fall,
And on the Earth like helpleſs Infants crawl.
To their firſt Birth and Mother all things tend,
And vvhat vvas nothing ſhall in nothing end.
Hence 'tis that leaning Age the ſenſeleſs Ground,
Does with his bending Crutch ſo often wound.
And with thick ſteps making a tardy way,
In a hoarſe Voice may thus be thought to ſay;
Receive me, Mother, to remorſe incline,
And in thy Lap cheriſh theſe Limbs of mine.
The Children vvhoot me vvhereſoe're I go;
Why wilt thou let thy Birth ſo monſtrous grovv?
I vvith the Gods have novv no more to do,
Each Office of my Life I have run through.
My vvaſted Carcaſs then at laſt reſtore,
To the cold Clay from vvhence I came before.
To ſpin a miſerable Life in ſmart,
Of a Maternal Care can be no part.
Then propping his vveak Joynts, he feebly cravvls,
And on his weary Bed neglected falls.
Lying like livid Corps of Life bereft,
Only the rafters of the Building left.

Should

Should I ſtill lie, and lying win more ſpace,
Yet who would think me in a living place?
'Tis pain to live, with heat we burn, not warm,
The Clouds offend, the Air, and Coldneſs harm.
The Dew, and ſoft Showers that in *April* flow,
With *Autumns* jocund Days offenſive grow.
Coughs, Flegm, and Leproſies afflict the old,
And ages minutes by his Groans are told.
How can I him a living Man believe,
Whom Light, and Air, by which he panteth, grieve?
Thoſe gentle Sleeps which other Mortals eaſe,
Scarce in a Winters Night mine Eye-lids ſeiſe;
Or if it come to ſhade my ſetting Beams,
'Tis clad in all the ſhapes of frightful Dreams.
The ſofteſt Feather-beds ſeem hard as Stones,
And lighteſt Quilts oppreſs my naked Bones.
I quit my Bed at mid-night to the Floor,
And ſuffer much, I may not ſuffer more.
Our own Infirmities our ſelves invade,
And by the way we hate, we're Captives made.
Our Entrails ſuffer Diſſolution,
By which the noble Structure is o'rethrown.
Unlookt for Age, o'reburthen'd with theſe things,
Has learnt to bow under the weight he brings.

Who

Who therefore would deſire in Griefs ſo ſour,
When the Minds vaniſht, to prolong his hour?
Better die once, than dying live by far,
Making the Trunk the Senſes Sepulchre;
But I repine not, my time waſted is,
And Nature's ſhame to open is amiſs.
Sinewy Bulls in time invalid grow,
The Horſe that once was fair's mishapen now.
Time tames the fury of the Lions wild,
And Age will make the *Caſpian Tygers* mild.
Antiquity the *Stones* themſelves will race,
And to old Time all Natures Works give place:
But I were beſt prevent miſchance to come,
And by one blow anticipate my doom.
To haſte a certain Ruin is leſs pain,
Than is the fear of Miſchiefs that remain.
But in the other World what Torments are,
Suſpends, and well becomes an old Man's Care.
Contempt, and Miſchiefs ev'rywhere attend,
And in diſtreſs I find no helping Friend.
The Boys, and Girls deride me now forlorn,
And but to call me Sir, now think it ſcorn.
They jeer my Count'nance, and my feeble Pace,
And ſcoff that nodding Head that awful was:

And

And though I nothing ſee, I can perceive,
My Pains by this contempt redoubled grieve.
He's happy Merits a ſmooth Life to ſpend,
And ſhut his Days up with a conſtant end.
That's hard at laſt we Reputation call,
From which height tumbling, ſtill augments the fall.

Ad Furium, *Ep.* 23.

Ex Catullo.

THough Furious *Servant* have, nor Cheſt,
Spider, nor *Fire*, nor creeping *Beaſt*,
He has a *Syre*, and a *Stepdame* yet,
Whoſe greedy Teeth a Flint would eat.
And doubtleſs leads a happy Life
With's *Father*, and his wooden *Wife*.
No Wonder; for their Healths are clear,
They eat together, nothing fear.
No Conflagrations, Ruins great,
No impious Facts, nor foul Deceit.

ll accidental dangers ſcorn,
nd having Bodies dry as horn;
r what we ſtill do dryer hold
he Sun, or hunger; or the cold,
mongſt the happy are enroll'd.
o ſweat; nor ſalivation flows
om thee; no drop hangs at thy Noſe;
nd to this cleanneſs, cleaner far.
hy A--ſe is than a Salt-Seller,
or Ten times in a Year does Sh--te,
nd that parcht Peaſe; or Stones doth quite
hardneſs paſs, which if thou liſt
o rub, and crumble in thy Fiſt:
hou may'ſt ſecurely do it, and
e're ſtain the Whiteneſs of thy Hand.
heſe Benefits do not deſpiſe,
or raſhly, *Furius*, lightly prize;
et begging then for ſhame alone,
or thou art rich enough for one.

De Catella Publ. Mart. Ep. 110. Lib. I.

PAR.

AS *Lesbias* Sparrow, *Tricksy* wanton is,
And purer than the *Turtle's* Kiss;
Fairer than Maids, deckt in their Morning beams,
And of more price than *Indian* Gems.
Tricksy, that little Bitch, is my delight,
My Sport by Day, my Love by Night.
She apprehends her Master's joy, and woe,
And wanton's, or's dejected so.
And if in play, or love she queſt, or whine,
Men think she speaks in Language fine.
She rouses with me at the dawning peep,
And by my side all Night doth sleep;
So calm, so still, no sigh does interpose
Betwixt me, and my sweet repose:
Or if an accident unlook'd for come,
To ease the gripings of her Womb,

Sh

flips no drop of any kind to stain;
Or to ill sent the counterpain:
nimbly rises up, and whining tells
What her necessity compells.
h innate Chastity adorns the Beast
She knows not lust; nor have we guest,
roughout mankind, one worthy to invade,
The treasures of so fair a Maid.
d lest the Fate of her extreamest Day
Should snatch her Memory away,
wisely have in cunning colour set,
The Beauty of her counterfeit;
which fair *Trickſy* you so like may see,
That *She* is not more like to *She*.
me expose her, and her Shade to view
You'll think both painted; or both true.

cho ad Pictorem Ausonii *Epig.*

T'Expres me in a Face! vain Painter why?
Or court an unknown Goddes with thine Eye?

From Hyre, and Tongue, I'me ſprung mother of vai
Report, who Voice without a Mind retain.
Catching laſt Syllab'es from their dying tone,
And mocking others Language with my own.
Shrill Eccho only in the Ear is found;
But if thou'lt paint her like, go paint a Sound.

De Myrone & Laide Auſonii *Epig.*

OF *Lais* hoary *Myron* begg'd a Night,
But ſhe repulſt him with a ſlight.
He ſoon perceiv'd the cauſe, and his white Head
With ſhining black ſoon overſpread.
Myron the ſame in Face, but not in Hue,
Returns his Love-ſuit to renue.
But Face and Hair compared by the Dame,
Thinking him like, but not the ſame.
Perhaps the ſame Top, yet diſpos'd to play;
She to the ſubtle Youth could ſay;
Fondli

ndling, forbear to importune me ſo,
Thy Father I deny'd, but now.

De Vita beata.

Paraphras'd from the Latin.

COme y'are deceiv'd, and what you do
Eſteem a happy Life's not ſo;
He is not happy that excels
Th' Lapidary's Bagatells;
Nor he, that when he ſleeps, doth lye
Under a ſtately Canopy;
Nor he, that ſtill ſupinely hides,
In eaſie Down his lazy Sides;
Nor he, that Purple wears and ſups
Luxurious Draughts in Golden Cups;
Nor he, that loads with Princely fare,
His bowing Tables whil'ſt they'll bear;

Nor he, that has each ſpacious Vault
With Deluges of Plenty fraught;
Cul'd from the fruitful *Libyan* Fields,
When *Autumn* his beſt Harveſt yields:
But he whom no miſchance affrights;
No Popular applauſe delights,
That can unmov'd, and undiſmay'd
Confront a Ruffins threatning Blade.
Who can do this; that Man alone
Has Power, Fortune to Diſthrone.

Q. Cicero *de Mulierum levitate. Tranſlat.*

COmmit a Ship unto the Wind;
But not thy Faith to Women kind;
For th' Oceans waving Billows are
Safer than Womans Faith by far.
No Woman's Good, and if there be,
Hereafter, ſuch a Thing as ſhe:

'Tis by I know not what of Fate,
That can from Bad, a Good Create.

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

SOme Men of Senſe, and who pretend to be
Ancient Well-willers to your Family,
Photis, give out, that Baud Men may thee call
And do thy modeſty no wrong at all.
Thou ſwear'ſt they Infamouſly lye
And that no Word of Verity
They ever ſpake, then; or before:
And yet it cannot be deny'd
But by thy Cuckold Husbands ſide,
Thou every Night doſt lay a Whore.

In Coccam.

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

THy Cheeks having their Roſes ſhed,
And thy whole frame through Age become
So loathſom for all uſe in Bed,
That 'tis much fitter for a Tomb:
Cocca thou ſhouldſt not be ſo vain,
(Although thy Eloquence be great)
As to expect it ſhould obtain,
That I ſhould do the filthy Feat.
And that ſame Engine in your Hood
You Cheriſh, Court, and Flatter ſo,
Now you have made him barely ſtood;
Is not ſo charitable though,
As in his vigorous Youth to be
A Crutch to your Antiquity.

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

OLd Fop, why ſhould you take ſuch pains
To Paint, and Perriwig it ſo?
My nobler Love alas! diſdains
To ſtoop ſo infamouſly low.
Time that does mow the faireſt Flowers,
Has made ſo very bold with yours,
You ſhould expect to be deny'd:
The Footmen can no more endure you,
And, if no ſport in Hell, aſſure you
You'll never more be Occupy'd.

Epig. writ in Caliſtas *Prayer Book.* *By* Monſieur Malherbe.

WHilſt you are Deaf to Love, you may,
Faireſt *Caliſta*, Weep, and Pray,

And

And yet alas! no Mercy find:
Not but God's Merciful 'tis true:
But can you think he'll grant to you,
What you deny to all Mankind.

ODE

Bacchique *de* Monſieur Racau.

I.

NOw that the Day's ſhort, and forlorn
Of Melancholick *Capricorn*
To Chimny-corners Men tranſlate;
Drown we our Sorrows in the Glaſs,
And let the thoughts of Warfare paſs,
The Clergy and the Third Eſtate.

II.

Maynard, I know what thou haſt writ,
That ſprightly iſſue of thy Wit,

Will

Will live whilſt there are Men to read:
But what if they recorded be
In Memories Temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by Worms, and dead?

III.

Henceforth thoſe fruitleſs Studies ſpare,
Let's rather Drink until we ſtare.
Of this delicious Juice of ours:
Which does in excellence precede
The beverage which *Ganimede*
Into th' Immortals Gebket pours.

IV.

The Juice that ſparkles in this Glaſs,
Make tedious Years, like Days, to paſs;
Yet makes us younger ſtill become:
By this from lab'ring Thoughts are chas't,
The Sorrows of thoſe ills are paſt,
And terrour of the ills to come.

V. Let

V.

Let us Drink brimmers then, Time's fleet,
And ſteals away with winged Feet
Halling us with him to our Urn:
In vain we ſue to it to ſtay;
For Years like Rivers ſlide away,
And never, never do return.

VI.

When the Spring comes attir'd in Green
Then Winter flies, and is not ſeen,
New Tides do ſtill ſupply the Main:
But when our frolick Youth's once gone,
And Age has ta'ne Poſſeſſion;
Time ne're reſtores us that again.

VII.

Death's Laws are univerſal, and
In Princes Pallaces command,

As

As well as in the pooreſt Hut:
We're to the *Parcæ* ſubject all
The Threads of Clowns, and Monarchs ſhall
Be both by the ſame Cizors cut.

VIII.

Their rigours, which all things deface,
Will raviſh in a little ſpace
Whatever we moſt laſting make;
And ſoon will lead us out to drink
Beyond the Pitchy Rivers brink
The Waters of oblivious Lake.

Lyrick.

Ex Cornelio Gallo.

LYdia, thou lovely Maid, whoſe White
The Milk, and Lilly does outvie,
The Pale and Bluſhing Roſes light,
Or poliſht *Indian* Ivory.

Diſhevel,

Diſhevel, ſweet, thy yellow Hair,
Whoſe ray doth burniſht Gold diſprize,
Diſſolve thy Neck ſo brightly fair,
That doth from Snowy Shoulders riſe.

Virgin, unvail thoſe ſtarry Eyes,
Whoſe Sable Brows like Arches ſpread;
Unvail thoſe Cheeks, where the Roſe lies
Streak'd with the Tyrian Purples Red.

Lead me thoſe Lips with Coral lin'd,
And kiſſes mild of Doves impart,
Thou raviſheſt away my Mind,
Thoſe gentle kiſſes ſteal my Heart.

Why ſuck'ſt thou from my panting Breaſt
The Youthful vigour of my Blood?
Hide thoſe Twine-Apples, ripe, if preſt
To ſpring into a Milky-flood.

From

From thy expanded Bosom, breathe
Perfumes *Arabia* doth not know;
Thy every part doth Love bequeath,
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy Bosoms killing White then shade,
Hide that temptation from mine Eye:
Thou seest I languish, cruel Maid;
Wilt thou then go, and let me dye?

De luxu, & libidine.

Epig. Tho. Mori.

LEt who would die to end his Woes,
Both, Wench, and Tipple, and he goes.

Id.

Id. in Avarum.

EPIG.

WIth narrow Soul thou ſwim'ſt in glorious Wealth,
Rich to thy Heir: but wretched to thy ſelf.

Id. in Digamos.

EPIG.

WHo having one Wife buried, Marries then,
After one Shipwrack tempts the Sea agen.

Stan

Stances de Monsieur de Scudery.

I.

FAir Nymph, by whose perfections mov'd,
My wounded Heart is turn'd to Flame;
y all admired, by all approv'd,
dure at least to be belov'd,
Although you will not Love again.

II.

minta as Unkind, as Fair
What is there that you ought to fear;
or cruel if I you declare,
nd that indeed you cruel are,
Why the reproach may you not hear?

III.

Even reproaches ſhould delight,
If Friendſhip for me you have none;
And if no anger, I have yet,
Enough perhaps that may invite
Your hatred; or compaſſion.

IV.

When your Diſdain is moſt ſevere,
When you moſt rigorous do prove,
When frowns of anger moſt you wear;
You ſtill more charming do appear,
And I am more, and more in Love.

V.

Ah! let me, Sweet, your ſight enjoy,
Though with the forfeit of my Life;
For fall what will, I'de rather dye,
Beholding you, of preſent Joy,
Than abſent, of a lingring Grief.

VI. Le

VI.

t your Eyes lighten till expiring
In flame my Heart a Cinder lye;
lling is nobler, than retiring,
d in the glory of Aſpiring;
'Tis brave to tumble from the Sky.

VII.

t I would any thing imbrace,
Might ſerve your anger to appeaſe;
d, if I may obtain my Grace,
ur Steps ſhall leave no print; nor trace
I will not with Devotion kiſs.

VIII.

(Cruel) you will have it ſo,
No word my paſſion ſhall betray;
wounded Heart ſhall hide its Woe:
if it Sigh, thoſe Sighs will blow,
And tell you what my Tongue would ſay.

IX.

Should yet your rigour higher riſe,
Even thoſe offending Sighs ſhall ceaſe;
I will my Pain, and Grief diſguiſe:
But (Sweet) if you conſult mine Eyes,
Thoſe Eyes will tell you my Diſtreſs.

X.

If th' utmoſt my reſpect can do,
Still more your cruelty diſpleaſe;
Conſult your Face, and that will ſhew
What Love is to ſuch Beauty due,
And to the ſtate of my Diſeaſe.

Epitaph Monſieur Maynard

John, who below here repoſes at leiſure,
By pilf'ring on all hands, did rake up a Treaſu
Ab

Above what he e're could have hop'd for himſelf;
was Maſter of much; but imparted to no Man,
that had he not had a Wife, that was common
Ne're any Man living had ſhar'd of his Wealth.

On Cation *a Dwarf.*

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

THe extended wont of Nature,
As all Mens Judgments will allow,
Never piſs'd ſo ſmall a Creature;
Nor ſuch a Mannikin as thou.
One might conceal thee well enough
In the leaſt plet of thy ſmall Ruff;
Alas! thou half a Man art ſcant:
Go, and ſhew thy Stature (*Cation*)
In the groſs of ſome Batallion,
Moſt bravely mounted on an Ant,

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

Anthony feigns him Sick of late,
Only to ſhew how he at home,
Lies in a Princely Bed of State,
And in a nobly furniſh'd Room,
Adorn'd with Pictures of *Vandike's*,
A pair of Chryſtal Candleſticks,
Rich Carpets, Quilts, the Devil, and all:
Then you his careful Friends, if ever,
You wiſh to cure him of his Fever,
Go lodge him in the Hoſpital.

In Coccam.

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

Cocca thou'dſt ſtill be lov'd; nor wilt abate
Our Primitive ardour, but with Diſcontent
Altho

Altho' thou knowſt thy Youth bears the ſame date
With that alas! of the Old Teſtament.
Thine Eyes no more are Homicides,
And thy warpt front its furrows hides
Under the Paint-houſe of a Hood.
Now ply thy Beads; thy Name's renouned,
Thou the firſt Baudy-houſe haſt founded,
Has been erected ſince the Flood.

In Coccam.
Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

LOrd! how wrinckled is thy Fore-head!
And how Gray thy Hair is grown!
Lord! how chink't thy Lips, and aride!
And thy whole Frame turn'd Skeleton!
Truly, *Cocca*, I regret thee,
Sure Old Age did undiſcreetly,
To be with thy Face ſo bold:
Henceforth none will pleaſure make thee;
But thou purchaſe of the Laquey,
What thou once the Maſter ſold.

Epig. de Monſieur Maynard.

COme, let's Drink, and drown all Sorrow,
'Tis what the Time invites us to,
And who knows whether to morrow
Was ordained for us or no!
Death watches us, and when that Slave
Has once enclos'd us in the Grave,
And heaps of Mold upon us hurl'd;
Farewel good Victuals and good Wine;
I read in no Author of mine
Of Taverns in the other World.

To Agrippa.

The Sixth Ode of Horace. *His Firſt Book of Lyricks.*

VArius, in living Annals may
To the admiring Univerſe
Voice out in high *Mæonian* Verſe

Thy

Thy Courage, and thy Conqueſts won,
And what thy Troops by Land, and Sea
Have through thy noble conduct done.
Our Muſe, *Agrippa*, that does fly
An humbler pitch, attempts not theſe,
Texpreſs *Pelides* rage; nor ſly
Ulyſſe's tedious Voyages:
Nor dips her Plume in thoſe Red Tydes,
Flow from the Bloody Parricides
Of *Pelop*'s cruel Family:
We nothing to ſuch heights pretend
Since Modeſty,
And our weak Muſe, who does aſpire
No further than the jolly Lyre,
Forbids that we
Should in our vain attempts offend,
And darken with our humble laies,
Thine and great *Cæſar*'s Godlike Praiſe.
Who to his worth can *Mars* diſplay,
When clad in Arms, whoſe dreadful Ray,
Puts out the Day?

Or

Or brave *Meriones* set forth,
When soyl'd in *Trojan* Dust; or raise
Fit Trophies to *Tydides* worth,
Who to th' Immortal Gods was made
A Rival by *Minerva*'s aid?
We Sing of Feasting, and Delights,
Stout Drinking, and the harmless Fights
Of hot young Men, and blushing Maids,
Who when the Foe invades,
Make a faint show,
To Guard what they're content
shou'd go.
These are the Subjects of our Song,
In Nights, that else would seem too long,
Did we not wisely prove
The sweets of Jollity, and Love.

Epig. de Monsieur Corneille.

MArtin, Pox on him, that impudent Devil,
That now only lives by his Shifts,
By borrowing of Dribblets, and Gifts,
Fo

For a forlorn Guinny I lent him laſt Day,
Which I was aſſured he never would pay;
On my own Paper would needs be ſo civil,
To give me a Note of his Hand,
But I did the Man ſo well underſtand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trapan'd,
And therefore told him 'twas needleſs to do't:
For ſaid I, I ſhall not be haſty to Dun ye,
And 'tis enough ſurely to part with my Money,
Without loſing my Paper to boot.

Epig. de Monſieur Cotin.

After ſo many Works of various kinds
Dawen with ſo great pains has writ,
And all the recompence the Poet finds,
Is but the poor contempt of Wit;
If *Dawen* now forbear to write on ſtill,
'Tis that he weary is of doing ill.

Epig.

Epig. de Monſ. de Benſaurade.

HEre lies a great load of extr'ordinary merit,
Who taught us to know ere he did hence depart,
That a Man may well live without any Heart,
And die (which is ſtrange!) without rend'ring his Spirit.

Madrigal *on* Queen Dido.

Tranſlated from *Cavalier Guarini*, and he from *Auſonius*.

O Fortunata Dido, *&c.*

HOw hapleſs, *Dido*, was thy Fate
In both conditions of Life,
To be alike Unfortunate,
Whether a Miſtriſs, or a Wife!

Both

Both alike unhappy made thee,
Or thou thy ſelf unhappy made;
But thy Lover falſe betray'd — thee,
And thy Husband was betray'd.
He one miſerably dying,
Poor Queen thou waſt enforc'd to fly;
And the other faſly flying,
Thou didſt miſerably dye.

Sede' d'Amore.

Madrigal. *From* Cavalier Guarini.

TEll me *Cupid*, where's thy Neſt,
In *Clora*'s Eyes, or in my Breaſt?
When I do behold her Rays,
I conclude it in her Face:
But when I conſider how
They both wound, and burn me too,
I conclude then by my ſmart,
Thou inhabits in my Heart.

Mighty

Mighty Love, to ſhew thy Power,
Though it be but for an Hour,
Let me beg without Offence,
Thou wilt ſhift thy Reſidence,
And erect thy ſelf a Neſt,
In my Eyes, and in her Breaſt.

Foco di ſdegno.

From Cavalier Guarini. Madrigal.

FAir, and Falſe, I burn 'tis true,
But by Love am no ways moved;
Since your Falſhood renders you
So unfit to be beloved.
Tigreſs then, that you no more,
May triumph it in my ſmart;
It is fit you know before,
That I now have cur'd my Heart.

Hence-

Henceforth then if I do Mourn,
And that ſtill I live in pain.
With another flame I burn;
Not with Love; but with Diſdain.

Riſpoſta del Taſſo.

BUrn, or Freeze at thine own pleaſure,
Thou art free to Love, or no;
'Tis as little loſs, as treaſure,
Whether thou be'ſt Friend, or Foe.
Lover Falſe, and Unadviſed,
Who to threaten art ſo vain,
Light thy Love I ever prized,
And leſs value thy Diſdain.
If to Love 'twas ever bootleſs,
And neglected was thy ſmart:
The Diſdains will be as Fruitleſs,
Of thy fickle, hollow Heart.

WINTER.

I.

HArk, hark, I hear the *North* Wind roar,
See how he riots on the Shoar;
And with expanded Wings out-ſtretch,
Ruffels the Billows on the Beach.

II.

Hark, how the routed Waves complain,
And call for Succor to the Main,
Flying the Storm as if they meant
To creep into the Continent.

III.

Surely all *Æoli*'s huffing Brood
Are met to War againſt the Flood,
Which ſeem ſurpriz'd, and have not yet
Had time his Levies to compleat.

IV. Th

IV.

e beaten Bark her Rudder loſt,
on the rowling Billows toſt;
r Keel now Plows the *Ouſe*, and ſoon
r Top-Maſt tilts againſt the Moon.

V.

s ſtrange! the Pilot keeps his ſeat;
s bounding Ship does ſo curvet,
hilſt the poor Paſſengers are found,
their own fears already drown'd.

VI.

w Fins do ſerve for Wings, and bear
eir Scaly Squadrons through the Air;
hilſt the Airs Inhabitants do ſtain
eir gaudy Plumage in the Main.

VII.

w Stars concealed in Clouds do peep
o the ſecrets of the deep;

And Lobsters spued from the brine,
With *Cancer* constellations shine.

VIII.

Sure *Neptune's* Watery Kingdoms yet
Since first their Corral Graves were wet,
Were ne're disturbed with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their Arms.

IX.

See where a Liquid Mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable Tides,
And tumbles headlong to the Strand,
As if the Sea would come to Land.

X.

A Sail, a Sail, I plainly spy,
Betwixt the Ocean and the Sky,
An *Argosy*, a tall built Ship,
With all her Pregnant Sailers a-trip.

XI. Neare

XI.

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With Canvis Wings into the Bay;
And now upon the Deck appears
A croud of busy Mariners.

XII.

Methinks I hear the Cordage crack,
With furrowing *Neptune's* foaming Back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His Fury to the neighb'ring Shoars.

XIII.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding Keel above the Waves,
Opening his Liquid Arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

XIV.

See how she dives into his Chest,
Whilst raising up his floating Brest

To claſp her in, he makes her riſe
Out of the reach of his ſurprize.

XV.

Nearer ſhe comes, and ſtill doth ſweep
The Azure Surface of the deep,
And now at laſt the Waves have thrown
Their Rider on our *ALBION*.

XVI.

Under the Black cliff, ſpumy baſe,
The Sea-ſick Hulk her fraight diſplays,
And as ſhe walloweth on the Sand,
Vomits her burthen to the Land.

XVII.

With Heads erect, and plying Oar,
The Ship-wrack'd Mates make to the Shoar;
And dreadleſs of their danger, climb
The floating Mountains of the brine.

XVIII.

Hark, hark, the noiſe, their Eccho make
The Iſlands Silver Waves to ſhake;
Sure with theſe throws, the lab'ring Main
Is delivered of a Hurricane.

XIX.

And ſee the Seas becalm'd behind,
Not criſpt with any breeze of Wind;
The Tempeſt has forſook the Waves,
And on Land begins his braves.

XX.

Hark, hark, their Voices higher riſe,
They tear the Welkin with their Cries;
The very Rocks their fury feel,
And like Sick Drunkards nod, and reel.

XXI.

Louder, and louder, ſtill they come,
Niles Cataracts to theſe are dumb;

The *Cyclope* to theſe Blades are ſtill,
Whoſe Anvils ſhake the burning Hill.

XXII.

Were all the Stars enlightned Skies,
As full of Ears as ſparkling Eyes;
This rattle in the *Chriſtal* Hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

XXIII.

What monſtrous Race is hither toſt,
Thus to Alarm our *Britiſh* Coaſt;
With Outcries, ſuch as never yet
War, or Confuſion could beget.

XXIV.

Oh! now I know them let us home,
Our Mortal Enemy is come,
Winter and all his bluſt'ring train,
Have made a voyage o're the Main.

XXV. Vaniſht

XXV.

Vaniſht the Countrys of the Sun,
The Fugitive is hither run,
To raviſh from our fruitful Fields
All that the teeming Seaſon yields.

XXVI.

Like an Invader, not a Gueſt,
He comes to Riot, not to Feaſt;
And in wild fury overthrows,
Whatever does his march oppoſe,

XXVII.

With bleak and with congealing Winds,
The Earth in ſhining Chains he binds;
And ſtill as he doth farther paſs,
Quarries his way with Liquid Glaſs.

XXVIII.

Hark, how the blusterors of the Bear,
Their Gibbouſe Cheeks in triumph tear,

And with continued Shouts do ring
The entry of their Palsy'd King.

XXIX.

The Squadron neareſt to your Eye,
Is his Forlorn of Infantry,
Bow-men of unrelenting Minds,
Whoſe Shafts are Feathered with the Winds.

XXX.

Now you may ſee his Van-guard riſe
Above the Earthy Precipice,
Bold Horſe on bleakeſt Mountains bred,
With Hail inſtead of Provend fed.

XXXI.

Their Launces are the pointed Locks,
Torn from the Brows of Frozen Rocks,
Their Shields are Chryſtals as their Swords,
The Steel the ruſted Rock affords.

XXXII.

See the main Body now appears,
And hark the *Æolian* Trupetters,
By their Hoarſe Levets do declare,
That the bold General Rides there.

XXXIII.

And look where Mantled up in White,
He ſleads it like the *Muſcovite*;
I know him by the Port he bears,
And his Life-guard of Mountaineers.

XXXIV.

Their Caps are Fur'd with Hoary Froſt,
The Bravery their cold Kingdom boaſts;
Their ſpungy Plads are Milk White Frieze,
Spun from the Snowy Mountains Fleece.

XXXV.

Their Partizans are fine carved Glaſs,
Fringed with the Mornings ſpangled Graſs;

And

And Pendant by their brawny Thighs,
Hang Cimetars of burnisht Ice.

XXXVI.

See, see, the Reer-ward now has won
The *Promontories* trembling Crown,
Whilst at there numerous Spurs, the Ground
Groans out a hollow murmering sound.

XXXVII.

The Forlorn now halts for the Van;
The Reer-guard draws up to the Main;
And now they altogether croud
Their Troops into a threatning Cloud.

XXXVIII.

Fly, fly; the Foe advances fast
Into our Fortress, let us hast
Where all the Roarers of the *North*
Can neither Storm, nor Starve us forth.

XXXIX. There

XXXIX.

There under Ground a Magazine
Of Sovereign juice is collard in,
Liquor that will the Seige maintain,
Shou'd *Phœbus* ne're return again.

XL.

Till that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd Blood of Age;
Matures the Young, reſtores the Old,
And makes the fainting Coward bold.

XLI.

It lays the careful Head to reſt,
Calms Palpitations in the Breaſt,
Renders our Lives misfortune Sweet,
And *Venus* frolick in the Sheet.

XLII.

Then let the chill Sciorocco blow,
And gird us round with Hills of Snow;

Or,

Or, elſe go whiſtle to the Shoar,
And make the hollow Mountains roar.

XLIII.

Whilſt we together jovial ſit
Careleſs, and Crown'd with Mirth and Wit;
Where though bleak Winds confine us home,
Our Fancies round the World ſhall roam.

XLIV.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And Drink to all worth Drinking to:
When having Drunk all thine and mine,
We rather ſhall want Health than Wine.

LXV.

But where Friends fail us, we'll ſupply
Our friendſhips with our Charity;
Men that remote in Sorrows live,
Shall by our luſty Brimmers thrive.

XLVI. We'll

XLVI.

We'll Drink the Wanting into Wealth,
And thoſe that Languiſh into Health,
The Afflicted into Joy, th' Oppreſt
Into Security and Reſt.

XLVII.

The Worthy in Diſgrace ſhall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in reſtraint who ſtifled lye,
Shall taſte the Air of Liberty.

XLVIII.

The Brave ſhall triumph in Succeſs,
The Lovers ſhall have Miſtreſſes,
Poor unreguarded Virtue Praiſe,
And the Neglected Poet Baies.

XLIX.

Thus ſhall our Healths do others good,
Whilſt we our ſelves do all we wou'd;
For freed from Envy and from Care,
What would we be, but what we are?

L.

'Tis the plump Grapes Immortal Juice
That does this happineſs produce,
And will preſerve us free together,
Maugre miſchance, or Wind and Weather.

LI.

Then let Old Winter take his courſe,
And roar abroad till he be hoarſe,
And his Lungs crack with Ruthleſs Ire,
It ſhall but ſerve to blow our Fire.

LII.

Let him our little Caſtle ply,
With all his loud Artillery,
Whilſt Sack and Claret Man the Fort,
His Fury ſhall become our Sport.

LIII.

Or, let him *Scotland* take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter;
His Zeal may Freeze, whilſt we kept warm
With Love and Wine, can know no harm.

An ELEGY *upon the Lord* Haſtings.

AMongſt the Mourners that attend his Herſe
With flowing Eyes, and wiſh each Tear a Verſe,
T'embalm his Fame, and his dear Merit ſave
Uninjur'd from th'oblivion of the Grave;
A Sacrificer I am come to be,
Of this poor Offring to his Memory.
O could our pious Meditations thrive
So well, to keep his better part alive!
So that, in ſtead of Him, we could but find
Thoſe fair Examples of his Letter'd Mind:
Vertuous Emulation then might be
Our hopes of Good Men, though not ſuch as He.
But in his hopeful progreſs ſince he's croſt,
Pale Vertue droops, now her beſt Pattern's loſt.
'Twas hard, neither Divine, nor Humane Parts,
The ſtrength of Goodneſs, Learning, and of Arts,
Full crowds of Friends, nor all the Pray'rs of them,
Nor that he was the Pillar of his Stem,

Affection's

Affection's Mark, ſecure of all Mens Hate,
Could reſcue him from the ſad ſtroke of Fate.
Why was not th'Air dreſt in Prodigious ſorms,
To groan in Thunder, and to weep in Storms?
And, as at ſome Mens Fall, why did not His
In Nature work a Metamorphoſis?
No; he was gentle, and his Soul was ſent
A ſilent Victim to the Firmament.
Weep, Ladies, weep, lament great *Haſtings* Fall;
His Houſe is bury'd in his Funeral:
Bathe him in Tears, till there appear no trace
Of thoſe ſad Bluſhes in his lovely Face:
Let there be in't of Guilt no ſeeming ſence,
Nor other Colour than of Innocence.
For he was Wiſe and Good, though he was Young;
Well ſuited to the Stock from whence he ſprung:
And what in Youth is Ignorance and Vice,
In him prov'd Piety of an excellent price.
Farewel, dear Lord; and ſince thy Body muſt
In time return to its firſt Matter, Duſt;
Reſt in thy melancholy Tomb in Peace: For who
Would longer live, that could but now die ſo?

THE

THE BATTAIL OF YVRY.

To my worthy Friend Mr. *Whyte*,

From the unworthy Author

Charles Cotton.

ingeneres animos timor arguit heu, quibus ille
flatus Fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!

Virg. Æneid. *Lib.* 4.

To his Honor'd Friend, the Author of this Excellent POEM.

I Took, Sir, *of your Book a ſhort ſurvay,*
And ſwiftly ran it over without ſtay;
Yet ſtumbled not, I found the Work to be
So ſmoothly wrought, and coucht ſo evenly.
Some Muſes ſeem to gambol and curvet;
But yours, though frolick Feet on Ground ſhe ſet,
Goes (as ſhe ſwam in Blood) an eaſie pace,
Or rather runs a wreath-deſerving Race.
Some rave in Verſe, as they would ſeem to be
Full (like the Sibylls) of ſome Deity,
When Wine inflates them; but you, in your height
Of Fury, give your wing'd Phanſies weight,
With Reaſon temper Rage, and like a ſtrong
Well-fraighted Bark, paſs ſteadily along.
You (as a true bred Stanhop) write in State,
Brave lines compoſe, yet ne're Luxuriate;

But keep within your ſober bounds, moſt fit
To give reſtraint to a high-working Wit.
As a Wiſe King's *a Subject of your lines,*
So you conſiderately bring on deſigns,
Not ruſh (like Curtius*) into th' vaſtitys*
Of danger, but approach by fair degrees,
Relating from what troubled Sourſe aroſe
Th' diſcord, and what troops of Gallant Foes
Gave Luſter to the Field, as here with fine
Phæbean *Phanſies your Narrations ſhine.*
Now when brave Metal to the ſtroke you bring,
Your Verſe then ſparkles, fervently you ſing,
Spur up your Pegaſus, *and make him fly*
A gallant pitch of rare ſublimity,
And when his Head into a Cloud doth daſh,
Cauſe it to Thunder, as your Wit doth flaſh.
Great Mars, *when* Diomed *his Waſt did wound,*
From his deep Throat ſent forth a hideous ſound:
But (ſure) he bellows not in Homer *more*
To terror, than your Poem makes him roar.
As your high enterprize did merit Praiſe,
So for th' atchievement claim your Crown of Bayes.

Your Worth was in the bud, but now 'tis blown
By Fame, and to more Eminency grown,
By this ſtrong work, a work that may defy
The Tooth of Time, and Tongue of Calumny.

Thomas Bancroft.

THE

THE BATTAIL OF YVRY.

I.

HIgh are his thoughts, whose *Buskin'd Mistress* sings
In verse *Heroick*, the *Heroick* deeds
Of Warlike *Princes*, and Victorious *Kings*,
Whose worth all *Commentary* still exceeds;
Nor can a *Muse*, imp't with the noblest Wings,
Write worth the least drop a brave *Gen'ral Bleeds*:
" So high is Vertue, in her native Glory,
" Advanc't above the *Trophies* of all Story.

II.

Yet, to repeat what they have bravely writ,
With pointed Steel, in Characters of Blood,
How great Relations into Faction split,
When blind Ambition does corrupt the *Good*;
Should, from the worſt no cenſure ill admit,
Nor of the beſt Men ill be underſtood;
Since we do others, not our ſelves commend;
To celebrate the bold's a noble End.

III.

Aſſiſt me, then, thou *God* of Song, whoſe *Lyre*
I dare to touch with my unskilful Hands,
Whilſt Truths I ſing to make the World admire,
Of glorious *Burbon*, and his *Conqu'ring Bands*,
Not to *Eclipſe*; nor raiſe that Vertue higher,
Which in the *Mount* of Honor burning ſtands,
Bright, as the brighteſt Star, that there doth flame
A ſhining *Monument* to *Cæſar*'s Name.

IV. And

IV.

And thou great *Goddeſs* of all Arts, and Arms,
Teach me a Verſe High as this *Princes* thought,
That I may number the out-brav'd harms,
He, by his Conduct, to Subjection brought,
The dang'rous *Conqueſt*, that through Death's Alarms,
By hardy Valour he ſo bravely bought,
A day in Fame's great *Catalogue* more bright;
Than all the Suns of Honor e're could light.

V.

Great were the Vertues, that, *Example* ſince,
To *Kings* ſucceding, he has left behind,
Great in a Man; but greater in a *Prince*,
A *Monarch*, from the *Lees* of place, refin'd;
A living precept *Tyrans* to Convince,
And plant true Honor in a Worthy's Mind,
A *Noble* Stem, whence to this clim did Spring
A worthy, though an overſhadow'd *King*.

VI.

Long had the Family of *Lorain* (grown
To dang'rous greatneſs by their *Princes* Grace)
By ſubtle *Arts*, ſtrove to ſupplant the *Crown*
To graſp the *Sceptre*, and uſurp his place,
Could they once get *Henry* of *Valois* down,
Then *King*, and laſt of that Illuſtrious *Race*,
A *Prince* in Prudence, and in Arms as great,
As *Europe* boaſted in a *Regal* State.

VII.

Three were the ruffling Brothers, that durſt riſe
In oppoſition to the Royal Line;
The Firſt, and Chiefeſt, *Henry Duke* of *Guiſe*,
To whom the others *Charles*, and *Lewis* joyn;
Lewis a *Cardinal*, more Bold, than Wiſe,
Charles Duke of *Mayne*, Third in this great Deſign,
In League Compacted (ſo they call'd their Cauſe)
Againſt *Obedience*, and her ſacred *Laws*.

VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor was their Pow'r ſo trivial, as to be
Cruſht by the *Kings* Authority; or force,
So well 'twas ſtrength'ned by the Papal Sea,
Whence ('tis conceiv'd) this Faction had its Source;
But muſt be undermin'd by Policy,
For this engaged *Crown* the only Courſe,
So great, and many the Confed'rates were,
Who ſtood in favour of this haughty *Peer*.

IX.

Wherefore the *King*, did, in his Prudence, chuſe
The help of Policy, where Arms were vain,
And knew ſo well his wary Councels uſe,
That *Duke*, and *Prelate* at his Foot lay ſlain,
When from his Juſter Fate, the Third broke loſe,
Did then ſole Head of the whole League remain,
Employing all his Courage, and his Art
To ſeal his Vengeance on his *Prince*'s Heart.

X. And

X.

And, in his Enterprize, was gone ſo far,
The *King* was forc't to call into his Cauſe,
Henry of *Burbon*, then *King* of *Navar*
His true Succeſſor by the *Salique* Laws;
Who then againſt him made defenſive War;
Him to his Service by command he draws,
" So ſoon can Vertuous *Princes* learn t'obey,
" And humbly bow, when they have Pow'r to
" ſway.

XI.

The Royal Arms, thus reinforc't, begin,
In conduct of theſe *Princely Generals*
To take the Field, ſome Towns, and Pris'ners win,
No Force reſiſts them, no Deſign foreſtals;
Till, at the laſt they ſhut the Leaguers in,
And lay cloſe ſeige to *Paris* ſpatious Walls;
In whoſe Defence, and Strength the *Duke*, at
laſt,
His lateſt refuge, and his ſafety plac't.

XII. Nor

XII.

Nor were those Walls; or the *Parisians* aid
(True to the League; but treach'rous to the State)
Enough to stop the Power did invade;
Or to divert a Rebels juster Fate,
Had not the League by Combination made
On *Henry*'s Life a foul Assassinate,
Who, in the Centre of his own command,
Fell by the stroke of an ignoble Hand.

XIII.

Then, at the Helm alone great *Burbon* stood,
Undoubted Heir unto the *Crown* of *France*,
Great in his Name, in Arms, and great in Blood,
Though something shaken by the *King*'s mischance,
For why the *Peers* serve; nor obey him would,
Unless he would the *Roman* Faith advance,
Too hard a Contract for a King to make,
Though Life, and Honor lie engag'd at Stake.

XIV. His

XIV.

His juſt repulſe, to their unjuſt demands,
Soon chang'd the Scene, beyond all humane aim,
For though he won ſome honeſt Hearts, and Hands
T'acknowledge, and aſſiſt his lawful claim;
Yet in few days ſo leſſen'd were his Bands,
To his Abandoners Eternal Shame,
That, he was forc'd his Conqueſt to decline,
And build his Fortunes on ſome new Deſign.

XV.

T'were tedious to relate the Battails Fought,
The Towns beleaguer'd, and the *Cities* won,
The haughty Rebels to ſubjection brought,
By this brave Leader, Honors Eldeſt Son,
Acts, that indeed, exceed belief; or thought,
By mature Councels, and great Courage done;
The dangerous paths to Honor, and Renown
He trod, before he could atchieve the Crown.

XVI. Nor

XVI.

Nor falls it in the Sphere of my design,
To mention each of *Bourbon*'s noble Acts,
So high attempts I humbly shall decline,
And leave those *Annals* to their better Tracts;
Who me, and my poor *Muse* as far out-shine;
As *Henry*, in his Celebrated Facts,
The lesser sparks of Honor does out-flame,
And swallows all their Titles in his Name.

XVII.

One day there was, wherein his Valour shone
A Pyramid of inextinguish'd Fire,
Wherein Immortal Glory; or there's none,
By dint of Sword, he bravely did acquire,
To that one days great History alone,
This *Poem* impotently shall aspire:
A day, above the *Trophies* of the Pen;
A *Prince*, above the *Characters* of Men.

XVIII. Many

XVIII.

Many the Conflicts were, various the Chance,
Betwixt the Seige of *Paris*, and the Fight
In *Ivry*-Plain, that goar'd the Womb of *France*
With Fire, and Blood, betwixt the Wrong, and Right;
E're both the Armies to that Field advance,
One to Purſue, t'other Pretending flight,
Their num'rous odds had raiſed the League ſo high,
As to purſue him, that could never fly.

XIX.

Two Nights before theſe angry Armies met
Th' uncertain chance of Bloody War to try,
All-ſeeing *Heav'n* his dire portents had ſet,
Oraculous Symptoms in the troubled Sky,
The naked Surface of the Earth was wet
With Storm, and Tempeſt, and a Prodigy,
Succeeded in the Air, to ſhew the *King*,
How to his aid *Heav'n* did aſſiſtance bring.

XX. Two

XX.

Two Puiſſant Armies in the Sky appear'd,
To ſhoot in Thunder, and with Lightning kill,
In color like the Comets ſtreaming Beard,
Which great events in Battail uſhers ſtill,
By moſt Men doubted, and by many feared,
All were ſuſpended at th' Almighty's will;
Yet ſuch their Leader was, their Cauſe ſo Juſt,
They unto Providence, and Valour truſt.

XXI.

The Slothful *Sun*, roſe to his daily round,
All Night diſturb'd with riots in the Air,
When both the Hoſts his drowſy Eye had found,
Imploring Conqueſt in diff'rent Pray'r,
And now they both march to the deſtin'd Ground,
Where *Fate* their different Fortunes does prepare,
Both Arm'd for the Diſaſters, and the Harms,
That ſtill attend th' uncertain chance of Arms.

XXII. The

XXII.

The Field where this great Game was to be try'd,
In a round Form, does a large Plot contain,
A Stage of Honor ſpatious and wide,
Where Souldiers may Eternal Glory gain,
Two little Towns did bound the Royal ſide,
And on the *Dukes* a Grove ſhut up the Plain;
Towards the *Weſt* (the lodging of the *Sun*)
The River *Eure*, in a deep vale doth run.

XXIII.

A place ſo form'd by Nature, as no Art
Could ſmooth it plainer to ſo brave an end,
In which no craggy; or deform'd part,
Could either ſide advantage; or offend,
Save that a little dimple in the Heart
Did with a gentle fall it ſelf extend;
A worthy Theatre whereon to play
The Tragick entrys of a Bloody day.

XXIV. Illu-

XXIV.

Illustrious *Bourbon* was the first, that took
A brave Possession of the Fatal place,
Set down in Destiny's eternal Book,
To his Renown, and to the *Duke*'s Disgrace,
Who in the *King*'s victorious Arms mistook,
As of a flying Foe pursu'd the Chase,
So far did Fate, and Odds seem to combine
In help, and favour of his black Design.

XXV.

For in the Royal Muster did appear
Eight thousand Foot, and but three thousand Horse,
The League above double the Number were,
Such inequality was in their Force,
The Rebel Crew were more, that crowded there
In number better, but in Courage worse:
For they with *Henry* who so oft had fought,
So far from Fear were, they disdain'd to doubt.

XXVI.

Now, on the Plain the Royal Standard ſtands,
Waving the Golden *Fleur-de-Lis* of *France*,
The Trumpets uſher in the Loyal Bands,
The barded Steeds under their Riders prance,
The Leaders take their ſeveral Commands,
And in good Order in the Field advance;
And there abide—the coming of the Foe,
To crown their Sov'reign in his overthrow.

XXVII.

Montpenſiers, worthy *Duke*, the Van up led,
A Prudent Wariour, and a Loyal Peer,
The Battail next, of which the *King* was head,
The *Marſhal Byron* brought up the Rear;
A *Captain* Practis'd, and a Souldier bred,
A Man that knew not ſuch a Thought as Fear,
Wiſe as the wiſeſt, as the Boldeſt bold,
In Dangers only, and Succeſs grown old.

XXVIII. Their

XXVIII.

Their hardy Cavalry they did divide,
In Bodies five, for Service of that Day,
Unto the first *Marshal d'Aumont* was Guide,
By him two Regiments of Fire-locks lay,
To flanck that first Divisions left aside,
And, at a distance, keep the *Duke* in play,
That naked Side to succor, and to shield,
Plac't on the out-side of the spacious Field.

XXIX.

Next that, the second was commanded by,
Montpensiers Duke, who on his left, and right,
Two valiant Squadrons had appointed nigh,
To second, and assist him in the Fight,
Of *German* one, th'other *Swisse* Infantry,
Both prompt to Battail; and both fam'd for Might,
As by th'event of that victorious Day,
To all the World their Valors did display.

XXX.

The third to this, and biggeſt of them all,
Contain'd the Sacred Perſon of the *King*,
The *Prince* of *Conty*, and the Count *St. Paul*,
And of the Flower of *France* a noble Ring,
To riſe in Conqueſt, or in Glory fall,
With him who was their Lives, and Honors ſpring,
Theſe on the right, and left hand flanked were
By the *Swiſſe*-Guard, and Collonel *Balthazar*.

XXXI.

The fourth Diviſion, on the right hand this,
To Marſhal *Byron*'s wiſe Conduct fell,
Who in true Diſcipline could never miſs,
He knew the angry Art of War ſo well,
Thoſe approv'd Councils, and that Heart of his
Were known moſt Leaders of his time t'excel,
By him two Regiments of Fire-locks ſtand,
To flank his Body upon either hand.

XXXII.

The fifth, and laſt, by *Scomberg*'s valiant Count
Theodorick was led, this did conſiſt
Of *German* Horſe, Souldiers of good account,
That, under *Henry*'s Pay, enter'd the Liſt;
None could their Courage, nor their Truth ſurmount
Hardy t'attempt, and reſolute t'reſiſt;
These, with their Belgick Cornets, reach't quite down,
Even to the Houſes of St. *Andre*'s Town.

XXXIII.

Two other Squadrons in the Front did ſtand,
Then the main Battail marcht ſome paces higher,
The one four hundred Horſe, in the Command
Of *Baron Giury* was, and the grand Prior,
The next, which ſtood upon the other hand,
Three hundred Cuiriaſſes made up entire;
These had to Chief, the *Baron* of *Byron*,
Of a brave Father, a victorious Son.

XXXIV.

Betwixt these two, th'Artillery planted were,
(The black Invention of ingenious Ire)
To which old *Philibert* was Canoneer,
Expert in all th'effects of levell'd Fire,
Well knew he how, and when to gall, and tear,
And force the forward Foe halting retire,
Him fifty *Harquebuses* do attend,
With Pioneers the Ord'nance to defend.

XXXV.

The Forlorn-hope by three Commanders led,
St. *Denis*, *Brignolet*, and *Parabiere*,
Some Paces before all lay covered,
Scarce seen by them, who knew not they were there,
In the Fields lay so safe, they nought could dread,
No execution of the Canon fear;
So happily they found a friendly room,
In that green Navel of the Plains smooth Womb.

XXXVI.

Scarce were they order'd, when the *Sieurs la Moue*
Du Plessis, and *Tremouille*, from *Poictou* came,
Tri'de *Knights*, with them two hundred Cavalry,
The weaker to assist, the Rebel tame,
The *Sieur de Humiers* out of *Picardy*,
With fourscore Gentlemen, stir'd by the Fame
Of a great Day of Honor to be try'd,
Came Volontiers to fight on *Henry*'s side.

XXXVII.

These slender Aids, in such an hour sent,
To the whole Army promis'd fair Success,
And of the day presag'd a good event,
Since they must conquer, that Heav'ns care doth bless,
No less the Souldier thinks these Succors meant,
Which Joy, and Hope, he loudly does express,
And to the Sky his Acclamations sends,
In Thanks, and welcome of these valiant Friends.

XXXVIII.

Thus ſtand th'embattail'd Royaliſts to dare,
The Twins oppos'd, of Danger, and Miſchance,
And as their Captains, ſo the Squadrons are,
Prompt as the killing ſpeed of Fire, t'advance;
Such Manly Confidence, they all declare,
Upon whoſe Valours lay the *Crown* of *France*,
A Stake for the brave Game then to be try'd,
Which Fortune muſt, and the Swords Edge decide.

XXXIX.

The adverſe Camp to ſuch aſſurance grew,
Of eaſy Conqueſt by their ſeeming Flight,
They nimbly ſeem to fly, as they purſue,
As to a Prey, rather than to a Fight,
But their Forlorn found that Belief untrue,
When firſt they ſaw the *King* to Battail dight,
Order'd with all the Courage and the Art,
That could expreſs a Souldiers Head; or Heart.

XL.

This rude Alarm, that ſoon from Van, to Rear,
Flew, with the wonted ſpeed, of ill Report,
Soon chang'd the Souldiers overweeming chear,
Who now perceiv'd they were to bandy forc't,
Their vain aſſurance it converts to fear,
So much the unexpected News import,
They now amaz'd to doubtful conflict haſt,
And order new their Troops in march miſplac't.

XLI.

Their num'rous Army with all ſpeed, and care,
(Now of their blind ſecurity bereft)
Th'abus'd Commanders for the Fight prepare,
And into two mighty Battalions cleft,
The right *Duke Nemours*, fit to do, and dare,
Had in Command, and ſtout *Aumale* the left,
The firſt a noble Youth, ſeduc'd to fight
Againſt his Honor, and his *Prince*'s Right.

XLII. In

XLII.

In point of the right Wing *Count Egmont* fought,
Who Arms in favour of the League did bear,
With him the Launciers, he from *Flanders* brought
Next him the *Swisse*, *Fifer*, and *Berling* were
Flanck't by three Reg'ments in their trade well taugh
By *Dissemieux*, *Pons'enac*, and *Chasteliere*,
Three *Collonels*, who by the Worlds applaus
Deserv'd their Honors in a better Cause.

XLIII.

'Twixt these, and *Nemours* Regiment, that made
The number of four hundred gallant Horse,
The yawning *Canon* ready to be play'd,
Were planted to devour the Royal Force,
And, ram'd for Death only the Signal stay'd,
Their murdering sulphrous Treasure to disburse,
A threatning train of great Artillery,
Enough to fright Men not resolv'd to dye.

XLIV. I

XLIV.

In the left Wing four hundred *Spaniards* led,
By Captains bold, their Cornets fair display,
Which to the margent of the Plain out-spread,
Had in their Flanck St. *Paul*, and *Teniſſay*,
With *Lorain* Regiments, who had to head
Bold Tremble court, and fierce *Chaſtaigneraye*;
Next theſe, *Aumale*, the *Sieurs de Perdriell*,
De Loncampe came, and *de Fountaine-Martell*.

XLV.

The Dukes own Cornet, which *Cygogne* bore,
March't up the Body to theſe ſpacious Wings,
With them, of Gentlemen, four hundred more,
In all ſeven hundred to oppoſe the *Kings*;
Theſe flanck't by *Flemings* were, and theſe before,
The Reiters, which hapleſs *Duke Brunſwick* brings
To charge and wheel, as they were diſciplin'd
Betwixt the Wings for a Reſerve behind.

XLVI. The

XLVI.

The Leaguers Force, thus order'd, gently moves,
Scorning in such a Glorious hour to breathe;
The Mother Earth spurn'd by the armed Hooves,
In dire ostent mournfully Groans beneath,
Whilst each, like Fire by agitation proves,
Prompter to snatch from others head the Wreath,
Then Face to Face, both Armies in Array,
Stand to attempt the Fortune of the Day.

XLVII.

And now Heav'ns Lamp, unwilling to behold,
The bloody Conflict prest to be begun,
Shading with Clouds his Locks of burning Gold,
Stept into Night before his course was run,
The dusky *Hemisphere* in darkness roll'd,
Withheld the tryal until the Morning Sun;
When each in equal favour of the light,
Might have the day bright Umpire of their Fight.

XLVIII. Straight,

XLVIII.

ightway ſucceeding night 'gan to ariſe,
miſts of darkneſs, to poſſeſs the Sky,
ntling the Warriours in her dark ſurprize,
e Valiant could not fight, the Coward fly,
in her Sables clad, ermin'd with Eyes,
in a mourning Vail of *Tragedy*,
Black, as the Face of Sorrows blackeſt hue,
To ſolemnize the Funerals to enſue.

XLIX.

Camps, withdrawn into their Quarters make,
t Fires, that each may ſee the others Care
to their Safety they are both awake,
each of others bold Attempts aware,
wary Guards them to their Poſts betake,
s and *Centinels* well planted are,
Upon occaſion, to report th'Alarm,
And prompt their Leaders when, and where
to arm.

L. The

L.

The *Lorain Duke* retir'd into his Tent,
During this respite, does a Counsel keep,
To which the heads of ev'ry Regiment
Summon'd, appear in Consultation deep,
Kept waking all by *Bourbon's* brave intent,
" When Death stands Centinel, 'tis no time to sleep;
There every one, and all, maturely weigh
The State, wherein their Lives, and Honors lay.

LI.

Himself (a Friend to secure Counsels) first
Deliver'd what he thought best to be done,
Not like a Prince in forward action nurs't,
(Which fires brave Minds where Honor's to be won)
But like a subtle Fox, that hardly durst,
With all his odds, a Battail's hazzard run:
He thus in Counsel to his daring Friends,
The common State of their Affairs commends.

LII. " Most

LII.

Moſt noble Friends, in the Reſults of War,
" Wherein the glorious Soul of Conqueſt lies)
The ſafeſt Counſels, moſt ſucceſsful are;
Nor is that Man leſs valiant, who is wiſe,
Whereas precipitous reſolves, impair
The worthy number of ſuch brave ſupplies,
" As theſe of yours, who nobly thus advance
" Your dreaded Enſigns, for diſmember'd
France.

LIII.

Whoſe wounding Adverſaries, pounded lye,
Into this Angle frighted, by your Fame,
Compell'd to fight, becauſe they cannot fly,
Their deſp'rate ruin, and their certain ſhame,
Yet with this poor, half vanquiſh'd Enemy,
'Tis beſt we wiſely play a certain Game,
" That is, to husband what our Swords have
won,
" And end in ſafety, what in blood begun.

LIV. " For

LIV.

" For though the Foe be by your Valours brought
" To his laſt Caſt, that is, to fight, and dye;
" And, that he is, as ſoon o'recome as fought,
" To conquer without loſs, is Victory,
" When from the deſp'rate Conqueſt's dearly bought,
" The Victors ſureſt Friend is Policy,
" By whoſe advice, we may on cheaper terms
" Purchaſe the Triumphs, that attends our Arms.

LV.

" The loſt Nobility, that aſſiſt *Navarre*,
" In his vain Quarrel, at their own Expence,
" Will fall away by a protracted War,
" Leaving his Power as weak, as his Pretence;
" And when their Furnitures all waſted are,
" Want will reduce them to a better Senſe:
" So that by ſpinning out the War in length,
" We, without Battail, ſhall o'recome his Strength.

LVI. This

LVI.

This said *Count Egmont* instantly arose,
His sparkling Eyes with Resolution shone,
Wherein Disdain, and Valour did disclose,
How much he scorn'd, such abject thoughts to own,
Before he spoke, he threatn'd to oppose
The mean Resolves, their General put on;
At last he with a Souldiers Grace expresst,
The nobler sense of his more noble breast.

LVII.

My Lord (said he) I was not hither sent,
Nor into *France* these approv'd succors bring,
To vanquish without Arms; nor with intent
To wast the Treasure of the Cath'lick *King*;
Nor must his Mony, and his Men be spent
In doing nought; or some ignoble thing,
" Advantage gives the Signal now to go,
" And end the Quarrel with one Manly blow.

LVIII.

" Nor ſuits it with our Honors; or your Cauſe,
" To wave a Fight whereto they are compell'd
" And ſuffer ſuch an Enemy to pauſe,
" Becauſe he is, with Blood-ſhed to be quell'd;
" So ſhall their Story, with the Worlds applauſe
" Be writ in *Triumph*, and we Cowards held,
" And in the ſplendor of their Leaders Fame
" Will be eclips't the Glory of your Name.

LIX.

" Therefore (my Lord) let not the riſing Sun,
" Behold a ſlothful *Camp*, that dares not riſe,
" To end what they ſo daringly begun,
" A wretched Army, that the Conquer'd flies,
" And dreads the glorious Wreath their Swords have
won;
" But add unto our famous Victories,
" This one, which only for the Morning ſtays
" T'impale our brows with *Oak*, the *Souldiers*
bays.

LX. T'in

LX.

Impatient Captains all at one approv'd
Th'unhappy Count's Advice, and all aloud
With equal ardour the stay'd *Gerard* mov'd
To reap the crop, for which their Swords had plow'd,
Who paus'd, then told them, that he dearly lov'd
The Zeal, and Valour their brave Minds endow'd,
And was resolv'd the day's event to try,
To conquer with such Friends; or fighting dye.

LXI.

Thus then resolv'd, each Officer repairs,
To his brave charge against the Morn to come,
Arming their Limbs in Steel, their Souls with Prayers,
To prevent; or to preserve their doom;
For less th'*Heraidk King* his Men prepares,
Who, but through danger, had no high way home;
Spending those hours in diligence, and care,
That interpos'd 'twixt him, and conquest were.

LXII.

At last th'unwilling Morn 'gan weeping rise,
T'illuminate the Theatre of *Death*,
And like a tender Virgin, hid her Eyes,
From the sad Objects to succeed beneath;
So that she shone; but did not guild the Skies,
Even asham'd to grace the Victor's Wreath;
Who at the price of native blood at best,
Must win that Honor to his daring Crest.

LXIII.

No sooner peept she from her Eastern Seat,
Through the Clouds of sorrow vail'd her Face,
Than the loud Instruments of War did greet
The Light so long'd for; such a tedious space,
They sound their *Trumpets*, and their Drums th
beat,
Whilst each side takes possession of their place,
In the same order, that before, when nigh
By interposing, had defer'd the Fight.

LXIV. T

LXIV.

The valiant *French* (whoſe Flames that day inroll'd
To prov'd poſterity) ſpur'd about the Plain,
To chear the Coward, and confirm the bold,
No thought of Fear could their true Metals ſtain,
Such in his conſtant Looks to his foretold,
They ſhould the Honor of the Field obtain:
Thus by their Leaders brave Exemple taught,
On Conqueſt, only, ev'ry *Souldier* thought.

LXV.

Great *Henry* mounted on a large, bay Steed,
Who as he knew the Royal Weight he bore,
Trampled the Earth where *Thouſands* were to bleed,
Their tribute to that *Parent*, whence before
They had deriv'd the matter of their ſeed,
And to that Element muſt now reſtore)
Rode up, and down to view his Loyal Bands,
How each in order, and in courage ſtands.

LXVI.

His Head unarm'd, to those his faithful Friends,
Who now impatient of the Battail, stay,
With an undaunted Look, he recommends
The common State wherein their Fortunes lay,
He tells them all, that no more strength attends
To try th'event of such another day;
But that each private Man's peculiar share
Of Life, and Safety in their Valours were.

LXVII.

His noble Presence more perswasion finds,
Than his brave Words, not to be heard by all,
And gave a better stamp to all their Minds,
Than from the Tongue of Eloquence could fall,
" Nothing a Souldiers Resolution binds
" More, than Example in a *General*;
They all ambitious are, of their blind Fate,
And each Man thinks the time defer'd too lat

LXVIII. Th

LXVIII.

Thus riding the Diviſions of his *Hoſt*,
To help an Error were it to be found,
He ſpur'd his fiery *Steed* from poſt, to poſt,
Through the Files of ev'ry Squadron round,
So to ſupply, where the defect was moſt
A diſadvantage in his Men; or Ground,
Till at the main *Battalions* head he ſtay'd,
And lifting up his Eyes to Heaven thus pray'd,

LXIX.

" Thou dreaded *Architect* of this great Ball,
" Who with thine Eye of Providence look'ſt down,
" Searching the ſecret Purpoſes of all,
" Out of thy Gracious Bounty pleaſe to own
" The Juſtice of my Arms; nor let me fall
" In my juſt claim to this uſurped *Crown*:
" But fav'rably extend this doubtful hour
" The conqu'ring hand of thy *Almighty* Power.

LXX.

" Or, if for this thy zealous peoples Peace,
" Thou in thy ſacred Wiſdom, know't unfit
" That I ſhould rule, and that 'twere their Diſeaſe,
" In the *French Throne*, ſhould I a *Monarch* ſit,
" Then, let my Title fall, if thou ſo pleaſe,
" To advance their Fortune; and, let me with it,
" In the firſt File of Honor,, fighting dye
" Worthy my Name, and their Fidelity.

LXXI.

This ſaid, a chearful ſhout i'th' Front began
The loud excurſion of a ſudden Joy,
And with the Rear which eccho'd to the Van,
Fill'd the whole *Camp* with an auſpicious Cry,
From Troop to Troop the Loyal Motto ran,
Which made the Plain reſound, *Vive le Roy*,
All arm'd with Valour, and their *Prince*'s Love,
Unwilling ſtay their faithful Arms to prove.

LXXII.

Then with his Cask he arm'd his noble Head,
In which, a waving Plume of curled white,
Like a white Dove, the ſilver Wings outſpread
Above his Creſt, there ſtuck to be a Light;
In clouds of Horror unto thoſe he led
Through the rough paths of an uncertain Fight,
And now the Armies both attend the ſign,
Which given both in dreadful conflict joyn.

LXXIII.

Have you not ſeen, on *Neptune's* liquid Plain,
A ſhort-liv'd Truce ſtill that tranſparent Face,
No whiſper of the Air to criſp the *Maine*;
But all, as even, and as ſmooth, as Glaſs,
Where not the Footſteps of a Storm remain,
Whereby the Eye may any ruins trace,
The Sea ſo calm, and the Winds Doors ſo bar'd,
As if the Elements had never jar'd.

LXXIV. When

LXXIV.

When on a ſudden all the Winds broke looſe,
From the dark Entrails of their bolted Cave,
Break the late Concord, and diſſolve the Truce,
And on the ſurface of the Waters brave,
Nothing but noiſe and tumult then enſues,
Winds fight with Winds, and Wave encountreth Wave,
Together ſhuffled in a foaming rage,
That pale-fac'd Ruin only can aſſwage.

LXXV.

So ſtill theſe Armies do maintain their Ground,
As in their cutting Swords no danger were,
As each withdrew his hand from the firſt Wound,
Panting for Glory ſome, and ſome for Fear,
Till by the Signal of the *Trumpets* Sound,
In a far diff'rent poſture they appear,
Thund'ring confuſion to the vaulted Sky,
A Prologue to th'enſuing Tragedy.

LXXVI.

The wide-mouth'd *Canon* through their Iron Jaws,
In killing Accents, firſt began to ſpeak,
Diſputing with a dreadful noiſe the cauſe,
In which all Argument had prov'd too weak,
Nor was it now a time for other Laws,
Than what th'effects of Fire and Sword could wreak,
No other Language muſt be underſtood,
Than that, which ſpoke in Thunder, Fire, and Blood.

LXXVII.

The troubled Morning who before had lent
Only a faint, and an unwilling Light,
In ſulphrous Clouds was hid, as if they meant
To ſhade that Beauty with eternal Night,
The rowls of Smoak, Theſe roaring *Ord'nance* vent
Heav'ns burning Eye had overſhaded quite;
A vaperous Darkneſs ſo enclos'd them all,
None other knew but by the *Canons* call.

LXXVIII.

So have I seen a black tempestous shade
Rudely succeeding *Phœbus's Golden* Beams,
With thund'ring Terror the hush't Air invade,
Clad in the rage of Natures loud extreams,
No ray of Comfort, but what Light'nings made,
Darting through dreadful Chasms their flaming Streams,
Whilst the confounded World do trembling fear,
The last and greatest Dissolution near.

LXXIX.

Twice had these Engines, upon either part,
Disgorg'd their murd'ring Entrails on the Foe,
But with so diff'rent Fortune, Care and Art,
That the *Duke's* erring Shot play'd all too low,
Whilst the *King's* level'd Right, tore through the Heart,
Of the *Duke's* Front, almost to overthrow,
And gall'd *Count Egmont*, who asham'd to stay,
Began the brave Encounter of the Day.

LXXX. The

LXXX.

The *Grand-priors* Squadron the bold *Count* affails,
With ſo much Brav'ry, ſuch impetuous Force,
That through that Body's Centre he prevails
Unable to withſtand his ſtronger Horſe,
So that the *Flemings*, turn'd their Courſers Tails
On the *King*'s Canon, and compleat their Courſe,
Painting their Lances with the Rabble Blood,
Of Pioneers, who by the Ord'nance ſtood.

LXXXI.

By which contempt, they ſo diſorder'd were,
Thus killing on, at this ſucceſsful rate,
That bold *Aumont*, and fierce *Byron* muſt bear
Upon their damask't Swords, their ſudden Fate,
So that by theſe charg'd home in Flanck, and Rear,
They find the Error of their haſt too late,
Whilſt the *Grand-prior* rally'd, ſtraight began
A furious Charge in their diſmember'd Van.

LXXXII. Anger,

LXXXII.

Anger, and Shame, Spite, and Revenge contend
In execution which ſhould which out-run,
With unreſiſted Fury all offend,
And to redeem what the raſh *Dutch* had won,
Who round begirt with ſlaughter, bow, and bend,
And e're times reſtleſs wheel an hour had ſpun,
On the cold boſom of the purpled Plain,
They every Man lay with their Leader ſlain.

LXXXIII.

So a Victorious Grove of ſtately *Oaks*,
Which their aſpiring Heads to Heaven raiſe,
Before a throng of Lab'rers wounding ſtroaks,
Stoop their ambitious Brows to kiſs their baſe,
The ſtrong limb'd Clown in his Endeavour ſmoaks.
Till the large Trunks lie rumbled on the place,
As fell this Squadron on th'Earths bruis'd Womb,
Worthy a better Cauſe, and worth their Tomb.

LXXXIV.

In this great Ruin, Noble *Egmont* fell,
To War, and Death a Bloody Sacrifice,
His Countries Honor, his Times Miracle,
Spurring his Fate by his too bold Advise;
Nor can the Tongue of Fame speak ought but well,
Of his Renoun, and living Victories,
He Conqu'ring fell, despising Fate, and Death,
Bequeathing to his Name Immortal Breath.

LXXXV.

Now through the Field Giddy destruction flew,
To riot in full draughts of *Christian* Blood,
Each other Cut and Mangled Hurt, and Slew,
Till the whole Plain, appear'd a Crimson Flood,
Members, and Men the groaning Earth bestrew,
No Walls of Steel their furious Arms withstood,
Force, Hatred, Wrath, and Envy mustred shew,
What altogether can in Conflict do.

LXXXVI. Valiant

LXXXVI.

Valiant *Duke Nemours* in the Van-guard met,
With *Duke Montpenfier* to diſpute the Day;
Each ſtroke the others daring Coronet,
At a leſs pitch would neither Warrior play,
Their burniſh't Armor, with their Blood was wet;
Their owners heat; and manhood to diſplay;
Whilſt either's Squadrons ſpur their Valors home,
Eager to Fight, impatient to Orecome.

LXXXVII.

And in the Rear, *German* Count *Scomberg* came
With a ſkell guided fury to aſſail,
The hardy Troops fir'd by their Fellows Shame,
Who had to Cheif the *Chevalier D' Aubale*,
With equal Conduct, and with equal flame,
They fiercely Joyn, Ambitious to prevail;
Whilſt Fortune, hovering on ambiguous Wings,
To neither part her blind aſſiſtance brings.

LXXXVIII.

Montpenſiers Duke having his Courſer ſlain,
In the firſt brunt of that unequal fight;
Remounted by the Valor of his train,
Fought like a Loyal, and a hardy *Knight*;
His conſtant Proweſs did that Day obtain,
A burning Crown of inextinguiſh'd Light,
For greater Acts than his, more bold, and high,
Never adorn'd the Face of Hiſtory.

LXXXIX.

Nor leſs *Duke Nemours* did attempt to excel,
Who though a Youth, was full of noble Fire,
Into the Battail with the Sword he fell,
Ambitious, as the proudeſt, to aſpire
To Honors ſacred Hill, a parallel
To thoſe great Names which never muſt expire;
Like Young *Aſcanius* ſhone his downy Face,
The worthy *Heir* of an Illuſtrious race.

XC.

During their Conflict, on the other ſide,
Count *Scomberg* powr'd his ſhot upon the Foe,
By which *Aumale's* vaſt Squadrons fell, and died,
The warlike *Knight* quits not the quarrel ſo,
Since nought that Controverſy could decide,
But one; or th'others total overthrow,
Like a brave Captain he maintain'd the Field,
Who knew to dye, but had not learn't to yield.

XCI.

Mean while the Reiters, planted in the Van,
Of the *Duke's* Battail, though ſo ſhrewdly torn,
Their Body clos'd, a wheeling Charge began,
After their Cuſtom; when the *King's* Forlorn,
Standing upright, where they had ambuſh'd lain,
Since firſt appearance of the early Morn,
Gave them ſo rude a welcome, that the ground,
Was in the ſtreams of ruthleſs ſlaughter drown'd.

XCII. Death's

XCII.

Death's Meſſengers, impuls'd by Fire, and Fate,
About the Field on mortal Errands flew;
At ſuch a cruel, ſo well-guided rate,
That almoſt ev'ry Ball a Souldier ſlew,
The wounded Foe tumbles precipitate,
The Bed of Death their trembling Limbs beſtrew,
While each that fell in that impetuous ſtrife
Open'd a paſſage to his Fellow's life.

XCIII.

The fury of this Storm *Duke Brunſwick* bore,
Whom nor in Arms, nor Courage could defend:
But on his Heart the ſtamp of Death he wore,
No longer could Life's batter'd Fort contend,
He dying fell, embalm'd in his own gore,
To crown his actions with a glorious end,
On whom no barb'rous Enemy could conſer,
Leſs than a high, immortal Character.

XCIV.

Their Captain ſlain, ſtraight from their killing Foes,
The frighted Reiters fac'd to get behind,
But found their own Diviſions plac'd ſo cloſe,
No path to Safety could their terrour find,
The *Dukes* own Launces were compell'd t'oppoſe
Theſe deſp'rate Flyers with amazement blind
So to preſerve the Order of his own,
From being by their mad career o're-thrown.

XCV.

The *King*, who thus long had Spectator ſtood,
At this advantage, ſpurr'd his foaming Steed,
Down from whoſe wounded Sides, the hot chaff'd Blood
Beguilt the Warriour's Spurs; who fiercely rid,
To whip the pride of that Gigantick brood
That durſt, with rebel Arms, his claim forbid,
And after him the nobleſt Peers of *France*,
With faithfull Fury to the Field advance.

XCVI. The

XCVI.

The *Lorain Duke*, embarras'd by his own,
And charg'd, at once, by the victorious *King*;
Yet like a Leader true to his renown,
Maintain'd his ground, maugre the Force they bring,
And now the lateſt caſt of War was thrown,
With peals of Shot, the rowling Orbs do ring,
Bravely reſolv'd they cloſe th'events to try,
Of Fate, and Fortune, Chance and Deſtiny.

XCVII.

There head, to head, each Gen'ral other fac't,
With equal heat of deadly fury fir'd,
The Battails Sphear, that erſt the Plain embrac't,
Seem'd to its Center now to be retir'd,
In his own ſtrength, and courage each Man plac't
The glorious end, to which they all aſpir'd,
Some fighting ſtand, whilſt others fighting fall,
And each Man fights, as each Man fought for all.

XCVIII.

The ſanguine Die, that Burniſh'd every Blade,
Which reeking from ſome bloody Slaughter came,
Their angry Owners cruel Acts betray'd,
Whilſt the oppos'd, killing with equal Flame,
The Conqueſt doubtful firſt, then bloody made
To him that loſt, and him that overcame,
So well on both Sides was the Battail fought,
One dearly ſold, what th'other dearly bought.

XCIX.

The *Sieur de Rhodes* who the *King*'s Cornet bore,
A loyal, daring, and unblemiſh'd Youth,
Writ in the Crimſon of his ſtreaming Gore,
Muſt ſeal his Manhood, and confirm his Truth,
Th'unpitying Steel his panting Vitals tore,
Who dying ſtoopt a Spectacle of ruth,
In ſome few Minutes he exſpiring fell,
To live in Fames eternal Chronocle

C.

Yet ere he yielded to the mortal Blow,
Courage awhile upheld his dying weight,
Like a young *Cedar*, did he bend and bow,
Loth to obey the Summons of his Fate,
Now would he have reveng'd his Wound, when now,
Death muſt alaſs! his brave acts terminate,
He threat'ning fell, as if his ſingle fall,
Had been enough to overwhelm them all.

CI.

From his Diſaſter flew the tell-tale Fame,
Thorough the Field to all the Royal Hoſt,
And does aloud from Troop to Troop proclaim,
That *Henry* was in the main Battail loſt,
The ſudden News their Manly hearts o'ercame,
So that in terrour, and confuſion toſt,
The daunted Souldiers in amazement fly,
Op'ning a way to the *Duke*'s Victory.

CII.

But ere this dang'rous error too far flew,
Through all the Files of ev'ry hardy Band,
Their Warlike *King*, the Loyal Nobles knew,
In the first Ranks contending hand, to hand,
His cutting Sword his bold Oppofers flew,
No leſs his words their courages command,
They ruſh into the conflict, live; or dye,
With the French *Barons* wonted bravery.

CIII.

Nought now their reſ'lute fury could oppoſe,
So faſt, and wounding fell their Weapons bright,
With deſperate rage; they dealt their killing blows
To give a period to that cruel Fight,
Which in a bloody colour was to cloſe
Orewhelming Thouſands in Eternal Night,
Such, and ſo dire, the conſequences are,
That ſtill attend that Hell-bred Monſter War.

CIV. Now

CIV.

Now Conqueſt, who on her triumphant wings,
So long had hover'd umpire of their fight,
Makes a brave ſtoop, and down her body flings,
On *Henry*'s meritorious creſt to light,
On high her Golden Plumes do clapping ring,
To tell the diſtant World great *Bourbon*'s might,
She now comes down the Quarrel to decide,
In which before ſuch haploſs numbers dy'd.

CV.

As I have ſeen a Field of ſtanding Corn
In doubtfull conflict wave their pendant Heads,
By the uncertain Air confus'dly born,
Which only whiſpring the large Field oreſpreads,
But by a ſudden ſtorm depres't and torn,
Drooping their bearded tops to their firſt beds,
Whilſt the rude Wind, exalted with his prize,
To the next crop with riotous fury flies.

CVI. So

CVI.

So far'd it with the League, who for a ſpace,
With equal fortune, well maintain'd their poſt,
Fighting with equal brav'ry face, to face,
No ſide of other could advantage boaſt,
Equal their Honor, equal their Diſgrace;
Till, at the laſt all hopes of ſafety loſt,
The valiant on the Bed of Honor lye,
Whilſt the leſs daring in confuſion fly.

CVII.

Half kill'd with fear the coward Rebels run,
Thorough the Field an Ignominious race,
Like fearfull *Deer* they crow'd away to ſhun,
The danger of the Loyal hunters Chaſe,
Who generouſly think, too ſoon t'have won,
An eaſy Conqueſt, with too little grace,
And wiſh they had better reſiſtance found,
To have their Acts with greater Glory Crown'd.

CVIII, Although

CVIII.

Although indeed no Annalls can out ſpeak;
Or ſpeak enough of this great Victory,
Where ſuch a handfull, could ſuch Squadrons break;
Repell their force, and make their Captain fly,
In courage ſtrong, alas! in numbers weak,
Arm'd only with their Faith and Loyalty;
But Heav'n was pleas'd to favour *Henry*'s claim
Againſt whoſe will all Earthly ſtrength is vain.

CIX.

On ev'ry ſide the *Monarch's* Arms prevail,
And put the Leaguers to a ſhamefull flight,
They now purſue that Foe, who to aſſail,
Their thiner Troops brought ſuch a ſeeming might,
Some flying 'ſcape, whilſt others falling quail,
To bid their Honours with the World good Night,
But none ſo daring in that deſp'rate State,
As once to turn, and look upon his Fate.

CX. Yet

CX.

Yet in this Torrent of admir'd ſucceſs,
Even ſome Victors Hearts were full of woe.
Becauſe their longing Eyes they could not bleſs
With their Loves Object; nor did all their know,
There *Prince*'s ſafety, and their happineſs,
But fear'd him fall'n in the late overthrow.
In ſuch a doubtfull, and afflicted ſort,
Many had drunk the poyſon of report.

CXI.

But when they ſaw him from the Chaſe retire
Their drooping Spirits then began to wake,
The Souldiers crow'd t'approach their Sov'rain nigher
And, as their Eyes a full aſſurance take
Their Loyal Hearts o're charg'd with zealous fire,
Straight into Thundring Acclimations break,
Vive le Roy, thorough the Welkin ran,
Which ſo auſpitiouſly the Day began.

CXII. Still

CXII.

Still like the Sparks of a late maſter'd fire,
Some Foes appear'd on the forſaken Plain,
The Leaguers Infantry remain'd entire,
Of which the ſturdy *Swiſſe* ſeem'd to diſdain,
A ſhamefull flight; nor could they ſafe retire
But to their ruine, and Eternal ſhame,
Wherefore the brawny Clowns as undiſmay'd,
Some ſhew of reſolute reſiſtance made.

CXIII.

But when they ſaw the *Canon* drawing neer,
To force their Arms, and tame their fruitleſs pride,
Their ſtubborn Hearts, then thaw'd away in fear,
Their threatning words, and looks were laid aſide,
They think to truſt his mercy ſafeſt were,
Whoſe Conquering Sword, they had ſo lately try'd,
And ſtraight way down their uſeleſs weapons threw,
To beg that grace chance had reduc't them to.

CXIV.

Nor were they ill adviſ'd; for the brave *King*,
So ſcorn'd the ruin of a proſtrate Foe,
That, ſooner could they not their Arms down fling,
Than he preſerve them from the Angry blow
That Death, and Vengeance both, were levelling,
With Fire and Sword to work their overthrow,
His Princely Quarter they do all obtain,
Without one Wound, that might his Mercy ſtain.

CXV.

But with the German Foot, far worſe it far'd,
Whoſe baſe revolt from the *King*'s Standard made,
Their Crime ſo black and Mercies doors ſo barr'd,
The Souldiers hands could be no longer ſtay'd,
But for their Treaſon, as a juſt reward,
The faithleſs Squadrons furiouſly invade,
Strewing the Plain, with their diſmembered Limbs,
Which in the Ocean of their falſe Blood ſwims.

CXVI. And

CXVI.

And now the Fields the Conquerors entire,
No oppoſition left, no Foe appears,
The Royaliſts triumphantly retire,
Whilſt Victory the waving Banners bears,
Nor dare my Muſe to other Acts aſpire,
So much the Fate of this attempt ſhe feares;
Owning her weakneſs in Heroick Song,
That may have done theſe noble Heroes wrong.

CXVII.

Thus did this Day, ſo doubtfully begun,
Set red in *Henry*'s Honour and Renown,
He that in all his Battails ever won
A Victor's Wreath, and in this laſt his Crown,
Which having humbly kiſs't the baſh'd Sun
Into the Weſtern Ocean bow'd him down;
Leaving fair *France* unto his brighter Ray,
May every injur'd *Prince* have ſuch a Day. *Amen.*

W. WHYTE.

F I N I S.

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